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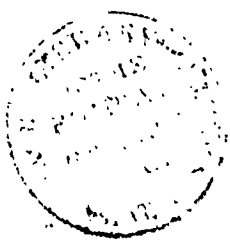
RAMBLES ABROAD;

OR,

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONTINENT.



RAMBLES ABROAD;

OR,

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONTINENT,

MADE DURING THE

SUMMERS OF THE YEARS 1816, 1817, 1818,

IN

EXCURSIONS

84464

THROUGH PART OF

THE NORTH OF FRANCE, THE LOW COUNTRIES, ALONG THE RHINE AND THE PRUSSIAN FRONTIER.

Neither have I the scholar's melancholy which is emulation;—but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

As You Like It.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CARPENTER AND SON,
OLD BOND STREET.

1823.

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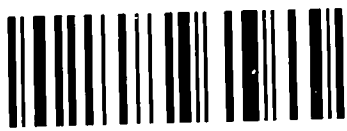

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

PREFACE.

WHEN an ephemeral Work, like the present, appears in print, so long after the period to which it relates and the time when it was written, it has necessarily to contend against this twofold disadvantage, that, whilst it forfeits much of its claim to the charm of novelty, which is the chief merit of such productions, it naturally excites an expectation of being less faulty in proportion to the length of the interval that has elapsed.

I must therefore, at the outset, premise that the following sheets have not been delayed with any intention of correcting

them; on the contrary, accident and more engrossing pursuits have combined, during the long interval, to afford me little leisure for bestowing upon them the revision they so much needed; and my Work is really so carelessly written as to cause me to regret (now that I see it in print) my temerity in ever having been induced to consent to its publication; whilst, in addition to errors of which I feel fully sensible, and which I promise (should it unexpectedly attain to a Second Edition) to correct, I have to solicit the Reader's further indulgence for others which are not so immediately my own, but are rather attributable to the peculiar circumstance of my having been absent from England during the time my Work was at press, owing to which several sheets were struck off without my having possessed an opportunity of correcting them: they are thus rendered much less fit to appear before the Public; but, as the expense

and delay of a reprint must have been considerable, I have preferred entrusting them to their candour as they are, subject, should the period ever arrive, to future revision.

My having originally written in a more familiar form, merely for the amusement of an invalid friend, and not with any ulterior object, may account for the mention of much that must appear trite to the Public, though under such circumstances, perhaps, allowable: it may also explain, though it cannot excuse, the colloquial manners with which it abounds.

The state of Europe is rapidly undergoing such a change, and so many important matters have occurred even since we have gone to press that I fear I may be often thought out of season in my remarks; it is obvious that they were made under impressions which were warmer then than

they are now, and which circumstances have rendered much less the order of the present day. We have since been taught to look with so much distrust upon those who were then the objects of our implicit confidence that I incur no trifling risk from having expressed myself in a manner now (from the rapid current of passing events) nearly obsolete, though at the period of my writing as universal as popular. I would therefore, at parting, remind the Reader that my observations do not relate to the present time, but are the views and opinions of at least five years ago.

TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Departure for Dieppe—Reflections on approaching France—Landing—First View of the People—Reflections—The first Night in France—Morning—Town of Dieppe—First View of the Diligence—Leaves Dieppe.—Appearance of the Country different from England—Approach to and Arrival at Rouen.

It was somewhere about the middle of September, 1816, that I made my first visit to France, by the common beaten track of Dieppe. I had not been able to arrive there before the removal of our armies, or the stripping of the Louvre; but still, in its least remarkable state, it afforded amusement as an object of no ordinary interest, and my curiosity was awakened on a hundred

subjects about which it was to be shortly gratified.

I sailed from Brighton for Dieppe at nine o'clock in the evening. The weather was fine and the wind favourable; we remained long upon deck viewing the town, the situation of which and the numerous lights increasing with the approach of night give it the appearance of great extent, and make it a most interesting object from the water. In the morning we were within a few leagues of the French coast; but owing to the wind having died away, we found that we should be unable to reach it for some hours. I did not regret this delay, as it afforded a pause for reflection on the various events that contributed to bring me there, and on that curious and wonderful country that had so long occupied my thoughts. I was now within sight of France—France! that I had so often desired to see, and that had filled my mind with dread and astonishment from my childhood, and about to view with my own eyes the wonders it contained. How often during the war had the eyes of my countrymen been turned in painful anxiety towards those shores, which were then covered with hostile hosts assembled to blot out their fair name from amongst the nations! What privations have they not undergone du-

ring the dark and stormy nights of winter, greater than the dangers of a hundred combats! What do we not owe to their skill and perseverance, which has, at length, brought the contest to so glorious a termination. Brave and generous sailors, may your country ever justly appreciate you; and if any can pass over the scene of your services, without calling them to his recollection, he is unworthy of that country to which we cannot wish he should return.

As the day advanced, we approached the land, which we reached in the evening. The coast wears an uninteresting appearance, consisting, chiefly, of a long unvaried ledge of chalk, covered with a thin coat of dark clay, and rather resembling the dull uniformity of a fortification than the pleasing irregularity of nature; at least, so it appeared to my imagination, which had full in my recollection the formidable accounts of preparation that once covered every part of the coast opposite to England.

An opening, which forms the mouth of the harbour, afforded us, whilst we were yet at some distance, a view of the town, or rather of its churches, and struck me as the first new object, from their peculiarity and continental appearance, each having two spires, one of which rises from the middle of the building, and contributes

not a little to the improvement of their towns, by giving them the appearance of having double the number of churches they really contain. On our right stood what was once a castle, and which seemed to command the harbour, but it had undergone the deforming metamorphose of modern warfare, which had completely deprived it of interest or the appearance of antiquity. To the left, along the beach, were the unfinished remains of several vessels, which had been upon the stocks for twenty years, and were now in a state of decay; a striking proof of the vigilance of our cruisers, and the complete destruction of French commerce; yet a feeling of regret must sometimes obtrude upon a thinking mind, that two such powerful nations should have persisted for ages in mutual annoyance, tending to no beneficial result, instead of participating in the advantages that would mutually arise from an intimate commercial connection; however, as we cannot control the sentiments of nations, or teach them wisdom, I am far from regretting the interruption that has, for some years past taken place in our continental intercourse; I am rather inclined to feel thankful for it, as a means of our preservation from the foul stream of contagion which has deluged other countries, whose manners we are too prone to copy for fashion's sake,

without first considering whether they be deserving of imitation.

As the tide did not serve, our approach to the shore was tedious, since we were obliged to leave the vessel, and to change our boat twice, and afterwards to be carried on men's shoulders, though a little more management in the choice of a boat, or a place of landing, would have obviated all difficulty; but here, as well as in England, the interest of those who attend the port seems to be a matter of more moment than the convenience of the passenger; and police regulations prohibit your passing the royal standard till your passport has been examined. However, I was approaching France, and to me these difficulties appeared trifling indeed, though at another season, or in less favourable weather, they might have been attended with much inconvenience. As the boat neared the shore, we were beset by a gang of importunate fellows, who each endeavoured to be the foremost to canvass for our employment; their number, their eagerness, and stout appearance, was not without its effect; and when I called to mind the manner in which they passed their lives in an almost daily hostility to us, which they had been obliged, so contrary to their inclinations, to renounce, and the ease with which they could have then destroyed us,

I felt a sufficient degree of awe to make me recollect the circumstance; but I was relieved from any anxiety by a nearer acquaintance, which convinced me that they were more inclined to plunder than war; and it is but justice to own, that they are much more polite than the same description of persons in England, and endeavour, by some pretty piece of flattery, to ingratiate themselves into your favour. Having got off with as few of them as were sufficient to carry our smaller parcels (for all our trunks had been conveyed to the custom house), we set forward in search of an inn, being fully prepared to encounter every species of imposition.

Being chosen caterer, I felt particularly anxious to acquit myself to the satisfaction of my fellow travellers, and to procure good *beds* and accommodation, and I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my first essay amongst the aubergistes of Dieppe. Having discovered a most comfortable house with clean *looking beds*, we ordered supper, leaving the detail to the discretion of our host, a liberty which, the sequel taught us, he had not abused. In our walk from the landing place, we had encountered some strange figures: on the beach stood a lady in an enormous bonnet, which realised all we had dreaded of French fashion; she leaned on the arm of an

officer, enveloped in a surtout and high hat, they were the only people of condition, and looked at us with indifference; but we had quite sufficient entertainment from the crowds which came about us; for they who visit a country for the first time, will find an interest in any class of its inhabitants; indeed, the peculiarities of humble life generally ensure it to the lowest; here you meet a furious figure whose long moustachios and disconsolate appearance bespeak him to have been of the army; there is an old man in a large cocked hat and velvet breeches, whose youth must have been spent under Louis XV.; the women too have their share in the picture; the old are as ugly as those drawn by Hogarth in his Gates of Calais, and, with their high caps and long earrings, form a strange contrast to those of the same rank in England; but the younger women of this part of France are far from unpleasing, and the high round Norman headdress is very becoming. A little further on was a dancing bear, whose tricks drew together a crowd, and various shows attracted them in all directions, in a greater degree even than at the best English fairs, though this was not a holiday, but is the occupation of every evening; there were many interesting children who followed us, asking for money from the "rich English,"

and some spoke a word or two with admirable mimicry; in short, it is impossible for me to do justice to this interesting scene, or to convey an adequate idea of the variety of pleasure with which it abounded; the houses, the people, the language, and even the animals, appeared different from any thing I had before seen, and the effect was so theatrical, that I imagined myself at a well represented entertainment; for it was too novel and surprising to wear the semblance of reality; it has been justly remarked by some modern traveller, that, "after traversing the extent of the ocean, and being separated from our country by a long interval of time, we are not surprised at finding a people totally different from ourselves, inhabiting countries, whose productions and climate dissimilate them from ours; but when we cross the narrow channel which divides us from the continent, and find countries within sight of each other, opposed in every physical and moral contrariety, we cannot but feel amazed at so unlooked for an event."

On our return, the cloth was neatly laid, and we did ample justice to a most excellent supper, served up in a parlour of rather unpromising appearance; the sanded brick floor and heavy casement window, whose melancholy light showed us walls that had neither paper nor paint, made

us complain of their want of taste; but the prospect from the casement was so new and delightful, that we turned from reflection to a more pleasing reality. After observing on it for some time, we retired to bed, which, to my no small surprise, I found not equal only, but, I think, superior to most I had lain in before. The French bed is certainly very superior to ours, particularly in a warm climate; the bed is usually placed against a wall, and is seldom sufficiently large to admit more than one person. The chamber I occupied was large and rather gloomy, the windows high and heavy, the floor of brick inlaid in wood, the paper handsome but very old, the glasses large, the tables of marble, and the doors numerous, which I afterwards found is very usual in France. Once, after having bolted four of them, in a small apartment where I slept, I was surprised at the sudden appearance of the landlord at one that had hitherto been unobserved in the wainscot; when alone, I examined my chamber minutely, and found not a single article of the commonest kind resembled those of England; however, there is much to alarm and rouse prejudice, which I recommend every traveller to throw overboard in crossing the channel; I could not help reflecting, as I laid down peaceably for the first time in France, on

the variety of persons who might have occupied my bed before me, and with what different feelings they had done so;—here, perhaps, some trembling royalist had crept disguised and forlorn, in the hope of escaping to England from the horrors of the revolution; here some countryman of ours had hastened back from the truce breaking severity of an unrelenting tyrant; and here the young and gay officer of the army of England may have uttered many an unavailing and hasty wish for her humiliation and the destruction of those cruizers that kept him at once from glory and from death. Happy delightful change, that had brought me, a peaceful inhabitant of England, to be an eyewitness of the humiliation of France.

After a very sweet and refreshing slumber, I rose early to see the town. It is considerable and populous, and surrounds the circular basin which forms the harbour; this is spacious and deep, and contained many vessels of considerable burthen, which gave it a more lively appearance than I had expected to find in a French seaport. The entrance, which appears to have cost a vast expense and labour, is high, long, and narrow, more resembling the locks of our canals than the pleasing and natural openings at the mouths of our harbours.

There are some good streets in Dieppe, and

two large churches, built of a yellowish stone, the mellow tints of which give to the interior a rich and pleasing appearance. We passed on our return through the fish market, which presented a most lively scene. It appeared well stocked and the prices reasonable; and we were not a little amused with the strange figures we met there.

We now returned to breakfast, the meal all Englishmen dread in France, as it is not there a regular one; but we soon felt that these apprehensions were unfounded, and *caffé au lait*, with fresh eggs, excellent butter and bread, convinced us that they are but poor epicures who go without this meal in France; and so we might have thought had our fare been still inferior, and, charmed as we were by novelty and invigorated by the health that springs from exercise, the most frugal Spartan meal would not have been unpalatable.

We had still to submit our trunks to the inspection of the Custom House, and to obtain our passports, without which no prudent person should leave England. This is a curious ceremony, and those who have not formed a precise opinion of their own appearance will find themselves much assisted in so doing by offering themselves to the agent of a French Bureau, who

will in a few seconds present them with a portrait not to be mistaken: this is attended with the small expense of a few francs.

Having settled all these matters, and seen the town, we were anxious to set out on our journey, and had become so prepossessed with the appearance of a diligence just arrived that we preferred that mode of conveyance. It would not, perhaps, have appeared to others an object for love at first sight, as it rattled over the pavement with a noise that resembled the moving of artillery, and a rapidity that bid defiance to impediment. Conceive, if you can, a high machine, clumsy beyond any English vehicle, capable of containing with ease six persons and their baggage in what is called the voiture; in front there is, what is far preferable, and though somewhat cheaper, the cabriolet, an open carriage holding three persons. We were a little doubtful whether we should have preferred the society within or the prospect without; but, as our companions were not very prepossessing and chiefly English, we chose the latter. In the cabriolet, one place is for the conducteur, a most useful person, and answering to the situation of guard, though performing also the duties of coachman with us. He determines where you are to sit, regulates the stowing of the luggage, receives your passport,

and pays the postillions, who are changed at every post: he is generally very civil, and will sometimes give up his place and go to the top, where there is room for one or two persons, though not so convenient for them as on an English coach. The horses add not a little to the strange effect of this carriage: they are five in number; one of the hinder or wheel horses is yoked in a heavy pair of shafts to the carriage; the postillion is seated on his back and guides a loose companion, and those in front, who are scarcely connected by long ropes: they are very fine and strong horses; but, as they are but indifferently groomed and clumsily harnessed, the effect is ridiculous, and would give an Englishman a contempt for them. You would soon, however, be brought to form a more favourable opinion, when you had experienced their performance (for they will at times even gallop); and, when I consider the total absence of apprehension and the rare occurrence of those accidents with which we are but too familiar, I admire the good sense of a people who have preferred safety to appearance.

Having engaged the cabriolet, we had a fine opportunity of enjoying ourselves and the country, and laughing at the quick succession of ludicrous objects that were constantly presenting themselves before us; for all was new and, even

to the most insignificant matter, different from what we had been accustomed to, and striking from its contrast. Never shall I forget this day, which I must always consider amongst the happiest of my life, and as abounding in the highest enjoyment. I was at last about to become an eyewitness of what had long filled me with astonishment in hearsay, and in company with friends equally anxious to observe every contrast, and to remark every peculiarity, for I was at length in good earnest travelling over France, where every thing presented itself to us with a brilliancy of an early impression, united to the charming novelty which reminded us of that delightful period of existence that few, however old, have completely forgotten, and which, by its strong and early associations, endears us to the spot where we have passed our childhood. It is this that has given to travelling that peculiar charm to which all are sensible, and, by combining the sweet remembrance of youth with the experience of a more advanced period, has made it the most rational and improving pursuit possible. Those who have passed their lives at home, chained down to some scene of unvarying monotony, will scarcely be able participate with me in the delight I have experienced in my first day on the Continent.

The road from Dieppe is for some part of the way hilly, but it soon becomes flat, the general character of the country. Near the town we met with various carts and different modes of conveyance; and there was some appearance of business and a considerable population. The peasantry are very healthy, neatly clad, and seem to be a cheerful race; many of the women very handsome, and the Norman head dress is particularly becoming. As we advanced upon the level, a long line of road stretched out straight before us: it is broad and excellent, and gave us a favourable impression of their high ways. In the centre is the pavé, which is in wet weather very useful, as the soil is generally heavy, and on each side a broad road, equal in width to some of the most frequented with us. Along this road, at some distance, are rows of trees: those we passed were not very old, and chiefly of the apple kind. The appearance of the country strikes you at once as different from England, and, when first seen, the effect is not unpleasing. You suppose yourself in the dominion of some vast proprietor, who has leveled all the hedges and turned farmer on a grand scale; but a little experience soon removes your error, and you discover that this is the general feature of the country: no

trees scattered about in pleasing irregularity; no hedge rows enliven or diversify the scene; nor are you greeted with the pleasing appearance of the cottage, and those domestic animals that are amongst us the companions of man; but the whole landscape presents one extended mass of tillage, varying only with the colour of the grain, or at times, where the eye is relieved with the prospect of a distant wood, as it wanders unsatisfied over an almost boundless extent of cultivation. The straightness of the road, and its tedious vista is sometimes interrupted by a low slated spire, which is often seen till it ceases to please, soon makes him regret the varying and more pleasing irregularity of English roads. Nor does the total absence of black cattle, or of the cottage (for the French peasant generally resides in a village) contribute to enliven the landscape. You are occasionally presented with the prospect of a chateau, seen through two formal rows of trees, which could only have pleased when they were the objects of constant attention; but now, untrained and neglected, they have almost outgrown the effects of their former cultivation; the chateau itself in a state of dilapidation that, in our moister climate, would have long since terminated in decay,

presents a melancholy object of desolation, and forcibly recalls to the mind of the traveller the dreadful scenes which have been there represented, and the lasting injury that must be entailed upon a country by the destruction of the higher order of the community, a reflection that I have been frequently led to make during my stay in France. This deserted appearance must form a strong contrast to an English eye, accustomed to view nature subdued under every variety of art.

There is not any town between Dieppe and Rouen, nor does the country present any peculiarity till near the latter, where the approach to the river pleasingly varies the scene, and the increase of population excites astonishment, and makes you dread the powerful resources of a country the natural enemy of your own.

Here we found extensive cotton mills, established by an American, under the patronage of the Emperor, and apparently in a thriving condition. It is painful to be obliged to regret the advances of art and the laudable efforts of industry, but no Englishman, who is a well wisher to his country, can see with indifference her staple manufactures, to which she owes her greatness, springing up in the bosom of a powerful rival.

The only natural peculiarity that I noticed is

the prevalence of the poplar, which flourishes along the river with uncommon luxuriance.

The approach to Rouen is very pleasing. All round the town, and for a considerable way out on the road by which we approached, is a very fine boulevard, superior to that of Paris. It is a double row of trees, planted on each side of a wide road, and surrounding the city: those of Paris, and, indeed, most of the others, are placed upon the site of the ancient ditches and walls with which the towns were formerly encompassed; nor is the pleasing metamorphose they have undergone among the slightest improvements of modern times. From the boughs are placed ropes across the road at intervals, from which are suspended lanterns for a considerable distance out of the town.

We arrived about sunset, and hastened along the frequented quay, where numbers of vessels, moving among the trees, caught the parting rays, and, with the busy crowds, presented a pleasing scene of trade and occupation, till a sudden turn of the diligence into a high and narrow street deprived us of the prospect, and in a few seconds hurried us through a lofty archway, into a gloomy gothic building, where all was dark and silent as a tomb. This we found had been once a monastery, now the Bureau des Diligences. We had, however, little time for observation. The pos-

tillion drove at the pas de charge, giving now and then a careless gare to warn the heedless passenger of his approach, as he thundered over the echoing pavement with this ponderous machine. I immediately commenced my inquiries for an hotel, and was instantly beset by fellows, who recommended their respective friends. My choice fell upon the Hôtel Vattel; but, having got a bad and expensive supper, which we were charged for without any regard to the law of nations, we exchanged it on the morning after our arrival for that of de l'Europe.

CHAP. II.

Hôtel de l'Europe—Table d'Hôte—Environs of Rouen—Cathedral—Church of St. Ouen—Mont St. Catherine—View from its Height—Reflections occasioned by first hearing the French Drum—Early History of Rouen—La Pucelle—Present Disposition towards England—Celebrity of the Normans—their Fame and Conquests—Siege of the Mount by Henry IV. assisted by the English under Essex—Theatre at Rouen—Reflections.

The Hôtel de l'Europe is a most excellent house, kept by a very nice and civil family. There is a good table d'hôte here at a four o'clock each day.

The master presides, carves the dishes, and attends to the wants of the company very elegantly. Any person wishing to be of the party, walks in and turns down a plate: the charge for dinner and one bottle of vin ordinaire is five francs, which is high enough to insure your meeting respectable company. We gladly availed ourselves of this first opportunity of seeing something of French manners, and dined there each day that we remained. The table was served in a style of hospitality and neatness that made it frequented by those who could afford what is considered a liberal price for a dinner in France; and there were some disbanded officers of the party, who appear to form a large proportion of society here, as in most of their towns. Amongst them was one who said he had been twice drawn for the invasion of Ireland! I can scarcely attempt to give an idea of my feelings, as I listened to those whom I had so long considered as my bitterest enemies, coolly conversing about an attempt that I should have felt as the heaviest of human calamities, calling upon me to risk life and all that I held valuable to repel it. Whilst individually I experienced all the courtesies of social intercourse; but I was soon soothed by recollecting the wonderful events that had brought me to be their associate, and that the frightful

period they alluded to had passed, in all human probability, never to return. Indeed we may fairly listen with patience to any boast of their former greatness, resting satisfied that the danger is now completely over, and that we had risen from the contest to a height among the nations above all the efforts of our former darings. The persons we met here were agreeable, and would have been more so had we freely entered into conversation with them; but want of fluency in their language, or, rather, a diffidence of speaking it aloud amongst so many strangers, made us more than usually silent. They were individually polite, however, and spoke handsomely of the English.

The town of Rouen is large and populous, and on the boulevards there are some very fine structures; but the streets are in general narrow, and the houses high. The situation and environs are much admired, and the river, which here assumes an interesting appearance, adds greatly to the beauty of the landscape: it is covered with large vessels, which come up thus far, and with some smaller, that follow its meanderings even to the capital: those glide along its banks and by its islands, covered with poplars, but the sameness of the country (except in the

immediate vicinity of the town) and the muddy colour of the river deprive it of much of the interest we generally find in our streams, whose clear waters, flowing along through a romantic country, exhibit a constant change of scenery. Still, however, the prospect here is certainly interesting and rich, and has been celebrated by many travellers as very beautiful.

The cathedral is amongst the finest in France, and far superior to Notre Dame. The front, or façade, is light, airy, and beautiful, composed of open work, and numerous figures standing in gothic niches, like those of Wells Cathedral, in Somersetshire. It has two towers, one of which has a wooden spire, and is of the amazing height of three hundred and ninety-five feet; the other two hundred and thirty-six: from one of these towers Henry the First of England threw down the Governor. This church was built by William the Conqueror; and near the high altar his ancestor Rollo lies buried, as do the Cardinal d'Amboise, the Count Maulevrier (husband of Diana of Poictiers), and John Duke of Bedford. The tomb of the last, who was a benefactor of this church, is very magnificent: it was doomed to feel the effects of the merciless Revolution; however, there is still enough remaining to give

us an idea of its former grandeur and the splendour of the architecture of that period when the gothic style had nearly attained perfection. Ages have rolled over this venerable building almost unobserved, and had not some of its fairest ornaments been assaulted by the Vandals of the Revolution, they had perhaps descended to remote posterity; but their barbarous ferocity attacked what even the rude hand of time had spared; and, in their hatred to all established order, they confounded in a common destruction the distinction of the arts and the celebrity of former times. We, too, have suffered from those dreadful changes; and England, but more particularly Ireland, has to regret the reign of that barbarian * who warred against all antiquity, and who has destroyed almost every remnant of her throughout our land.

The interior of continental churches appears larger than ours, owing to the organ being usually placed at the end over the west door, instead of dividing the nave and choir into nearly equal parts; nor is there any interruption caused by the altar, so that the eye ranges over the whole extent of the building; but there is a nakedness

* Cromwell.

from the want of pews, and an open space that is not adapted to a cold climate.

Next, or, rather, before the cathedral, is the church of St. Ouen, which, for loftiness, elegance of proportion, workmanship, and good taste, exceeds every structure of the kind I have ever seen. It is built of a very dark material, and its slender stone tower, composed of a beautifully wrought open work, almost unknown amongst us, gives it a more pleasing appearance than the loftier but less tasteful one of the cathedral; but the interior is particularly striking, and exhibits one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture I have ever met with. Its lofty and carved roof hardly appears to rest upon the slender pillars that support it, and the effect is considerably heightened by the sombre light of windows entirely composed of stained glass, in greater quantity and perfection than I ever looked upon elsewhere, and which gives us a noble idea of what the ancient churches must have been. There is a species of enchantment about this structure that prevents your leaving it without emotion; and we returned more than once, in the dusk of the evening, to enjoy the effect of its majestic gloom, so fitted to the purpose for which it is designed. I have never been at York, but one

of my companions, who is a great admirer of it, could hardly give it a preference to St. Ouen.

I rose next morning at four, and walked about the boulevards and different streets. The mildness of the morning, the tranquillity of the scene, and the small number of inhabitants then stirring, left me to my own thoughts, and gave full effect to the scene: it enabled me to recall all the different eras of its history, and, uninterrupted by the present, to devote myself exclusively to the past. Indeed, those who w[illegible] enjoy the advantage of a first impression would do right to avail themselves of that delightful hour; but the freshness of the air was tainted by the smell of tobacco, which pervaded it with a peculiar strength and offensiveness, that made me anxious to leave the streets. I determined, therefore, to ascend the Mount St. Catherine, a high hill above the town, famous for its prospect and its military celebrity. The path was steep and slippery, owing to the rain of the preceding day; but we soon overcame every difficulty, and were amply repaid by the view it afforded. An extensive landscape, even at home, had always much pleased me, and I doubted not that I should receive similar gratification here, where all was new, however uninteresting the individual objects might be

that composed the aggregate. We looked down directly upon the cathedral spire, and were enabled to judge of the great numbers contained within the town and its environs. The whole population seemed to be collected together, and the general appearance of the country was dull and unvaried; but the river enlivened the part through which it flowed; and its islands, covered with verdure, were very interesting objects. Just under us was the bridge of boats, ingeniously contrived to meet the swellings of the river, and capable of being removed at pleasure, and of opening for the passage of vessels. The morning was cloudy and thick, which prevented our enjoying this scene as much as we might have otherwise done.

In our descent we heard for the first time the hollow beat of the French drum, and saw the troops of the National Guard assembling for parade! How shall I attempt to express my feelings on this occasion, as I listened to its harsh and discordant sound, so often the forerunner of death to thousands? To do so I must borrow the words of the elegant de Rocca:— "The whole city was asleep, and the streets only reechoed to the drum of a solitary detachment mounting guard. This same French drum had

beaten the march and the charge in Alexandria, Cairo, in Rome, and in almost every town in Europe, from Koningsburgh to Madrid, where we then were." But how differently did I listen to it now from those who had heard it ten years before! It was then, indeed, "harsh and unmusical to" English "ears," as it called together the countless bands assembled for our destruction on the heights, along that narrow strait which seemed scarcely sufficient to divide us. We had since become familiarised to it in Spain, and our troops had hailed its sound as the presage of victory: it was heard for the last time at Waterloo! and its sound will be remembered to the latest posterity, though there it was only tremendous for the purpose of proving to the world the unrivaled glory of our armies and talents of our generals over such an assemblage of warriors, led on by such a commander as antiquity never witnessed; nor is any concurrent chain of circumstances likely again to exhibit to posterity. How curious, how delightful it is to have lived to witness the effects of the most tremendous contest ever fought; and, while we recall our previous apprehensions, to rest satisfied that the danger has for ever passed! Proud, indeed, is the situation of England, to have been

the happy instrument in the overthrow of the most iron despotism that ever existed: well might the Marshall Trivulzio now exclaim, were he able to witness it, "that other fights were as the play of children, but this the combat of heroes."

Rouen is a place of great antiquity, and was a favourite residence of our Norman kings; but it was much improved under the regency of Bedford, who passed much time there; and it was in the market place of this city that the unfortunate maid of Orleans, the theme of French panegeric and the admiration of aftertimes, expiated by a cruel death the having renounced her station and her sex, and liberated her country by a series of brilliant achievements that rivaled the fabled exploits of romance, and conveyed the idea of superhuman exertion to the unenlightened minds of those times. Strong, indeed, must have been the effects of superstition that could have attempted this otherwise great man to think of inflicting so dreadful a punishment on a natural enemy, who had owed him no allegiance, and who had not transgressed any of the rules of war; and, above all, when that enemy was a young and interesting woman, and it will ever remain an indelible stain on our "English Annals," unparalleled in those of other nations, and only

to be rivaled by one of later date among ourselves; I allude to the fate of the unfortunate Mary Stuart; but she was sacrificed to the hatred of an ungenerous rival, and a woman, not, like Joan d'Arc, condemned to die by the voice of a hero. Indeed Rouen appears to me to be the place of all others where an Englishman has least reason to be proud of his name; and its inhabitants, retaining their ancient haughtiness of character, seem rather to recollect that they were once our conquerors than to be mindful of our similar descent and ancient intercourse; they still maintain their warlike and quarrelsome character; and, if I may judge from my short stay here, a residence amongst them would not be very agreeable.

I need not call to mind the ancient fame of these people, or their early celebrity; all are aware that, scarcely settled in Normandy, they thirsted for other conquests, and that, great as was the victory they obtained over England, they were instigated to attempt it by the previous success of an enterprise no less daring and extraordinary, the subjugation of Naples; nor is it necessary that I should enumerate the individuals who have made them so illustrious, Tancred, Robert Guiscard, Godfrey of Boulogne, &c. and

the long line of fabled heroes lost in remote tradition. More recent events, pregnant with a livelier interest, draw us off from those rude heroes of the elder time; but I cannot pass over their country without calling to mind the names with which my youth has long been familiarised, and of whom I have so often read both in poetry and history, till they have inspired me with a veneration they are perhaps undeserving of; yet still it may be some consolation, that I am not singular in having thus felt, if I may judge from the following passage of Sismondi:—"The more we study history, the more we shall be convinced that chivalry is an almost purely poetical invention; we never can arrive by any authentic documents at the scene where it flourished, it is always represented at a distance both in time and place; and, while contemporary historians give us a distinct complete detailed idea of the vices of courts and of the great, of the ferocity and licentiousness of the nobles, and of the degradation of the people, one is astonished to see, after a lapse of time, the same periods animated by the poets with fictitious and splendid accounts of virtue, beauty, and loyalty. The romances of the twelfth century placed the age of chivalry in the reign of Charlemagne. Francis the First

placed it in their time. We, at present, believe we see it flourishing in the persons of Du Guesclin and Bayard, at the courts of Charles the Fifth and Francis the First; but when we come to examine any of these periods, though we find some heroic characters in all of them, we are soon forced to confess that it is necessary to remove the age of chivalry three or four centuries before any kind of reality."

The Mount St. Catherine was formerly fortified, and must have been a place of great strength and importance; it is famous for having held out six months against Henry the Great, under the Marquis of Villars, during which the king's troops were exposed to all the inclemencies of winter. Sully gives an animated account of this siege, in the conduct of which he differed from Biron the General, who began by attacking the Mount: the King and Sully were both eminently distinguished here, and Villars exclaimed, that "this prince deserves a thousand crowns for his valour; I am sorry he does not, by a better religion, inspire us with as strong a desire to gain him new ones as to detain from him his own; but it shall never be said that I failed to attempt, in my own person, what a great king has performed in his." He then chose four hundred of

his best troops, with which he opposed those of Henry equal in number, and was not repulsed without great loss on the king's part, whose success was chiefly owing to the gallantry of his English allies, led on by the unfortunate Earl of Essex, proud, no doubt, that, whilst aiding Henry, he had still an opportunity of fighting against Frenchmen.

On Sunday evening we went to the theatre: the house, which is very large, was so full that we could not procure a seat, and the fellows who strutted about the foyers were not very prepossessing or communicative; they seemed to be chiefly of the army, and, of course, little inclined towards the English. The performance was of a mixed kind, singing, dancing, and a lighter species of entertainment, &c. and appeared very respectable; the lofty head dress, which is most becoming, had a pleasing effect, though not calculated for a theatre. The females were in general well attired, and there were several very handsome amongst them; but one is disgusted by their frequently leaving their places and returning with the most perfect *sang froid.* In the centre of the house is the governor's box, in which sat the Duchesse de Castries, lady of the Governor of Normandy, and three or four aids-

de camp; on the outside were the royal arms of France. I had seen this lady's husband, about a year before, an exile, on the beach of Brighton, watching the arrivals of accounts from France; I hope she is not soon destined to experience another vicissitude. The theatre often leads to reflection even at home; but there is no place in which a foreigner can better employ himself in observing the people he is among, as there is none in which their feelings are more likely to be manifested. I felt awed among this violent and high spirited people, who scarcely agree with us in giving to the same things the common appellations of right and wrong, and I recalled all the changes they had undergone, and the excesses they had committed, as I looked, for the first time, at a collected multitude of them.

CHAP. III.

Journey from Rouen through Magny and Pontoise—General Appearance and Characters of French Landscape—Change of Climate perceptible in going towards the Capital—First View of the Vineyards not calculated to meet one's Expectation—Singular Tranquillity in the Neighbourhood of Paris—Extraordinary Interest excited in Approaching it for the first Time—Reflections—Arrival at the Hotel de Rue.

We set off at five o'clock the next morning, being Tuesday, in the cabriolet of the diligence, and were not a little annoyed at hearing that we should not stop until half past one; however, we were agreeably surprised by being told by the conducteur, when a few miles on the way, that if we walked up a hill on the road, we should find a cottage on the summit, where we might be accommodated before the diligence reached us; we followed his advice, and after enjoying a very fine prospect along the banks of the river, came to the hut, where to our amazement we found an excellent breakfast of *café au lait, fruit*, &c. served by an old woman in a space scarcely large enough to admit four persons at a time;

this meal was most opportune, as we found on reaching Magny, that we could not touch the breakfast, and might have gone on to Paris unsatisfied, had it not been for the old lady. Our breakfast must not be passed over in silence, as it will serve to give you an idea of the treatment sometimes to be met with at continental inns.

We had a table covered with dishes, wearing the appearance of a dinner, a soupe maigre, in which water was the principal ingredient, a dish of veal, that warned us of its approach before it reached the table, and a pie that, upon being cut, proved to be an ant's nest; with a facetious hostess, who hoped we admired our good cheer; and, like some of her sex in the other walks of life, expected a compliment even upon her imperfections; but I must in candour confess that, with this exception, I was invariably well treated during my stay in France.

There is nothing very interesting on the road to Pontoise; some chateaux and spires diversify the scene, but the face of the country is the same; you occasionally meet a few men on the plains remote from any habitations; and should a storm come on, they are exposed to its fury, without having even a tree to shelter them: no small and snugly portioned spot of ground adjoining their

cottage marks the spot of their nativity, and individualises their residence by those peculiarities so congenial to the love of country; but all is confounded in the general mass, as if the people were only to feel attachment to the empire of which they compose a part.

The town of Pontoise is prettily situated on a hill, and was, during the wars of the league, a post of consequence; here they held a council: the houses are of white stone overgrown by vines; and from this place the country improves in interest and fertility. About twenty miles north of the capital, we first meet the vineyards, and the peculiar and lively tinge of the foliage much improves the appearance of the prospect, though they are not as ornamental as I was led to suppose, being, in general, but three or four feet in height, and not unlike a ridge of peas; those that are trained over laths for the purpose of affording shade, and unrestrained in their growth, are much prettier and more picturesque. We passed, on the left, a beautiful hill, covered with vegetables and other productions for the use of the capital; the variety of its compartments, and the beauty of its colours, making it a most pleasing object.

It was evening as we approached Paris, the last rays of the setting sun, which had shone out

just before, enlivened every object, and fell with peculiar brightness on the mossy barks of the aged trees that bordered the road; our route was through a fertile and thickly inhabited country, and there were many handsome residences around us; we met some peasants returning from market, whose decent, well clad, and cheerful appearance was prepossessing, and much enhanced the interest of the scene, which was one of the most agreeable I had ever witnessed; but there were no equipages, there was no appearance of trade, or of that bustle which announces the proximity to a commercial capital. I called to mind my visit to London for the first time, and was again struck with the extraordinary contrast between the same things here and at home; it seemed like what I had read of Constantinople, where the appearance of desertion reaches even to the gates; but still this scene was very pleasing; indeed, I know none more interesting than the approach to a great city, and if we except Rome, there is none, perhaps, that excites our interest more strongly than Paris, of which we have all been hearing so much, and for so long a time, and the desire of visiting which had been by me indulged in from infancy, I was now on the point of being gratified, and of satisfying my curiosity on many subjects, any one of which

would have been sufficient to have led me to undertake the journey.

A long silence gave us an opportunity of indulging in reflection. I felt that I was approaching the ancient Lutetia, founded by Labrinus, the Lieutenant of Julius Cæsar, which enjoyed a miscellaneous celebrity through the vicissitudes of a series of ages coeval with the first centuries of Christianity—Paris, the abode of Charlemagne and of the flower of chivalry, shone through the obscurity of the middle ages, the chosen residence of four successive dynasties of kings—Paris, the capital of St. Louis, of Louis the Twelfth, of Francis the First, and of Henry the Great, who seemed born to give a bright example to future kings, and whose characters may be quoted as an honour to human nature—Paris, the residence of the grand monarch, and still retaining strongly the traces of his embellishments; and Paris, the dreadful scene of the most frightful anarchy that ever invaded civilized society, and destroyed the social tie by which man is held together, the focus and laboratory in which was compounded all the mischief that has since spread itself over Europe for twenty-five years, commencing with every variety of unrestrained liberty, and concluding under an iron despotism the most tremendous that ever ex-

isted; a second time the head quarters of a western empire, greater than that of Charlemagne, and rivaling in power and rapidity of conquest all the boasted exploits of antiquity. Long have we been doomed to view the growth of this terrific power; but it has also been our happy lot to witness its overthrow, as it has been that of our most favoured nation to have mainly contributed towards it; however, we must still recollect what we have been exposed to, and the difficulty of escape and the dangers we encountered will be forcibly recalled by the actual perception of the objects. Had it been my fate to have lived at the period of the destruction of Babylon, of Tyre, or of Carthage, I should, if possible, have eagerly pressed forward towards them, and leaned in breathless anxiety over their smoking ruins; but my lot was a more pleasing one; I was not going to contemplate the devastations of conquest in all the varieties of misery and destruction with which she afflicts the human race; I was about to view the triumph of virtue and social order, of the united efforts of every prince and people to repel the insults of an audacious tyranny: as their cause was just, their exertions were irresistable; and, satisfied with fulfilling the end for which they had united, they retired without inflicting injury, they having reformed without

destruction. But Paris, under all her changes, was still respectable, and could send forth at all times a martial youth whether to oppose the Romans, to follow to the Crusades, or to fall in one day at the modern Roncesvalles; their exertions were ever vigorous and their gallantry distinguished, and we must hope that they will now rest satisfied under the sway of their restored monarch, and not again call in the assistance of the god of battles.

We were now close to the capital! the height of Marly was on our right, and a little further on we passed the Abbey of St. Denis on the left, each moment presented to us some new object, with the names of which we had long been familiarised; but the most striking amongst them was the hill of Mont Martre, which seemed to rise between us and Paris, and which, with the plain we were then crossing, had been so lately the scene of blood; yet little remained to remind us of what had happened, had not those events been too deeply impressed on our recollections to be easily obliterated.

It was nearly dusk when we entered the long Faubourg of St. Denis, and completely so, when we stopped at the *Bureau des Diligences*, and we had yet to determine on a lodging, without well knowing where to seek for it, having found those

preoccupied to which we had been originally destined; we were accosted by a well dressed man, who told us he was the friend of all the English; but as we considered him rather indiscriminate in his acquaintance, we declined his good offices, and preferred shifting for ourselves. We afterwards found that this gentleman was Mons. Gagliani; but at the time, we looked upon him as one of those persons who made a trade of imposing on the credulity of strangers. Having got into a *fiacre*, we set out for some address that we had previously received; but not being able to procure apartments there, we were for some time at a loss as we drove through a long and narrow street, which did not give a very favourable idea of Paris; when we learned it was that of Richelieu, which we knew was amongst the most considerable; we at length reached the boulevards, when I bethought myself to consult Frouchet's Guide, and in order to do so, went *à la lunterne;* having read what he says on the subject, we drove to the Hôtel de Rue*, and there were accommodated reasonably and in a way superior even to his description; we had each an apartment on the first floor towards the street, and that which I occupied, and where a

* Richelieu.

bed was placed for the occasion, was a splendid one; we paid for these at the moderate rate of three francs per night for each, and found the people of the hotel civil and obliging; our beds were most comfortable, the rooms floored in compartments, rich velvet chairs, sofas, cushions, curtains, windows with balconies, and Venetian blinds, large pier glasses and pannels of plate glass over the doors communicating with the adjoining rooms, marble pier tables with ornamental clocks on each, and bouquets of artificial flowers under glass cases, whilst the wood of the tables, presses, &c. shone like glass from the beautiful polish with which it is covered; indeed, it is difficult to do justice to the lightness and brilliant appearance of a Parisian apartment, abounding with splendid mirrors and every article that we consider costly and ornamental.

The road which had led us to the capital was uninteresting in itself, and so lately the scene of blood, a temporary gloom was thrown over us, which the long and shabby Faubourg St. Denis was not calculated to dispel, and some of our party declared, as we drove in, that they did not wish to remain three days there; however, the excellence of our lodging, and the pleasure of a French bed, which, as we had not been taught to look for amongst the comforts of Paris, was

of course on that account the more pleasing, reconciled us not a little, and we repaired to rest after a long and fatiguing day, that we might be enabled on the following to explore the capital, and view its wonders in the order in which they happened to present themselves to our notice.

CHAP. IV.

Rue de Richelieu—Boulevards—Hotel Italien—Rue de la Paix—Superbe Colonne, the Work of Denon—Reflections with which it must strike the different Beholders—La Madelaine—Rue Royale—Rue Faubourg St. Honoré—De Rivoli—Place de Louis XV.—Pont de Louis XVI.—Palais Bourbon—Coup d'Œil—Various interesting Objects seen from the Place and Bridge—Champs Elisées—Invalides, &c. thinking it the finest Part of Paris—Painful Emotions excited by visiting it, from a Recollection of the Horrors committed there—La Guillotine—Execution of Louis—Of the Queen.

THERE is something indescribably attractive in the approach to and the first few hours passed in a celebrated place: it is amongst the most agree-

able sensations we know of; and, to be duly appreciated, must be experienced, for description fails in an unavailing effort to convey it. I shall endeavour, notwithstanding, to give a faint outline of some of the many objects that attract a stranger's attention in walking through this magnificent quarter of the city.

Leaving our hotel in the Rue de Richelieu, we directed our course north, towards that grand hotel which terminates its long extended vista. This is the Hotel de Grange Rotelier, one of the first in Paris; but ere you reach it you are on the boulevards, once the city walls, now the gayest and most frequented of her streets. Their great breadth affords room on each side for rows of elmtrees, whose agreeable shade is one of the most delightful circumstances attending them, and a source of perpetual enjoyment to the Parisians, who anxiously press forward from the narrow streets to enjoy the free air and endless variety they are here sure of meeting. These boulevards surround Paris, but they are not all equally frequented; nor does this preference seem to have at all consulted the beauty or shade of the trees or eligibility of situation, but to have been rather the result of some hasty decision of fashion, which has long ruled with despotic sway in this the capital of her ancient empire, how-

ever the choice may have determined that quarter.

We have now reached the Boulevard de l'Italien: it is the gayest, the most frequented, and contains the greatest number of structures, which crowd upon the eye in endless variety, and seize upon the imagination by presenting it with brighter realities than fancy ever pictured to it amongst the boasted pleasures of fairy land. Here are palaces, hotels, theatres, caffés, baths, and various buildings, emulating the colossal hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, and the still more striking peculiarities of Chinese architecture; and Hindoo structures spring up, besides others whose architypes would be found only in the new world. Here are the residences of ambassadors and dukes; and the more frequented and lively cafés, in which large mirrors, reflecting their numerous lights, and the vast concourse of persons which constantly occupy them contribute largely to enliven the scene. You may suppose that this place is a constant resort of company, and will not doubt perhaps what I did, though seen with my own eyes, that the seats were crowded with persons till a late hour in the evening in the month of September. What a delightful climate that admits of such amusement! But I must leave for the present the gay inhabitants of this

quarter, and pursue my walk through the city, with the appearance of which I was anxious to become acquainted.

The broad street to the right is the Chaussée d'Autiri, leading almost to Mont Martre; but we must reserve all our attention for that a little further on towards the left. You would be surprised at its breadth and the grandeur of the houses, and still more by the accommodation it affords to the foot passenger; that is, if you can bestow a thought on such matters in the finest street in Paris.

Rising in native elegance and stupendous grandeur before you, and seen from the base at the termination of the fine street you have just observed, now called "de la Paix," but originally bearing the more high sounding and appropriate appellation "de la Guerre," bestowed on it by its founder, Napoleon (who opened this communication from the garden of the Tuileries, at its lower extremity, to the boulevards, through the Place Vendome), is the Pillar known by that name, and which rivals the most magnificent work of modern Rome. It would be difficult by any form of language, chosen even by the most descriptive writer, to convey an adequate idea of this pillar; but as some few may not have had an opportunity of seeing and experiencing the

pleasure it produces, and the many who have may not dislike to be reminded of it, I shall endeavour to give a faint outline of this extraordinary work.

Let us imagine a column not quite as high but at least as graceful and elegant as the monument, not of cold granite, but rich in spiral wreaths of figures in bronze, changing with infinite variety of tints at every passing gleam of sunshine, and assuming its colour from the hour at which it is seen. Never shall I forget the effect it produced on me when first visited, and the pleasure I afterwards received in lingering about it; few days passed without my performing a detour to catch a glimpse at it, and whenever I was out at night I always made the Place Vendome my way home. I have seen it refulgent in the brightness of the setting sun and softened by misty rain, by moonlight, in the gloom of night, and at early morning, and I should feel it almost impossible to determine from which I had received the highest satisfaction. It is built after the column of Trajan, one of the most celebrated structures of the queen of cities; and, if I may hazard a conjecture without having seen the original, I think it cannot be at all inferior. Its elevation is one hundred and thirty-three feet, including the statue since removed,

and the base of the shaft twelve feet in diameter; at the four corners of the base, which is low, light, and elegant, are four eagles springing from it, and so exquisitely executed that they have been suffered to remain, whilst the tablets containing the inscriptions of Napoleon have been removed; indeed the most violent Royalist could not wish them away, and any attempt to displace them must have only mutilated the pillar, and served to impress more indelibly the purpose for which it was raised. The shaft is encircled by a spiral wreath of figures, winding from the base to the capital, which is three feet high, and each compartment contains some remarkable event in that momentous war; near the top there is a gallery erected, above which, and surmounting all, stood the statue of Napoleon, now removed and superseded by a white flag, no unfit representation of the state of the country. In the base there is a door opening to the staircase that leads to the top, and round the other side are all the devices of war, caps, helmets, cannon, &c. all marked with the eagles and letters of Austria: these are executed with the greatest taste, and project several inches from the ground on which they are placed. This superb column was three years in building,

from August, 1807, to August, 1810, and its construction was a work of no small difficulty, from the adaptation of the spiral figures, and called for an execution on the part of the artist which was in itself a considerable effort of genius; but what has not the energy of Denon effected, gifted with taste and possessed of talent that irradiates every object? At the base stands a man who constantly vaunts the proportions of the "superb column," and whose proud clamour (a proof of Buonaparte's vanity), constantly assails you, and, like the slave that accompanied the Roman triumph, often rudely interrupts the most pleasing reflections; for who could pass unreflecting by this striking record of late events, of which even the most thoughtless amongst the French must often recall the origin and the vicissitudes? and with what mingled emotion will it be viewed, according to the climate and the country of the observer! Here the Austrian sees his country's humiliation recorded in characters the elegance and durability of which will transmit them to the latest posterity, and the subjugation of his sovereign, like that of the barbarous nations of old, converted into a permanent theme for the exercise of the arts. Surely it must have required more than usual German apathy to have won such a document and con-

sented to its preservation; for we can scarcely attribute it to admiration of its elegance or love of the arts; and there is not perhaps a more extraordinary event in the history of modern times than that this pillar should have remained unmutilated and unaltered amidst an Austrian army. Here, too, the Russian must feel for the unsuccessful efforts of his youthful Emperor, which might have saved him from humiliation and his ancient capital from ruin, had the fate of Austerlitz given him victory. The Russian must experience bitter regret at the folly of his king, who wilfully delayed joining the allies till the fate of Europe was decided, only to fall a surer victim to an unavailing effort, which covered every family in his country with mourning, and with a degree of misery scarcely to be removed by the late glorious change. But the Frenchman, who is afflicted by the remembrance of his Emperor, his general, whose words and actions, however personally tyrannical, yet always in his opinion leading to his country's welfare, are still fresh in his recollection, and whose animated spirit pervaded his whole empire, feels in the change, as he passes under this trophy, the bitterest of all sensations, the degradation of his profession, his country, and himself; a sentiment from which the Bourbon is

not entirely excluded, as they are sufficiently national, to desire to preserve the monuments, the spoliations, and the limits of the empire. It is only for the sons of happy England to contemplate this work without a pang: they call to mind the distant awe with which the events it celebrates impressed them, and scarcely wish that they had not happened, since then, perhaps, had slept in the womb of oblivion the conqueror of those who were so long considered as the greatest generals that ever existed, and the bravest and most highly disciplined army that ever distinguished her warlike annals, and whom a long line of valorous deeds have ever rendered formidable. But there were other feelings, of a more general nature, that this pillar ever inspired me with. I felt that I was viewing a chef d'œuvre of all that was elegant and ornamental in the fine arts, a work that mankind, could they forget its author and its origin, might rejoice in as a species of victory won by talent and human ingenuity over the weakness of our nature. This is foremost among those structures which have given to Paris a kind of Roman grandeur that have made it the rival of antiquity and of the seats of ancient empire; and we class them as we do those venerable structures which past ages have celebrated

as the wonders of our globe; or as those geniuses of the higher order who have occasionally appeared among us, as belonging rather to mankind in general than restricted to the spot on which they have been placed, or the country from which they have emanated. But had I been born a Frenchman, I could never forget the author of this pillar.

Continuing our route we came to the commencement of the boulevards. At that of Madelaine, on the right, is the yet unfinished monument to the grande armée, completing as a church to the memory of Louis XVI. for which it appears from its shape to have been originally intended. It is surrounded by pillars, and will have a grand effect, from its situation at the top of the wide and magnificent Rue Royale, the most agreeably situated and second street of the city.

To the left is seen the wide and extensive sketch of the Rue de Rivoli, in which a few finished houses indicate the greatness of the design, whilst the long corridors of the first stories, ruinous though new, show a neglect of those great undertakings too general under the present government, and affording an unfavourable contrast with past times. These houses

were to have been of cut stone, and it was the design of Napoleon to have continued it to the Elephant, opening and widening the passage wherever it was necessary.

A few steps more bring us to the Place de Louis XV. an extensive octagon, containing on each side of the entrance by which you have reached it a palace: that on the right was formerly occupied by Talleyrand. This is the finest open space in Paris, and, though it has buildings but on one side, is more in the style of our squares than any other place they have.

Before you, and opposite the Rue Royale, is the handsome Pont de Louis XVI. On the right of which, beyond the river, rises the magnificent and elegant portico of the Palais Bourbon, considered the most classical building in Paris. It is here the legislative bodies hold their sittings, while a part is still occupied by its ancient owner. It is built of white stone, like that of Portland, but retains all its original freshness, and forms a pleasing contrast with the dark tinge of the steeple of the Invalides (St. Paul's in miniature), the gilded doom of which glitters in the back ground. The left of the place is occupied by the Champs Elisées: through its long vistas you may perceive the unfinished arch of triumph

erecting at the Barrière de Neuilly, and which would have been a pleasing object seen across the place and garden from the centre of the Tuileries; the entrance to which is on the left, through massy gates and between numerous statues in white marble. A solid balustrade surrounds the place, leaving open an extensive area and affording a good view of Rue Royale and its church, whilst the prospect across the river is equally interesting, and the fine garden, in so vast a city, makes it truly delightful. This is certainly the first situation in Paris, and the view from the bridge is one of the grandest, perhaps, in any city. Before you is a considerable extent of the Seine, enclosed between wide quays and crossed by three bridges. On the right is the Tuileries garden, the palace, and the long and magnificent gallery that connects it with the Louvre, whilst that palace itself may be partly discerned in the distance, its white stone being distinguishable from its contrast with the former. In the centre is the Pont Neuf, where once stood the statue of Henry the Great, on the Isle of Paris; where the high pointed and various coloured houses and numerous windows, seen in the back ground, form a good set off to the solid grandeur of the palaces in front, over which

frown the lofty towers of Notre Dame, gloomy and dark as the period of their origin in the middle ages, and the round pointed and closely grouped turrets of the Palais de Justice, a structure covered with the images of the first race of their kings. Along the left bank are the mint, the Palais de Beaux Arts, the ancient Sorbonne, and the various splendid structures that line the Quays d'Orsai and Voltaire, among which the Palaces of the Legion of Honour and of Marshal Ney are conspicuous.

You will suppose the place from which there is so pleasing a prospect had many attractions, and that it afforded us much pleasure at first sight; but you may well conceive that we could not view without emotion the theatre in which most of the enormities of the Revolution had been committed, and that had been so often inundated with the noblest blood in France: the cries of the wretched sufferers seemed to pierce my ears, and their last agonies, whilst surrounded by their brutal enemies, were present to my imagination. I do not regret the well merited end of Robespierre, or the justly avenging voices of Egalité, the fate of Brissot, Roland, and Bailly, of whom it would be difficult to determine whether their real vices or reputed virtues have been

the most mischievous: it is well, perhaps, that such characters should be swept away with the times that have produced them. But my sorrows are for the numerous innocent and exalted victims of this horrible revolution, for a nobility destroyed without distinction, for a clergy annihilated, for an indiscriminate destruction of rank and sex and age, for the unfortunate stranger who happened to dwell among them, for the unhappy woman who shared the throne of the most injured, the most amiable, and most merciful of their kings, and whose greatest errors as a sovereign proceeded from his virtues as a man. Will posterity listen to the historian of our times? Will they credit him when he informs them that, in this enlightened age, and in the capital of a nation which considers itself the first and most refined on earth, an infuriated rabble, after the form of a trial that scoffed at justice, led the most humane prince they were ever ruled by to an ignominious death in the most conspicuous part of their city, and that the whole French nation either approved of or tamely acquiesced in this atrocious deed. Oh France! ages must intervene ere you can reclaim your place amongst the nations, after this long aberration from the paths of civilisation, and return to

that eminence from which, in all the pride of ancient loyalty, you reproached us with a crime that then disgraced our annals alone. Who could have supposed that you would have been the first to emulate so dangerous, so horrible an example?

The statue of Louis XV. which once occupied this place, soon gave way to that of Liberty, as did his name to that of La Révolution; and, near the base of this figure, the Moloch of modern times was erected, la sainte Guillotine, where its officiating priests, with all the ardour of proselytism, immolated indiscriminately every opponent of their follies.

The unhappy Louis was executed on the 21st of January, 1793, at half past ten o'clock. He had retired to rest at two o'clock the night before, and slept soundly till five, when Clery, his faithful valet, awoke and dressed him. When the hour of departure arrived, he desired a few seconds to collect himself, and then giving to Clery a ring for his wife, bid him tell her that he parted from her with pain, that he asked her pardon for not again seeing her, but that he wished to avoid so cruel a separation. He then asked for his hat, and accompanying his confessor ascended the carriage of the mayor: two officers sat before him: a profound silence reigned around. Ar-

rived at the guillotine, he ascended it, took off his coat and his neck cloth, but objected to having his hair cut or his hands tied. A few words from his confessor soon pacified him: he advanced to the left side, and asked whether the drums would not cease to beat? Many voices cried to the executioners (who were four in number) to do their duty: however, whilst they tied him, he distinctly said —"Je meurs innocent; je pardonne à mes ennemis; et je désire que mon sang soit utile aux Français, et qu'il appaise le colère de Dieu." His head was then severed from his body and held up to the people, who received it with cries of "Vive la République." His remains, placed in an osier basket, were carried in a cart to La Madelaine, where the church is now building to his memory, and there buried in a bed of quick lime.

I was one day passing by the Palais Royal with an old Frenchman, whom I found particularly communicative, and to whom I had said something about the Revolution. He entered on the subject more fully than the French are in general disposed to do, and told me that he had witnessed some of its most atrocious scenes. "I remember," said he, pointing to the church in the Rue St. Honoré, "to have stood in that

niche, whilst the cart in which the king was conveyed to execution passed; and have it still present before my eyes as though it had occurred but yesterday. A dreadful silence prevailed throughout the multitude; the streets were lined the whole way through which he passed from the Temple, and a vast force surrounded the place of execution, as well as the city, ready to repress any sudden movement of the people, had any such been attempted. All viewed those around them with suspicion, and none seemed willing to express their feelings; but they were those of compassion rather than anger; and, whilst they regarded the unfortunate victim in silence, the greater part appeared to take a lively interest in his fate, and to hope, even to the last, that some effort might still be made in his favour, who had been condemned by a majority of only five, and whom all seemed disposed to succour, if any were found courageous enough to propose it. The conduct of the unhappy monarch seemed to add much to the favourable impression such a sight might naturally be supposed to have made. He betrayed no feeling of resentment, but, calm and dignified, saluted as he passed the collected crowd, who flocked to witness this disgraceful scene. I have volumes capable of determining the truth of this;" but if it were really so (and

there seems to be no reasonable ground to doubt it), it exhibits a degree of magnanimity and mildness hardly credible, though of a piece with many other acts of this most amiable man.

On Tuesday, the 16th of October, the Queen met her fate, when Sampson, who presided at her execution, presented himself, an unwelcome intruder, at seven o'clock in the morning. "Vous venez de bonne heure, Monsieur, lui dit elle: ne pourriez vous pas retarder? Non, madame, j'ai ordre de venir." She was already dressed, as her husband, in white, and when asked by a curé whether he should accompany her, she replied, "Comme vous voudriez, monsieur;" but she neither confessed nor spoke during the way. On leaving the prison, she betrayed surprise at seeing the cart; and the savage Buidhomme, who wrote at the time, and from whose account I have made this extract, says that from this moment her punishment began. "Quoiqu' elle fit parade de fermeté, mais elle étoit aisée de s'appercevoir que cette fermeté apparente lui coutoit beaucoup; son visage de ce moment fût défait. Les mains étoient liées derrière le dos, comme à l'ordinaire (on devoit renoncer à cet usage, et laisser les criminels jouer de leur liberté jusqu' à la fin), elle observe absolument le même contenance tout le long du chemin, excepté

pourtant vis à vis le ci-devant Palais Royal: cette maison lui rapella probablement des souvenirs qui lui firent impression: elle y jetta regard fort animé, le peuple la vit passer assez paisiblement, et y eut des battemens de mains à certains endroits; mais en général on paroit un moment oublier tous les maux causés à la France par cette femme pour ne penser qu'a sa situation actuelle. Justice se faisoit tout ce qu'avoit demandé le peuple. En montant sur l'échafaud Antoinette mit par mégarde le pied sur celui de Mons. Sampson, et l'exécuteur des jugemens, en ressentit assez de douleur pour s'écrier Aie! Elle se retourna en lui disant—Monsieur, je vous demande excuse: je ne l'ai pas fait exprès."

Such was the melancholy end of one who had been born to all the advantages of fortune, who was the favourite object of two mighty empires, and who, after so long exciting the admiration of mankind, was at length destined to experience every species of ignominy, to an extent seldom witnessed in our time even by the meanest of our race.

I was at Paris the 18th of October: the churches were hung with black, and there was a solemn service, attended by the royal family, I believe, at Notre Dame. I saw some very nice looking women, who appeared to be the

daughters of royalist nobility, and were certainly of rank; but there were few men, and little impression seemed to be made on the people, who continued their shops open as usual.

CHAP. V.

Garden of the Tuileries — Palace — 10th of August, 1792—Arch of Triumph—Venetian Horses — Reflections — Carousel—Review of the Guard—Reflection of their Appearance—Staff—The Mass—King—Court, &c.—Salon des Maréchaux.

Leaving this arena of blood, I turned in at the superb gate on the right, between the four fine equestrian statues of white marble, the chefs d'œuvre of Girrardon, to the celebrated gardens of the Tuileries, the most agreeable accompaniment of this truly royal residence. Here one may repose for hours under the deep shade of lofty trees which flourish luxuriantly around, and gaze upon that magnificent jet, the waters of which, rising many feet above our heads, glisten in the sunbeams; or view with wonder the passing crowd, which is here at all times, and many of whom bring their books along with

them, and do not leave the garden for the whole day; or else contemplate with pleasure the groups in white marble, in which art has attempted to rival the animation that surrounds them. In front of the palace, after leaving the high trees, is the parterre, laid out in all the formality of the Dutch taste, which certainly is the best suited to the town residence of a king: every shrub and flower "has its fellow," and nature seems to have been subdued into a surprising regularity: here figures in marble and bronze, reposing beside basins lined with marble and filled with gold and silver fish, form a pleasing contrast with the deep shade of the forest and the bright foliage of the orange trees, the peculiar and charming colours of which have all the mellow softness of the vine. The palace is an irregular building, consisting of five pavilions connected by four piles of lower structure, and its high and peculiar roof gives it a solid and not an unpleasing effect, though I cannot admire the taste that has lately placed a corresponding one upon the Louvre; here you perceive the Doric and the Tuscan vieing with the Composite, and whilst they display their separate claims to celebrity, uniting in an *ensemble* that is both grand and pleasing. It is certainly in ex-

tent, in situation, and architecture, a truly royal residence, and far superior to any thing of the kind in London. To the left of the centre pavilion is a long glass gallery, like a greenhouse, resting on the colonnade; this was the work of Napoleon, and was made to communicate with the chapel; and here you may daily view the royal family in their passage to and from mass.

Passing through that arched entrance in the centre pavilion, you arrive at the "Place de Carousel," from which you have a view of the front of the palace; but the elevation on this side is not so fine, though very much resembling that from the garden, and it still retains the frightful marks of the cannon shot which were discharged against it by the infuriated rabble on the 10th of August. Yet here, with these awful proofs of popular violence still unobliterated, Napoleon conceived and executed the plan of casting an iron destiny over the necks of a now submissive people, who had so lately risen to arrest the sceptre of legitimacy out of the hands of a mild and merciful monarch. Well and truly did the prophetic spirit of Burke (whose penetration taught him an accuracy in his scrutiny into futurity that enabled him to judge of coming events as matter of recorded fact) foretell the

fate of France in her ill directed effort towards freedom. "In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of the army, will remain for some time mutinous and full of faction, till some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself; armies will obey him on his personal account; there is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things; but the moment in which that event shall happen, the person who really commands the army is your master, the master (that is little) of your king, the master of your assembly, the master of your whole republic." Could we, who have lived to see this, give a more accurate account of what has happened; to describe this place will be sufficient, without endeavouring to call to mind the different occasions on which it has been celebrated, which would be to enter into a history of the country; but still I cannot help observing, that it was named from the gaieties here celebrated by Louis le Grand, in honour of *La Vallière*, the most amiable of his mistresses; but it has attained a more horrible fame from the scene of the 10th of August, 1792, when the mob, after a resistance that destroyed three thou-

sand of their number; succeeded in overpowering the Swiss guards, whom they unmercifully butchered. Repulsed in their first effort, they were obliged to retreat; but soon returning with artillery, they became irresistible, and being infuriated by opposition, made an indiscriminate slaughter of their opponents; they complain much of the conduct of the Swiss, who, they say, invited them in, and, when they were close under the palace, poured on them a destructive fire; the latter part is true, but we must doubt the former, as they were but four thousand in number, with eleven cannon, opposed to the whole weight of the Parisian populace; and the king, previous to his departure for the assembly, had given them strict orders not to fire: unhappy prince, not to have possessed sufficient firmness on this trying occasion, and wanting to himself and friends through a mistaken lenity; how different from the conduct of our equally merciful but firmer monarch in the riots of 1780; had Louis, like George, remained in his palace, and boldly encouraged the troops, who were still willing to adhere to him, he might have been there at this hour, and, by preventing the dreadful catastrophy of that most disastrous day, have averted the misery of five and twenty years of war. The place is of considerable extent, and

there is a high iron railing across it, enclosing the immediate area of the palace from the triumphal arch; this railing has been placed there by Buonaparte, perhaps to prevent a return of popular intrusion; it is curious to speculate on the advantages that might have, possibly, resulted from a protection of this sort when the palace was attacked; even its feeble barrier might have enabled those within to have persisted in a defence that would have saved the monarchy.

The arch forms the centre gate into the enclosure, and is one of those works of Napoleon of which the Parisians are so proud. I shall not fatigue with a detail of its proportions; but I am sure they must be just, as the effect is most pleasing, and the structure elegant: beautifully light pillars of red marble adorn each side, and are surmounted by eight figures in white marble, representing the costumes of the French army; there is something so classical, so rare to northern eyes, in this elegant imitation, that the spectator never fails to feel a high gratification from the sight of it; and I was not insensible to its charms, notwithstanding the remark of some critic, who says it is misplaced by being so near the palace, and that it has been deprived of much of its interest and ornament by the re-

moval of the car of victory and celebrated horses, the spectators, as well as survivors, of the ruins of empires. I should have been glad to have seen them before they were taken down; but the causes that had contributed to it were gratifying to me, and I viewed with satisfaction the empty space once occupied by what, had it still remained, I should have been pleased to have examined. The perigrinations of these horses are more extraordinary than even their justly acquired celebrity, and their durability a kind of satire on the perishable institutions of their successive conquerors, teaching them the immortality of genius and art over the firmest establishments of empire. These horses are supposed to be the work of Lysippus, the contemporary of Alexander, about three hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era, and that, having survived the destruction of Corinth, they were removed to Rome, and there became the ornament of the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus; the founder of Bizantium carried them along with him to adorn his newly raised capital, and they were given to the Venetians in lieu of money for their exertions in its defence; their transition to Paris has happened within our recollection, and they have been, since that, returned to Venice, a custody that she can scarcely feel proud of, when

she contemplates the bad fortune that has so often attended their possessors. A traveller, after the peace of Amiens, in speaking of these horses, says, perhaps they may be yet destined to visit the shores of the Neva, and contribute to produce on its banks the capital of Europe; how completely in substance has this conjecture been realized; but the victories of the modern Alexander (who may justly contend for the palm of greatness with his namesake of old) have not been spoliations, he has proudly stood forward the advocate of restitution and established order, and by aiding in restoring to Europe liberty and peace, has happily possessed an opportunity of affording her an ample remuneration for all the misery entailed upon her by his ruder predecessors.

Within the enclosure, there is a parade every day at eleven; but the reviews which occur on the first Sunday in the month, and are attended by all the troops in the neighbourhood, are most worthy of notice; here we meet those different descriptions of forces, whose high sounding names formed the tremendous aggregate of that army which so long held Europe in subjection; the least common amongst these are the lancers, whose formidable pikes were dyed

with our blood at Albuera; and the cuirassier, who appears just recovered from the rough encounter of Waterloo, his arms were new and unsullied, for those that covered him in the battle had been abandoned in his flight; the hussars bear so close a resemblance to ours that they are scarcely distinguishable, a circumstance pregnant with danger; their artillery appears very fine, and manœuvres with a frightful rapidity and din; but the most formidable and imposing troops I have ever seen are the grenadiers of the guarde royale, that imperial guard which so long held in doubt the fate of Waterloo, at whose head Ney charged, as a last effort for victory; they are all picked men, and usually of lofty stature (though in this respect the French line is less evenly formed than ours), adorned with high hairy caps, moustachios, and long false beards, they were chosen from the rest of the army, and were individually distinguished, as appears from the crosses with which many of them are decorated; they were the favourite followers of Napoleon, and, with such a leader, must have been formidable indeed; I can scarcely describe the awe with which these men impressed me, as they filed off in all the pomp of military splendour. All that my imagi-

nation had ever painted of human greatness, and all that antiquity had recorded of the conquerors of empires, and the founders of dynasties, of soldiers, of Alexander, of Hannibal, of Cæsar, the pretorian cohorts, the Janisaries, the Strelitz, the Huns, the Goths, and the followers of Alariac were now present to me; it was something more even than all these, I was in actual mortal contact with the troops and the generals of Napoleon, whom I should have considered unrivaled in the annals of greatness, had I not known where to find their superiors; it is curious to see those troops under their marshals, with whom they have so often fought for empire, going peaceably through the evolutions of a parade for the amusement of Monsieur and his sons, who appear anxious to improve their knowledge in the minor details of war.

Oudinot had the command on our arrival, he was shortly after replaced by Marmont. At a review, which I attended, I felt very curious to see this general, one of those boasted names whose laurels contributed to enrich the wreath that binds the triumphant brows of Wellington; he is tall, strong, and good looking man, much sun burned, and not in appearance above forty-five, much younger than one would suppose from the service he has seen. Four of the old mar-

shals take the command of the garrison of Paris in turn, each holds it for three months. Amongst the numerous followers of the court was General Bourmont, who deserted Napoleon the night previous to Waterloo, he is of course unpopular, as is Marmont, to whom the Parisians attribute the first occupation of their city by the allies, whilst he remained in its neighbourhood at the head of a large army: indeed, there can be but little doubt that he was favourably disposed to the cause of the king.

Ascending the grand escalier on the right, you proceed through apartments that lead to the chapel; it is not very fine, and the altar is placed on the lower story, whilst the seats of the royal family, and of those who attend, is above in a corner of the large apartment in which it is situated; a description of household troops, composed of young gentlemen, with handsome helmets and uniforms are in attendance, and salute on the arrival of the royal family and at some parts of the service; they are stationed in the open spaces between the pillars, and strangers who have obtained passes for the chapel, are allowed to stand beside them; indeed, there is so little to be feared from them that any precaution would be unnecessary, and they are suffered to approach close to the royal party, a

privilege of which I most willingly availed myself. The French battleaxe guard are most superbly dressed in the costume of Henry the Fourth, with the black hat and white feather, and Spanish dress; there was one in particular who attracted my notice from his jolly fat English countenance, he reminded me of the paintings of our Eighth Henry, as he leaned with folded arms on the closely studded handle of the ponderous battleaxe; the different officers in attendance approached by degrees; at last the cry of "Le Roi" demanded a more immediate attention, and after the arrival of the cortege that we had seen pass through the gallery, the king and the other members of the royal family made their appearance. The king is in his sixty-second year, and very unwieldy, more like an honest English farmer than the representative of a long and illustrious race of monarchs; having just recovered from an attack of the gout, he was scarcely able to move; but, notwithstanding, knelt down and rose several times during the service, with a much greater attention to his devotion than his ease, for every movement seemed to be attended with a painful effort, in which he required the assistance of two persons, but with which he seemed, notwithstanding, anxiously to comply; his eye is lively and penetrating, and

there is a playful benevolence and an uncommon degree of sweetness and humility in his aspect, which interests you in favour of one whose person is otherwise unprepossessing; next to him was Madame; as I had lived near her for a month in 1813, and met her daily, she appeared like an old acquaintance; she is much improved since then, though there is still a very disagreeable sadness about her, ill suited to the French, who complain that she is *trop triste*, and which will prevent her ever being much to their taste; it is unfortunate, both for France and herself, that she is not of a more conciliating and politic temper; particularly as, it is said, she possesses the strongest desire for power; but we are hardly at liberty to blame her for an occasional indulgence of a feeling which, were she entirely devoid of, would give her the appearance of a monster; her husband, over whom she is said to exercise uncontroled influence, is not a distinguished looking man, and unadorned with either the appearance of talent or personal attractions; and the Duc de Berri has little of the air of a man of distinction, with a violence of manner that has made him very unpopular; the Duchesse de Berri is very young, and, though far from being handsome, has a pleasing countenance; she is a great favourite with the king, and rather popular

with the Parisians. Monsieur has much the finest appearance of any of this branch, and I should think he has, in his youth, been very handsome; his figure is slight and good, but his features, though regular, are deficient in expression; he appeared very devout, more so even than the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who seemed anxiously to observe every person present with a watchful expression. Amongst the attendants were several of the old nobility, most of them far advanced in life; but I neither saw Marmont there, nor any who seemed to have belonged to the imperial court; there is a fine band and organ; but their music more frequently resembles the merry overture of some new theatrical representation than the solemn and more becoming sounds that swell through our churches. The king attends mass every day, and there is a parade each morning at eleven o'clock; his Majesty generally takes the air for an hour or two afterwards; he sits alone in a coach drawn by eight horses, whilst a second coach and eight follows; those who are in attendance upon him ride or walk by the side, and they form a motley tribe of aids-de-camp, pages, &c.: the whole is preceded and terminated by a very strong escort of cavalry, which wears the appearance of apprehension, though, in the event of disturbance,

perhaps his greatest danger would arise from that very force assembled round him for protection. The centre of the palace, too, is always occupied by an armed body, so that, where you expect to meet royal apartments, fitted for the immediate reception of majesty, you find but a caserne filled with troops, who seem to consider themselves entitled to the principal part of the edifice; indeed, the King of France appears to be quite a prisoner, and, as the gardens of his palace are open to the people, and the place itself to the army, his slightest movement must be observed, and he cannot breathe the air for a moment without being exposed to the gaze of thousands. How irksome such a state of publicity must soon become; how little suited to our English habits, and how poor a notion does it convey to us of their idea of liberty, who could subject the first magistrate they have to such painful restraint.

The interior of this palace is very fine; in the Salon des Maréchaux are the portraits of those celebrated men who have contributed to the greatness of the empire, in their different uniforms and orders. I was rather disappointed with their countenances, and I do not recollect one amongst them that conveyed any idea of greatness of character, or to have ever before beheld

so many representations of famous persons, in which there was nothing that was individually striking. I remembered, I suppose, what they had arisen from, but I was soon struck by the recollection of what they had become, and the moving figures of their admiring followers, as they passed me, taught me the greatness of those whose effigies alone remained. In the tour through the palace, I was admitted even into the king's bed-chamber. How painful to have one's private apartments made a subject of inspection and conversation for a great city; but the Parisians like it, and would consider exclusion as an attempt to deprive them of pleasure.

CHAP. VI.

Gallery of the Louvre—Palace—Oratoire—Streets of Paris—Their Peculiarities and Signs—Pont Neuf and Statue of Henry IV.—Some Particulars of his Death—Monument to Desaix—Palais de Justice—Bureau de Police—Reflections on visiting it—Conciergerie—and Lavalette.

To the right, stretching along the side of the river, is that celebrated Gallery which comprised nearly all the chefs d'œuvre of sculpture and of

painting: it is one thousand three hundred feet in length, and once contained one thousand two hundred and thirty-three pictures. Never, of course, had I before seen any apartment like it, and the eye wanders in search of its termination with an effort painful to the human sight; whilst persons standing near either extremity are hardly distinguishable from the other. It is like the effect of a landscape seen through the end of an inverted telescope, and you are almost displeased by such a striking violation of proportion. The windows, too, are injudiciously placed, and at times you are so exposed to the sun that it is impossible to see the pictures. The places of those that have been returned were nearly all filled when I saw it, and though, of course, with works of inferior merit, yet with much that was celebrated, to which the Luxembourg has largely contributed.

I shall not attempt to describe what has already been the theme of every person who has seen it, the subject most strongly impressed on the mind of the dullest, while it is the natural recollection of taste and genius, and which has alone drawn more persons to Paris than all its aggregate of wonders: the feelings experienced on such occasions are indescribable; they are too intimately connected with the soul not to suffer from being

embodied in any form of language: but I cannot help repeating the allegory of an elegant writer, whose prolific imagination represented to him in fiction, upwards of an age ago, what it has been the rare fortune of our time to witness in reality: —"I dreamed that I was admitted to a long and spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead. On the side of the living I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing (as I did when there, of the modern French artists). On the side of the dead painters I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceedingly slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches (time). Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters who were dead; when immediately I fancied myself before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once, for all before me appeared like so many men and women that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures stood in one row, Titian's in another; Guido reigns in a third; one part of the wall was peopled by Annibal Caracci, another by Coreggio, and another by Rubens; to

be short, there was not one great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery." Were Addison now alive, he might see more even than the reality of his vision.

> ——————— Like lightning on the eye
> Bursts the deep vision, from the stately door
> One coloured splendour far as glance can fly,
> Gold, marble, giant mirror, o'er and o'er,
> Flashing in sunlike streams from fretted vault to floor—
> Coreggio—Titian—Raphael—Angelo.

We have now arrived at the Louvre, the etymology of which is lost in the distance of time, and whose history would be a volume containing the annals of the monarchy. It is neither in the Grecian nor gothic style: its façade, the boast of Paris, is the chef d'œuvre of Periault, and must delight every beholder, whilst the inner square, constructed of a dazzling white stone, abounding with a profusion of ornamental carving, gives it an enchanted appearance, more than realising the descriptions of Hindoo architecture, or the notions we have formed of the celebrated Alhambra. It is to be occupied by public offices, like Somerset House, being no longer inhabited by the royal family.

Near this palace is the Oratoire, a chapel appointed for the service of our church, and which

has been respectfully attended by both male and females. This was a very gratifying sight, and there were few occasions on which I should have more anxiously desired the company of my English friends. Our plain and simple form of worship would always appear to advantage, contrasted with popery, even in Rome itself; and having for some time seen only their mode, I returned to my own with greater pleasure; but in France, where Christianity was so long laid aside, where the observance of Sunday is scarcely enforced by a royal edict, and where the people appear quite unable to return to their former superstition, it is delightful to see the establishment of our church, which is better suited to this age, and more likely to unite them towards it; and I felt most thankful, indeed, to that gracious Providence who had not only saved us from most cruel enemies in the hour of danger, but had at length conducted us, like the Israelites of old, to celebrate his glory in a foreign land, on the very spot, too, from which had emanated those daring attempts to overthrow our altars and subdue the liberties of our country. Indeed, there is nothing so striking to an Englishman in France as the manner in which Sunday is passed, and the total absence of that decent order observable

among us: every kind of work going forward, the shops open, the churches nearly empty, the theatres full, and all places of amusement crowded. Nor is this entirely attributable to the Revolution: it is the case, in a great degree in most Catholic countries, and was so in France even before that dreadful event. I have seen workmen employed on the Lord's day in the Palace of Versailles, though Louis was there at mass, and is an exact observer of decorum. Such scenes rouse the feelings of the most inattentive, who, however they may be at times individually negligent, will revolt from such a picture of national failing, and, being awed into precaution, will be led to avoid the danger of example.

Immediately opposite this Oratoire, and in front of the Louvre, is the Pont des Arts, an elegant and broad iron bridge for foot passengers; whilst the Pont Royal is opposite the Tuileries, and the Pont Neuf higher up the river. In reaching the latter you pass the spot where the great Henry was assassinated, in the Rue de la Feronnerie and the Rue Betiri, in which is still to be seen the house where reposed for the last time the illustrious Coligny, on the night preceding the St. Bartholomew. On this bridge once stood the statue of Henry, and the workmen

are now occupied in restoring it. It is said that this great pass is one of the gayest places in Paris, and it is occupied by a crowd ceaseless as the progress of time.

The streets of Paris are very unlike those of London, and in breadth, convenience, and cleanliness are certainly greatly inferior. Here is no footway for passengers; an error which their extreme narrowness precludes the possibility of remedying; and the middle, too, is a channel for the water, and in rainy weather this often swells into an almost impassable river, whilst the far projecting spouts discharge copious torrents from the tops of the houses, which the unfortunate passenger seldom passes with impunity. When we add the rapidity of the cabriolet, the careless driver of which hurries along with heedless gaze, it is not surprising that the streets should be little frequented by persons of condition. Their houses are very lofty, seven, eight, and nine stories high; and, from being placed in such narrow streets, the effect is good, I should almost say theatrical; but this is perhaps owing to association, as most towns represented on the stage are continental.

The streets containing the grand hotels are not the most pleasing; for, being shut out from

the line of houses, and generally obscured by a gloomy portico, they add little to its appearance: it is in the less fashionable ones that you are to look for the common style of Parisian houses: they usually consist of a lower story like ours, over which is the entresol, a low range of apartments like our garret, the poor windows of which have a strange effect, though they are not without their use, serving for the residence of the shopkeeper, who generally occupies the ground floor, leaving the rest of the house to persons of greater affluence; above this there is usually a heavy projecting cornice, and sometimes four stories of handsome rooms, with good balconies and Venetian blinds to each; then another cornice, above which a second story, like the entresol; and over all a heavy roof, with dormant windows. The fronts of the houses, which are built with a solidity quite unknown among us, are covered with white stucco, and, from the number of large windows, balconies, &c. and the style in which they are ornamented, have a grand and pleasing appearance. They are seldom straight, but curved in considerably from a perpendicular. A stone staircase leads to the top; and, as there are numerous apartments on each floor, they are usually sufficient for a whole family, so that each house

may contain a number of inhabitants to us quite incredible; this may reconcile the vast population of Paris with the small space of ground that it appears to occupy. Their style of building to such a height and the concealment of their best houses contribute little to the ornament of their city.

Their manner of numbering the houses is worthy our imitation; all the odd numbers being placed on one side of the street and the even on the other, so that you can at once tell which side you are to go to; it has also this advantage, that the street may be continued without their undergoing any alteration. The names of the streets, too, are painted in such a way as to afford the greatest assistance to a stranger, those that run parallel to the river being painted red on a black ground, while those that are at right angles are in black on red, so that he is at once enabled to discover whether he is pursuing his course. These are among the few matters that "they order better in France," and in these, perhaps, "*fas est ab hoste doceri.*"

The Parisian shops, decorated with a profusion of plate glass, and arranged with the taste of this ingenious people, are objects of never failing attraction to an Englishman, who views

here assembled before him every thing that is useful and ornamental on earth, and much that is not so, yet so judiciously arranged that it does not fail to excite attention, which he is most liberal in bestowing, gazing at and inquiring the price of every article.

I have often admired the excellent temper of the Parisians, as they politely saluted the departing stranger, who had not expended a single sous, though he had scrutinised every article, and received answers to his hundred inquiries, propounded in a barbarous jargon, that scarcely wore the semblance of language; but I am not surprised that many are alive to such attractions, which I have in no slight degree experienced myself; and though accustomed to pass the glittering display of the London shops with scarcely a wish for their costly incumbrance, yet here all seemed so useful and so cheap that I often found myself coveting "other men's goods." You are invited to those shops by elegant devices, painted in a style that attracts universal attention, and were they brought over to England and set up to auction, would, I have little doubt, impose on some of the knowing ones. There was one in the Rue Richelieu, "aux Samoyedes," that daily drew a crowd about it, for the Parisians

have great taste, and are prone to admire the arts, and the execution of this was extremely good, considering the purpose for which it was adapted. It represented that people on the ice, near the sea shore, accompanied by the animals and birds peculiar to their country, whilst the sun burst forth over the river in the brightness of a frosty atmosphere. Another was to "la belle Gabrielle," and recorded the story of her infidelity and Henry's magnanimity to his rival. "Au Triomph de Trajan;" "Au Génie de Commerce;" "Au grand Amiral;" "A la Corbeille Mariage;" and, not least, "Au beau Durois;" "Au Lion de Florence;" "Au Roi de Suède;" "Au Roi de Prusse;" "Aux deux Figaros;" with numbers besides, equally well executed, in which antiquity and fable have united with their own history, so pregnant in gallant adventure: indeed, it is the study of the friends of the present dynasty to recall the recollection of its former greatness, and Henry the Fourth is as often seen and spoken of as if he were the reigning monarch of France at this hour.

The finest signs I observed are at the sellers of cashimeres, though their shops are usually as uninteresting as our silk mercers'. I was at a loss to discover the cause of this peculiarity, and

should rather have sought for such a display where finer wares are exposed below.

Few things are more striking than the ease with which a change of sentiment appears to be effected; and you often meet with a house adorned with a white flag and fleur de lis over a scarcely obliterated imperial inscription, whilst the walls still retain the impression of Liberty and the large half visible letters of "La République." I saw a hotel at Rouen that had been changed from "De l'Empereur," to "Des Empereurs;" the L was scarcely washed over, and the additional letters not shaded to correspond with the rest; it presented a sturdy compliance with the existing order of things. Having occasion to visit Mons. * * *, the tailor, in the Rue * * * * * * *, I asked for his card: he regretted not having any struck off; but, seeing I was a stranger, he gave me some which told what he had been: they contained the arms of Westphalia, and a pompous advertisement that he had the honour of serving Jerome Buonaparte.

The Pont Neuf, from which this digression has led us, is rather a junction of bridges, as it rests towards the middle upon the Isle of Paris, the oldest part of the city: it is one thousand and

twenty feet in length and seventy-two in breadth, which is sufficient to admit of five carriages passing abreast. It was begun under Henry the Third, and of course has long since forfeited any right to its present appellation, being the oldest of those bridges that now merit the attention of a stranger.

Here was placed the equestrian statue to the great Henry, the idol of his subjects, so disinterested, so noble in his character, that we readily forgive his failings and participate in his misfortunes, fully admitting his high place among sovereigns. Our Alfred alone would be worthy to dispute his preeminence, or the sable warrior who deserted life ere he had ranked himself among our kings; but a long lapse of ages and a poverty of records will prevent our instituting a comparison between their early fame and his later celebrity, of whom the slightest word has been preserved with a scrupulous fidelity: yet, strange to tell, he died ingloriously by the hand of an assassin, in the midst of his capital; his remains were torn up by a brutish rabble, and his statue, after a struggle, was at length hurled from the Pont Neuf; its being the last doomed to destruction was considered as respectful and complimentary. A pensioned soldier, at his

dehumation, seized on part of his beard, which having converted into a moustachio, he swore to wear it thenceforward as a talisman of glory. The murder of Henry, though committed by a single person, who resolutely denied that any participated in his guilt, was attended by circumstances that give it the appearance of conspiracy; and such is the opinion of most of the writers of the time, in which Sully entirely concurs, who, strongly imbued with the superstition of the age, details all the warnings, real or imaginary, which foretold his fate to the unhappy monarch, who used frequently to exclaim that he should be murdered at the coronation of the queen, and would have willingly postponed it, but feared to annoy his wife.

Malthein says that "the queen dreamt of having seen him stabbed, and the king asking the cause of her agitation, she informed him, to which he replied that he was thankful that it was but a dream; but told her he would bid her adieu on Friday, to see her no more; that he should not witness her coronation; and called her regent."

To Sully the king had said, "I have been told that I should be murdered at a public ceremony, and in a coach." "You have never before men-

tioned this to me, sire, and I have often been surprised to see you cry out and seem alarmed in a coach, you whom I have often beheld unmoved amongst artillery and musketry, and environed by swords and pikes, in all the rage of war: however, since you are so affected, I would advise your immediate departure before the coronation."

Schomberg had told Sully that a combination had been formed, and he had acquainted the king, who persisted in his intention of going through the ceremony. It was on the 14th of May, 1610, the fatal event occurred. "At four in the afternoon I had just gone," says Sully, "to my wardrobe, when I heard my wife utter a great cry, 'Ah! my God! all is lost; France is undone.' I hastened out, undressed as I was. 'Ah! Sir,' they cried on all sides, 'the king has just been dangerously wounded with a knife.' It was not possible for me to doubt a moment that the dreadful news was true." St. Richel entered immediately: he had almost been a witness of the blow, and brought the knife with which it was given, still reeking with blood. 'Oh!' cried I, raising my hands and eyes to heaven in a distraction no words can describe, 'this is what this poor prince always appre-

hended: Oh! my God! have pity upon him, upon us, and upon the state. 'Tis done; he is murdered! God would not have permitted so cruel an accident but to let loose all his wrath upon France, and to deliver her into foreign hands."

The king having passed a most uneasy night, set out in the coach to go to Sully, who was confined; he had previously attended mass and prayed most devoutly; Vitry, chaplain of the guards, would have attended him, but he forbade him: having inquired the day of the month, he was told it was the 13th; no, it is the 14th, said another; "you are right," said the king "between the 13th and 14th," and ordered the coach to go on, saying, "carry me but from hence." Ravaillac, seeing the coach as he lurked about the Louvre, muttered, "I have thee, thou art lost;" the coach turned from the Rue St. Honoré into that of "Feronnerie," then very narrow; an embarrassment was caused by the meeting of two carts, which obliged the coach to stop, the footmen took a nearer way to come up with it at the corner of the street, two only remained to follow the coach, and one of these had just gone on to make way, whilst the other took that opportunity to fasten his garter; the assassin, who

had followed the coach, perceiving it stop, hastened forward to the side where the king sat, and climbing upon the spoke, drew out a two edged knife and stabbed him twice in the heart; the king, upon receiving the stabs, feeling himself wounded, cried out that he was so, and raised his arm, which enabled the assassin to strike with surer aim a second blow, the most severe and unmerited that ever struck at a people's happiness through the heart of their monarch; as the wretch, who had perpetrated this horrid crime, was led along to be torn asunder, by horses, at the Place de Greve, he is said to have expressed his surprize at his unpopularity, and that he had been led to suppose they thought differently, which implied his having had accomplices, but all the torments of his dreadful death were unable to force from him any disclosure; his brother is reported to have said, that had he failed, he would, himself, have punished the king for the violation and desertion of his sister, the supposed cause of this calamity; thus were realised all the melancholy bodings which seem to have predicted this event in a way that admits not of our doubt, and claims for them the respect that they have hitherto received only from the poet, when

In that most high and palmy strife of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The groves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did quake and gibber in the Roman streets.

It is curious that two Kings of France have lost their lives from having their coaches stopped by a cart, and still more so, that though there were seven persons in the coach with the king at the time of his death, that not one of them should have actually witnessed the blow; the Duc d'Epernon, who accompanied him, has not entirely escaped suspicion; never was monarch more likely to have found friends, and to have continued to a good old age, revered and protected by a people who were so much indebted to him; and his end is a striking example of the uncertainty of human greatness, and the fate that often falls individually on the most exalted rank. After having seen his early struggles crowned with success; after witnessing the youthful hero converted into a great king, and being admitted to his private hours, in the unrestrained freedom of familiar intercourse, through the pages of Sully, whose great mind, congenial to his own, taught him the value and the luxury of that exalted friendship which only such souls can experience; happy minister to have lived

under such a master! fortunate monarch in the possession of such a servant! yet, after all this, how dreadful was his end, how humiliating to mankind, and what a satire on his best founded hopes of human happiness!—Here then,

> O! let us sit upon the ground
> And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
> How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
> Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
> Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
> All murdered!

But as this would be but a dull occupation in the gayest parts of Paris, I shall not expect any to attend to me.

A curious structure, close beneath the bridge, which resembled a large canal boat covered with a garden, is a floating bath, much used here, and the various plants with which it is covered add not a little to its agreeable appearance. The quays here are very fine and broad, and divided most properly, as their banks are lined with palaces; that part which is next to the river being very low for the conveyance of trade, whilst the carriage way runs along considerably above it: the river looks well from this point, but is muddy and yellowish, with

little appearance of trade, if we except the barges, laden with wine, that come down from the interior and continue their circuitous route to Rouen, and the high masses of wood that are floated down for fuel, that being the usual substitute for coals in Paris; no light boats, filled with numberless passengers, ply here for amusement, nor does each tide convey "a portly argosy" from every quarter of the globe, whose varying movements so much enliven our rivers, whilst they ensure to us the blessings of commerce. The lively Pont Neuf, "the heart of the Parisian body," and the vaunt of Frenchmen, is not half so crowded, or so noisy as London Bridge; may we long wander over the continent without finding any approximation to that trade, in whose exclusive possession we have been hitherto so fortunate; however, I cannot help envying them their magnificent quays, so highly conducive to the splendour of Paris, and which, were they in London, would make her nearly the finest city in the world; it is painful to be excluded from the prospect of such a river as the Thames, and only to catch a transient glimpse at the stupendous dome of St. Paul, and upwards of seventy accompanying spires, through the balustrade of Westminster Bridge,

as we are hurried along in the passing crowd, a slight gratification of which we are often deprived by the clouded atmosphere of London.

Opposite to that part of the Pont, where the statue of Henry is reerecting, is the Place Dauphine; it has regained its name, and still retains, on a small marble pedestal, the statue of Desaix in bronze; he it was whom Denon accompanied as he led the French army into Upper Egypt, and who afterwards fell at their head, at the hard contested field of Marengo; as his science and humanity had made him the friend of Denon, his valour acquired him the esteem of his comrades, who raised this tribute to his memory at their own expense; the slightest mark of approbation from his humblest follower was received, and the name of the donor inscribed on the base of the statue, which is also a fountain; thus has the French soldier had at once an opportunity of contributing to the honour of a beloved commander, and of commemorating a victory that he had himself assisted in gaining; how excellent are many of the French institutions for uniting the soldier to his officer, and how careless we have hitherto been in this respect; but late events have taught us wisdom, and the Waterloo medal, the distinction of that memorable day, worn alike by all present, from the soldier who

fought, to the general who commanded in it, will be of more service to our army, than thousands bestowed in less apparent honours; for who is so high as not to wish to wear it? what individual so humble that the bearing it, it does not prepossess us in his favour?

Not far from this place is the Palais de Justice, the towers of which were visible from the Pont de Louis Seize, and whose ancient and peculiar appearance mark the period of its commencement under Eudes in the eighth century. In 1313, Philip the Fair entertained here our second Edward and the infamous Isabella in all the pomp of ancient chivalry; in this court Madame de la Motte was whipped for the affair of the necklace, and it became the seat of the revolutionary tribunal, who under Robespierre, sent daily sixty victims to the scaffold: this was one of the first places we visited, as it is now the Bureau of the police, and here were returned to us the passports we had received in London, and which we had exchanged on our arrival at Dieppe, for others that we now surrendered, by which means the government are enabled to ascertain, whether the numerous strangers who land upon their shore, pursue what they have asserted as their original destination.

How shall I attempt to express what I felt in

visiting this dreadful tribunal, the scene of so much crime, and breathed the foul air of despotism ungenial to my English constitution, as I was handed over from one officer to another, who with supercilious civility examined and marked my passport in that spacious apartment, one side of which contained seats for those secret agents of mischief, and the other was appropriated to the indiscriminate crowd of the lower orders, who cannot leave Paris without a previous permission; the countenances of many of these persons were dreadful, and I felt anxious to recollect, that I might in future avoid them; the cruelties of Sylla were present to my mind, and I fancied myself for a moment in the Ear of Dyonisius, for all that I had heard of them, of the Sacred Tribunal, or of the inquisition, were trifles, compared with what had happened near this dreadful spot, and I rushed out of this scene of horror to breathe the mild air of what would be the most genial climate on earth, were it tempered with those rough blunts of freedom that occasionally blow unrestrained over our happier land; there is little doubt that the police is now quite necessary to the preservation of order, in a city abounding with so much discontent, and where such a complete change has been brought about

by hostile interference; and, so far from having suffered from its precautionary measures, I felt inclined to look upon its agents as the stranger's protection; it is only to the mischiefs to which it may be converted by a tyrant that I have alluded, and the radical errors of a government that depends on such a system for support, and for ever excludes from the people the hope of that legitimate freedom which we are so happy in possessing.

The first demand made at your arrival at an inn is for your passport; your carriage is stopped, on entering a town, till it is examined, and should it be a frontier or fortified one, the scrutiny is often repeated; no hirer of carriages can agree to let you one till he has seen it *, and the casual passenger, whom you encounter in the street, has a right to demand it; the soft smile of beauty degenerates into the cold glance of suspicion, and even youth is robbed of its innocence

* Having once strolled into the court of a public house to make some inquiry, I was met by a beautiful little girl of about six years old, who came playfully towards me; attracted by its artless appearance, so unlike that of those I was in the habit of every where meeting, I stopped to caress the child, when, to my horror, I found that she too proved a spy upon me, and received me, with "votre passport, Monsieur."

in a demand for your passport; no sense of inherent native integrity can shield you from the consciousness of suspicion, and being eclipsed of a portion of that fair inheritance the birthright of Englishmen; yet custom, the grand reconciler, will soon familiarise you with this, and after a short residence and living a regular life, we shall find little trouble from the police. It is but justice to add, that the gendarmes, who attend at public places, are amongst the most orderly troops I have ever seen, and refuse with a politeness that our men seldom use in granting a favour; a slight shake of the head, or a look, acquaints you that you are violating their orders; but they never present the bayonet or use harsh language to a stranger; in this, as in every thing else, we are dissimilar, may we long continue so, and without envying their occasional superiority, persist in a sturdy adherence to those national peculiarities which have led us to the height where fortune has conducted us.

Adjoining the palais is the prison of the Conciergerie, so conspicuous from the miseries of its illustrious tenants; here Condorcet had little time left to expiate his errors, whilst the virtuous disinterested Malesherbe, who closed a long and amiable life by one of the finest traits of magnanimity recorded in history, the gallant

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defence of his captive sovereign, was hurried on to a fate that he had long foreseen and expected; here too the unfortunate queen passed the last three months of her wretched life, and left it for the scaffold; she who had been a short time before the idol of the people, and like some bright meteor, burst forth in youth and beauty's charms to claim the suffrage of their loyalty; hence, also, we have witnessed the escape of General Lavalette, whose story is a fine picture of conjugal fidelity and the disinterested boldness of our countrymen.

CHAP. VII.

Notre Dame—Parisian Bridges—Panthéon—Tombs of the Revolutionary Heroes—Luxembourg—David—St. Sulpice—Gobelins—Gardin des Plantes—Fountain of the Elephant—Site of the Bastile—Masque de Fer—Temple—Palais Royal—Origin and History, present Occupation, Cafés, Salons de Jeu, Fascinations of the Palais.

Lower down on this island is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, begun under Valentinian in 395, and built in its present form by Philip Augustus;

its interior is very fine and lofty, and there is a double row of pillars surrounding the choir, and containing forty-five chapels; the monuments have been all removed or destroyed, and within it has a naked appearance; the altar is entirely lined with white marble, covered with golden fleurs de lis, and there are about it numbers of large and well executed paintings and much stained glass; there is also a handsome brazen gate leading to the high altar, the façade is covered with many figures, and its two black towers are very high, but not handsome; nor is this building in any respect comparable to Westminster Abbey. Here it was that Napoleon, after forcing the spiritual representative of the Cæsars to assist at his coronation, took from him the crown as he was about to perform the ceremony, and, placing it himself, said, "Je mets la couronne sur ma tête," so jealous was he of owing his power to any other authority than his own.

From the Pont Neuf, the first object that we see, on the river, is the Pont Des Arts, a small price paid for crossing it, ensures a retirement in the midst of bustle, and its enclosed space, free from the cabriolet, is very agreeable; beyond is seen the solid structure of the Pont Royal through the light balustrade of the former,

above which is the Pont de Louis Seize, a very handsome one; higher up, opposite the Jardin du Roi, is the Pont d'Austerlitz, entirely of iron; this is a most ornamental work, and I am not a little surprised that it should have enjoyed the impunity of the column commemorating that victory; but the most elegant bridge they have, is that of Jéna, opposite the Champ de Mars, which is of solid stone and perfectly flat; the balustrade is low and not open as our bridges generally are, and the ensemble unites the solidity of fortification with the elegance of architecture; I should almost venture to compare it, though much inferior in size and plain unornamental appearance, to that stupendous work (the Waterloo Bridge) lately finished in London, had it not been pronounced the first in the world in the judgment of Canova.

The Prussians, a second time masters of the French capital, hot from their great revenge of the victory this bridge was named after, and unwilling to leave such a badge of their subjugation behind them, unmarked with the indelible character of retribution, were about to celebrate their triumph by one of those measures which have too often attended the progress of conquest; for mankind have frequently preferred the celebrity of crime to that of merit; the ruins of Persepolis,

of Thebes, and of Athens still linger amongst us ages after the dynasties and empire of their destroyers have passed away, who are now indebted for much of their celebrity to the mischief they have done, whilst we forget him who first lighted up the Pharos or built the Pyramids.

> The evil that men do lives after them.

And we have the authority of the fairest candidate for fame that has ever appeared amongst us, that

> The' aspiring youth who fired the' Ephesian dome,
> Excels, in fame, the pious fool who raised it.

I would not, however, have it supposed that I approve of such sentiments; I have been only observing on what I have found to exist, and there are few works in favour of which I should more readily deprecate the rage of the conqueror, than for the beautiful bridge of Jena. Yet this was no easy task to our great countryman, the powder is said to have been laid, the Prussians in expectation, and Blucher obstinate; and it is reported, that there were few occasions that had demanded greater firmness. Yet the French, unwilling to confess their obligation to him, insist that they owe it only to the interference of Alexander.

Proceeding down the Rue St. Jaques, we arrive at the St. Geneviève, the new church of which is the celebrated Panthéon that has been much admired; its dome and portico are fine, bearing a slight resemblance to St. Paul's, after which, however, it appears diminutive, and the quarter wherein it is situated is mean and disagreeable; but the interior is very grand, consisting of a circular building, from which there are four aisles, crossing each other at right angles, adorned with columns and handsomely ornamented; the whole, however, has a naked appearance, and I left it without a desire of returning. Over the portico is an inscription, which marks the purpose for which it was intended, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnoisante." During the revolution it was decreed the restingplace of greatness, and the honours of the Panthéon were among the highest they could bestow; but they were not always scrupulous as to the claims of those who were admitted, amongst whom was Marat, who was afterwards dispantheonised, together with Mirabeau. This temple, originally intended as a Christian church, was destined to the most humiliating fate; that on Mount Calvary, the immediate scene of our Lord's death, still continued, even after the subversion of his religion in that part of the world, the temple of the Deity;

whilst this was the scene of a solemn mockery of every thing holy, in the elevation of an infamous prostitute, who personified the Divinity, and appeared with the attributes of reason. The tombs of those who rest here are not, like those of former times, constructed with variety, and distributed with pleasing irregularity throughout the building; they would have disgraced its majesty, and are, therefore, placed below in a gloomy vault, where they are only visible by the faint glimmer of a torch; if there can be any interest derived from the inspection of a number of tasteless unadorned sarcophagi, strictly resembling each other, where nothing impresses the mind of the observer by its individual merit or characteristic peculiarity. Their profession was arms, and most of them fell in battle, they were all citizens, they were all brave; but we should seek in vain amongst them for that familiarity we find in Homer's heroes, they are only the followers of Eneas, the "fortem Gyàn fortemque Cloanthen;" how inferior all these tombs are to Père la Chaise; but the latter marks the era of a better taste which is revisiting France. Amongst those buried here is Lannes, the first of Napoleon's Marshals who fell in battle. He was brought from Aspern, where he was cut in

two by a cannon shot close to Buonaparte, and after lying in state at the Invalides, where they paid him royal honours, was deposited here. Though the Panthéon has not yet been finished, it is going rapidly to decay, and it is likely to fall on the heads of the workmen ere it is completed; a just fate for an edifice that has witnessed, and is the record of such horrors, and no unfit representation of the nation's gratitude, usually amongst the most shortlived of its virtues.

Nearly opposite, down the Rue de Panthéon, are the palace and gardens of the Luxembourg, now the place of meeting for the Chamber of Peers; the grand staircase leading to which, as well as the apartment itself, is very magnificent; here are still some fine paintings, though those of Rubens and Vernet have been removed to the Louvre, amongst them are a few by David: with all due submission, there is a nakedness and stiffness about this artist to me very unpleasing; I should think that he would never have acquired such great celebrity had he not been a political character, and I cannot help considering him a revolutionary innovator on taste. There are many paintings here which are not now visible, as they record the most remarkable events of the late dynasty; I hope they will not long con-

tinue lost to the public, and that they will discontinue the barbarism of placing a royalist face where the painter had depicted a Marshal of Napoleon.

This palace is rather gloomy, and was not unfitly chosen as a prison from its sombre appearance; the gardens are fine and laid out in the style of the Tuileries, but the trees here are much smaller, and it possessed few of the agreemens of that enchanting place. The persons to be met here are generally more retired, not unfrequently of the emigrant or better class, many of whom had hotels in the Rue de Veaugiraud. At the end of the garden we may perceive the royal observatory, under the direction of the genius of la Place, the French Herschal, who has improved on even Newton, whilst in front of the palace is the church of St. Sulpice, a venerable structure, and near it the Théatre Odéon*, whose superb front, ornamented with pillars, is very beautiful; its interior too is spacious and elegant, but it is little frequented, owing, perhaps, to its remote situation.

Near the Panthéon is the Convent of the Ursulines, once inhabited by La Vallière, now the residence of her biographer (if I may so call

* Since burnt.

her), Madame de Genlis. Madame Jerome Buonaparte had promised to take me to see her, but I felt that she was too old to be intruded upon by the curiosity of an undistinguished stranger.

We are now near the Gobelin, that celebrated manufacture which was hitherto unrivalled in Europe, till the extraordinary exertions of an individual and a woman, produced amongst us an equal for what is of so little use; for however beautiful and correct when formed, it is attended with an expense that precludes the hope of profit, and will ever prevent our adopting it. The pieces are, indeed, very beautiful, and Alexander's Battles, by Le Brun, are among the best executed; but many are now laid aside that were nearly completed, whilst the artists are at present occupied with the portraits of Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen. The progress of the work is interesting, but extremely tedious and troublesome; each man has his particular province, and the painting, from which they copy, is placed behind them. This establishment is a good picture of a manufacture under an arbitrary government; its object was not by an extensive circulation of its works to procure for its authors a comfortable subsistence; *au contraire*, the sale was prohibited by a royal edict, and one of its greatest excellencies appears

to have been the difficulty of obtaining it, which could only be done by the express order of the king.

Continuing our course to the right, we arrive at what is certainly among the most interesting, celebrated, and curious places in this great city, the Jardin des Plantes, which, arranged according to the strict rules of science, is at the same time the highest source of amusement to the most ignorant. The general appearance of the garden is very pleasing, and you are led along under shady trees, through delightful walks, exhibiting, as you proceed, all that is rare and curious in nature, flourishing in native luxuriance, but regulated by the hand of art. However, the most pleasing part of this establishment is the museum, which contains a greater number of interesting objects than the hand of man had ever before collected together.

Here we find a well stocked menagerie, exhibiting alive every animal or bird that will dwell among them. The felons of the forest, those greater depredators whose nature requires constraint are closely secured; whilst the less savage are permitted to range about in large spaces suited to their peculiar habits, and affording them a degree of comfort resembling their native freedom. Large cages enclose the vari-

ous species of the vulture and the eagle, and a temple forms the residence of the majestic elephant. I had never before seen this animal in such perfection, for I had never till now met him properly treated; and, amongst beasts as well as men, degeneracy never fails to follow confinement, so essential is a certain portion of freedom to every created thing. The bears form the most attractive feature of this collection; for the multitude pass hours in throwing them apples, &c. and inducing them to ascend a large tree placed in their enclosures for that purpose. They are kept in spacious paved yards, some feet below the spectators, who have thus an opportunity of observing every movement, some of which are not a little amusing; but we must leave them for what is more deserving of observation.

The Museum, or, rather, palace devoted to stuffed animals, consists of a suite of spacious apartments, exhibiting every possible variety of beast, bird, reptile, insect, shell, or petrefaction, with which we are acquainted, in a profusion of which one may form a faint idea when apprised that of the owl alone there are seventy species, and upwards of one hundred and forty different varieties of the humming-bird; whilst they are preserved so accurately in their native freshness

and form, that they retain the living tints of nature, bright and varying as the colours of the rainbow. I cannot express my delight as I gazed on this assemblage of what was so beautiful, and quitted one case with sorrow, soon to be removed by the attractions of the next. Among the first objects which present themselves are those extraordinary petrefactions of Cuvier, whose gigantic proportions and unknown forms exhibit to us the remains of animals which have for ages past ceased to inhabit our globe; whilst others, enclosed in rocks and drawn forth from a vast depth, prove a wonderful alteration in its surface; but these are not matters suited to common comprehensions, and, like the distances in astronomy, are scarcely intelligible without an effort painful to human intellect. The centre of each apartment was occupied by the larger animals, grouped together with a ludicrous and pleasing variety, well contrasted with the system that prevailed around. Here the reindeer of the north was placed beside the camel; the tedious length of the crocodile was contrasted with the lofty proportions of the giraff; the quill of the porcupine approached the soft skin of the tiger; and the walrus and hippotamus had come from the confines of the new world, to range themselves with the majestic ostrich and tough-

hided rhinoceros, so long famous in the old. Here, too, was the fabled wonder of antiquity, the celebrated "rara avis;" indeed, this Museum contained more than all I had read or heard of it had taught me to look for, and it appeared to me a great "assembly of notables" among the animals, to which every climate and species had deputed its representatives: never before was such variety collected together since our first parents originally named them, or they had assembled at the warning voice of Noah to choose from each tribe what would be sufficient to insure its conservation; and it seemed no unfit representation of Paris itself, so lately occupied by various bands of conquerors from every nation in Europe, and from the remotest extremities of Asia. But I had nearly forgotten to notice the representation of one animal, who had cost the French more time, pains, and trouble than all the rest of their collection, who had eluded the vigilance of the greatest part of Europe, though pursued for upwards of twenty-five years, and who could even now with difficulty be retained here by all its sovereigns, at the head of their respective armies: is it necessary for me to express that I allude to the bust of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII.?

The gate of the Jardin des Plantes is imme-

diately opposite the bridge of Austerlitz, and from the farther extremity of the Jardin rises a mount, which affords a very pleasing prospect of the city. Here, under a lofty cedar, was formerly set a bust of Linnæus, but this was displaced by the Vandal republicans, and the cedar had its head struck off by a cannon ball: however, the reign of order and science has returned, and Cuvier fills with credit the chair once occupied by Buffon.

Passing from the Pont to the Canal de l'Ourc, you arrive at the Fountain of the Elephant, constructing on the site of the Bastille, of whose gloomy dungeons scarcely a vestige remains but a small portion of the foundation, in what was formerly the ditch of the fortress. This ancient abode of tyranny, which had so long excited the people's hatred, was the first object of attack; and, though of prodigious strength, hitherto considered impregnable, was carried in a few hours by an undisciplined mob, on the 14th of July, 1789, and the head of the governor exhibited on a pike through the city. This day was the commencement of bloodshed, and the destruction of the Bastille became a remarkable era in the revolution. On opening its dungeons there were but nine persons found immured within them, a striking proof of the merciful disposition

of the unfortunate Louis. The Elephant, about to be constructed here by Napoleon, is one of the strangest notions that ever entered the mind of an architect: it was to have spouted forth water from its trunk, and on its back was to have been an observatory. A large building adjoining contains this colossal figure in plaster; and over it was to have been placed a covering of bronze. The work, when completed, would have been a phenomenon in building, and must have certainly appeared to much advantage seen through the long vista of the Rue de Rivoli, which was to have been continued thus far. What a pity that Napoleon should not have earlier commenced this great undertaking: he might have then had leisure to complete it; but I have not yet sufficiently forgotten him to desire that he should have continued to reign, even though he might in that case have effected so great an object.

This dreadful spot, on which so long stood those gloomy walls, for ages the dire abode of human misery, is now an open undistinguished heap, alike unmarked by any trace of the early enemies of freedom or the ruder licence of anarchy (for even the appearance of destruction has been removed); but we must hope that the scenes here witnessed will be long remembered, and, by warning princes from an indulgence in

tyranny, prevent the recurrence of a frightful reaction. Never was there, perhaps, on earth a more horrible abode of misery or cruelty than the Bastille: it was a species of university, in which men studied human suffering as a science, and practised torture as an art, and they carried punishment to a perfection that far outdid the early efforts of Phalerus or Procrustes. Need I call to mind the striking instance of the masque de fer, whose punishment surpassed a thousand deaths, and whose name even has escaped from history, untransmitted to posterity. Many have attained to fame by the remembrance of their great actions, not a few by the recollection of their crimes; but in no former instance has celebrity attached herself to a nameless thing, or the same individual enjoyed immortality and oblivion. Oh! perverted genius of human nature, to what base purpose do we turn you! Are the efforts of ingenuity, and the illumination of genius, bestowed on man for his happiness, to be exercised only in the criminal effort to make his fellow-creatures miserable?

The Faubourg St. Antoine, in which the Bastille was situated, is a very mean quarter of Paris, and the recollection of the dreadful mobs which have issued from it is not likely to prepossess the stranger in favour of its inhabitants.

Traversing the Boulevard St. Antoine, we come to that "du Temple," not very far from where that building once stood, which was the last human habitation of the unhappy Louis. On this Boulevard is a very handsome Egyptian fountain, built by Buonaparte, where sphynxes in bronze, reposing on white marble, pour forth an abundant stream, whilst a copious jet from the top diffuses itself over the whole. Here, again, a new and extraordinary structure, borrowed from the fashions of remote countries, reminds us by its characteristic peculiarity of this wonderful man, who added desolation to the desert, and sought for empire beyond the limits of civilisation.

"Sœur de la Mort, impitoyable Guerre,
Droit des brigands que nous nommons héros;
Monstre sanglant né des flancs d'Atropos,
Que tes forfaits ont dépeuplé la terre!"

Further on are the gates St. Martin and St. Denis. By the latter we had entered Paris the night of our arrival: it is an isolated triumphal arch, ornamented with bas reliefs, erected by Louis the Fourteenth, and was once much admired; but he is now nearly forgotten in the greater events of our own times; and though it is become the fashion to dwell with pleasure on his era, yet the many fine edifices with which Paris has been

since adorned, must certainly divide the palm with him, if they do not entirely eclipse his celebrity. The Porte St. Martin is not very beautiful.

There are many Theatres on the boulevards, among which that of St. Martin, des Variétès, and l'Ambigu Comique, et de Gaieté are the principal. A little farther on is the Rue de Richelieu, from which I have set out, and to which, after a long walk, I have at length returned.

Passing the Bibliothèque du Roi, as I was often obliged to do (for it remained closed during my first visit to Paris), I shall proceed at once, through the back door of my hotel, into the Palais Royal. Your first inquiry will be how I remained so long in Paris without having visited this celebrated spot, to which I must reply, that it was the first place we went to the evening of our arrival, and is certainly the most likely to attract a stranger, from its infinite variety and novelty, and the high estimation in which it appears to be held by all classes. Every traveller has here discovered something that accords with his favourite propensity: every native has placed his paradise within this pandemonium. An hotel is frequented on account of its proximity; and so convinced is the Parisian that this

must be the grand attraction that has drawn all the English towards him, that, should you inquire for any place in its neighbourhood, you are sure to receive for answer an admonitory rejoinder, that you are turning your back upon the Palais Royal; a caution which the predilection of our countrymen for its various attractions, on their first arrival, has made any thing but impertinent; though I should hope there are few who would not, on a nearer acquaintance, prefer almost any other quarter of the city.

This palace was begun by Cardinal de Richelieu, in 1629, and when finished, under the name of Palais Cardinal, was made a present of by him to Louis the Thirteenth, as Hampton Court had formerly been by the equally ambitious Wolsey to our Eighth Henry. It was afterwards inhabited by the Regent of Orleans, who early taught the French nation the dreadful lesson of profligacy, of which (as Voltaire says) they received the signal from what passed here: but it was under his descendant, the infamous Egalité, that it became what it is at present; who first conceived the notion of devoting his palace to the public; not moved by any generous plan of national utility, but swayed by sordid views of interest and the most criminal designs of unrestrained ambition. Oh vice! deformed in any

situation, how tremendous you become in those of exalted rank; whilst mankind are too prone to be led away by the contagion of example. Never did a baser project enter into the head of man than this of Egalité, and never was there any attended by a more signal destiny, destructive of himself, his country, his name, and injurious even to the human species; for it seems framed for their deterioration, and has been attended with wonderful success, exemplifying the words of the poet, once less applicably applied to the Roman people:—

> "Ætas parentum pejor ævis tulit,
> Nos, nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem."

The front of the palace is towards the Rue St. Honoré: one wing contains the small portion at present devoted to the Duc d'Orleans, whilst all the residue, and the great parallelogram that encloses the garden, are in the hands of the public, who have portioned them out amongst a variety of tenants, according to the ability and inclination of each. This building is seven hundred feet in length and three hundred in breadth, and round the entire lower story is a colonnade, containing one hundred and eighty porticoes. The height of the palace is forty-two feet, di-

vided into two stories, beside the entresol and the mansarde, or attic, decorated with bas reliefs and large fluted composite pillars. The whole edifice is crowned by a balustrade, on the pedestals of which are vases, at equal distances. The effect is striking and magnificent.

The piazza affords a walk one third of a mile in length, and, from its shelter, becomes much occupied in bad weather. On one side, you have a view over the garden to the opposite wing of the palace; whilst the other is closely occupied by every species of trade, whose wares are exhibited in every possible form, and arranged with a degree of taste that can hardly fail to attract the passenger. Numberless mirrors, too, are placed in each shop, which magnify and reflect the passing objects in endless variety, adding not a little to this fairy scene; whilst the numerous crowded restaurateurs and brilliantly lighted cafés contribute to this splendid assemblage of all that is showy and attractive. At first sight we feel amazed at viewing a more striking reality than fancy had ever presented to the glowing imaginations of Arabia, in detailing the magnificence of Bagdad or of Cairo; for never before have we seen an extensive palace devoted to the common purposes of life: but this very circumstance carries with it

the painful reflection, that the low and the vulgar have intruded themselves into the place of their superiors, and that all this could not have happened without a coincidence of circumstances too dreadful even for recollection; for who is there that has not felt, as he has wandered along amongst the thoughtless myriads who here idly squander away their lives, or seek to support it by arts still more criminal, of the mischiefs that have been caused to France and to mankind by the inhabitants of this place, which seems to have embodied and held up to our view an actual living representation of all that is mischievous. Here it was that the opponents of Christianity first dared to pour their poison into the ear of a willing multitude: here were paraded the bleeding heads of the first victims of anarchy: and here were to be found ready practitioners for their most extravagant theories; for it was here that vice had long reveled in the indulgence of every gratification by which she seeks to obtain possession of the human heart.

> "A limbo large and broad,
> The paradise of fools, to few unknown."

The cafés are generally upon a level with the colonnade, that they may afford a more easy access to the passenger. Some few, however, are

on the first floor over the entresol, which generally belongs to the shop beneath; as those of the Mille Colonnes, so called from its numerous mirrors giving, by repeated reflection, the deceptive appearance of infinity to a few pillars, on which the suite of apartments is supported. It is here that la belle limonadière presides, whom it is the fashion to admire. She is a fine woman, who sits at the bar (for there is no place of amusement at Paris from which females are excluded), takes an account of what is called for by the numerous customers who are constantly arriving, and makes out a bill for each party. One may naturally suppose that this would afford sufficient occupation to an active clerk, without allowing him one moment's leisure, but it is performed by her with a degree of ease that gives it the appearance of recreation. Seated in a chair, that surpasses in magnificence those we have seen placed upon the stage for the representatives of majesty, and sometimes adorned with brilliants that are said to be worth thousands, she leisurely opens a splendidly bound and gilt volume, in which she writes, holding her pen so as never to ink her white leather gloves, though she is perhaps engaged the whole time in an active conversation with any of the numerous beaux by whom she may happen to be sur-

rounded. You will perceive that this is all specious deception to catch the public, and not likely to make a permanent impression; but it is deception of a higher kind, abundantly characteristic of the people amongst whom it is found, and such as we should seek for in vain elsewhere. I can, however, solve part of this enigma: the diamonds were the gift of an ambassador, to whom this lady was *once* chère amie. Having seen this café, you will find little temptation to return.

Among the Restaurateurs on this floor is the Trois Frères Provenciaux, one of the best in Paris. The rest of this tier is occupied by exhibitions of various kinds, billiards, and académies de jeu. Having entered the antichamber of the latter, you deposit your hat and stick, for which you receive a ticket, and, passing on, enter a suite of apartments spacious and magnificent: a brilliant light enlivens the whole, and in the middle of each room is a table, round which a number of persons are placed, engaged in play. The principal games are rouge et noir and roulet; and it would be difficult to determine whether there is most attraction in the portentous silence of the former or the lively twirl of the latter; for the shrines of each are crowded with devotion, whilst the churches are deserted.

Burke has truly said, that France has become a great gaming table, where all that was valuable has been risked. Fortune is the deity to which they all pay adoration, exclaiming, with the poet—

"———————— te,
Nos facimus fortuna deam."

Here you meet the greatest possible variety of characters: the Cross of St. Louis seeks to repair a shattered fortune by opposing the hitherto propitious star of the Legion of Honour; whilst, after much contention, neither party has been greatly a gainer. Crowds of distracted persons fill the rooms, some instigated by the frenzied rage of desperation, others enveloped in the gloomy determination of despair. The disbanded officer here sought by a lucky chance to repair his ruined fortune: he has failed, and, becoming destitute of hope, rushes out the enemy of his king, his species, and himself, a willing victim to faction, now his only refuge from self-destruction. Yet all this passes under the eye of Government, who have here their police, and who farm it out as a considerable source of revenue. Mistaken policy, shortsighted legislators, who strive to snatch a present advantage from what must be so permanently injurious in the total demoralization of the people.

Whilst the Palais Royal continues in its present state, it must engender a mass of discontent sufficient to shake any government; and though there may be some truth in the remark, that all the vice of Paris is there collected, and does not obtrude upon you unsought, yet what town can be safe that is placed near such a volcano? what security can there be against its destructive eruptions? The vice of gaming is the most likely to bring matters to this state. Our grosser passions are borrowed from some of the lowest species of animals; our sloth and indulgence are the peculiarities of others; but gaming assimilates us to fiends, makes us the companions of the furies, and rouses every bad propensity in the human heart.

These rooms abound in women, who demand an occasional gratuity from the players, and who sometimes foretell what they conceive will be the successful number. They walk, too, very gracefully through the foldingdoors of the different chambers, for beyond the rooms of play are others, prepared for dancing, where our fair countrywomen might learn in its original perfection that beautiful style of dance of which they have of late become (I will not say whether discreetly) so much enamoured. A dazzling light displays to advantage the fine proportions and

gilded cornices of this once magnificent palace, now converted "to such vile uses;" and music, sometimes distant, soft, and harmonious, again loud, full, and close at hand, strikes the astonished ear, and, whilst we in vain seek to discover from whence it proceeds, adds not a little to the delusion of the scene. Hail! divinest power of music! who, in all countries and in every age, hast exercised an irresistible influence over the human heart. It is by thy magic sounds that men are waked into heroes, and thy voice is their last consolation amidst the horrors of battle. No scene of enjoyment is complete without thee, nor can any other guest occupy thy chair at the banquet of pleasure; but here thou seemest unworthily introduced, not, as of old (if we may credit the tale of Orpheus), in humanising the brutes and extending thy empire over the regions below; but, by a kind of perverted destiny, assisting in debasing and brutalising mankind. Let us turn from this Circean scene to one of the open windows, and enjoy the tranquillity of nature amidst the bustle of art. The mild serenity of evening prevails, and the opposite wing of the palace, resplendent with light, presents a prospect at once new, interesting, and surprising; for night is the time when this place is seen to most advantage.

The upper stories of the palace are let out to various descriptions of persons, some of whom are not the most honourable; and, as they can contain little that is worthy of notice, I never ascended higher than the first floor, so am unqualified to describe them, as well as those beneath, the shops: but the scene under the colonnade and in the garden is so varied that I should exhaust all my feeble powers without detailing one half of them; suffice it that, of all Europe has sent to Paris, Paris has sent here, where they are seen moving about according to their different pursuits, varying with the changing hour.

Going there in the morning, you may breakfast at the Café de Foy; a spacious apartment, where you may have tea à l'Anglaise, café au lait, or a déjeûner à la fourchette, laid on a marble table, which the French sit at without a cloth, but which they always cover for an Englishman. Fresh eggs and excellent butter give us no cause of complaint; and, were it not for the odd and dirty figures one sometimes encounters, we should have reason to be well satisfied: however, it requires a little command of muscle to look calmly on whilst a lady quaffs off a glass of raw brandy, and we conceive but a poor opinion

of the taste that can prefer it in the midst of the finest wines in the world. But these scenes occur rarely, for few of the French breakfast regularly, snatching up a hasty morsel at the most. They are very fond of a silly game called domino, played by two persons, at which they often continue for an hour or two after breakfast, anxious rather to kill time than attracted to the game by any intrinsic interest.

Here, too, a stranger may find ample amusement; and it is said that many persons, from choice, never leave the Palais: there is little doubt that they might provide for their superfluities without doing so, and they could certainly never want for occupation; but I can scarcely conceive any person being content with so confined a space, even though it were superior to a Palais Royal. I would not, however, have it supposed, from what I have said of its faults, that it does not possess some agremens even for the well inclined; and, as we often view the most curious works without being at once apprised of their merits, so we may frequently come here without having formed an idea of what is passing around us; and I have met English females, of the best intentions, whose curiosity has led them to visit places they could

never have thought of at home, and where was passing more than "was ever dreamt of in their philosophy."

Many of the most attractive shops are here, particularly the jewellers', whose names often glisten in brilliant paste; but their wares are not usually the best, though in extravagance of charge they nearly equal those of Bond Street. Here we see beautiful clocks, in gilt, bronze, and alabaster cases, adorned with the classical illusions of the heathen mythology, with which even the lower orders appear familiarised in a manner quite unknown amongst us, and which I am inclined to attribute to their peculiar circumstances. The events of the Revolution involving them in oblivion with respect to their domestic history, too intimately connected with their kings, they were compelled to seek their models amongst the republics of antiquity; and Napoleon, naturally of a classical turn, encouraged amongst them a taste which would lead to a favourable assimilation of himself with the greatest heroes of Greek or Roman story. Thus no opportunity has been lost to record a classical event, and, till very lately, Dunois and La Pucelle had everywhere been superseded by Brutus and the Gracchi. The genius of the empire might feel how superior she would ap-

pear to any former dynasty, and contrasting his giant proportions with the puny limbs of contemporary states; whilst, Phœnixlike, he rose from the ashes that had consumed his kindred, might soar far beyond the recent events, and repose himself at length amidst the wide expanse of antiquity.

Amongst the most celebrated shops here is that of Berchut, the tailor, who proclaims his calling in four different languages, English, Russian, German, and French, and seems to have profited by his extensive practice; for at this moment, perhaps, his clothes are exposed to the sun of the new world, and displaying the mode of Paris under the wall of China.

But of that bright period when victorious Europe, after too long remaining prostrate at the foot of a despotic tyrant, sent forth the aggregate of her sons to the capital of his newly formed empire, where, flushed with conquest, they exhibited their varied costumes and semibarbarous manners in what had been so long considered the centre of civilisation, I cannot give any description, because it was not my good fortune to have witnessed it; but I am sure it could have borne little resemblance to the capture of ancient Rome by the Goths, or to that of the modern city, by the army of Bourbon. No acts of violence fol-

lowed the surrender of Paris, even after a second occupation, and the troops of the victors were soon observed peaceably enjoying the various and well known amusements of the city of the vanquished. This was, indeed, the period of observation; but this to me was lost. I have never seen those strange mixtures of various foreign armies, grouped amongst the natives of this place in fantastical variety; and have only had to notice the predominance of my countrymen, not in their military but private capacity, in which many of them seem but too sensible of what our armies have done, and too prone to show a contempt for the people they have come amongst.

" Parfait Anglais, voyageant sans dessein,
Achetant cher des modernes antiques,
Regardant tout avec un air hautain,
Et méprisant les saintes et leurs reliques,
De tout Français l'ennemi mortel."

CHAP. VIII.

Manner of passing Time at the Palais Royal—Restaurateurs; their respective Merits and Superiority to similar Establishments among us—Exhibitions and trifling Habits dissimilar to ours.

Amongst the wonders of this celebrated palace, are those splendid abodes of luxury, where numerous apartments, elegant and magnificent as a royal residence, their original destination, allure the passing crowd, under the title of Cafés or Restaurateurs. Hither the various votaries of pleasure assemble with assiduous devotion twice or thrice in each day, to celebrate the rites of their favourite divinity; and here they frequently sacrifice largely to her honour. These places abound throughout Paris; but as some of the best and most frequented lie within the precincts of the palace, we shall take this opportunity of observing them, and that we may do so to advantage, let us commence with a Parisian day.

Let us imagine ourselves awoke at an early

hour by the bright beams of the morning sun (our constant companion there) from a light and delicious slumber, such as the inhabitants of less genial climes are little familiarised with, and, having dressed ourselves leisurely, at length ready to sally forth in search of breakfast, a meal seldom taken at home in Paris: will you then accompany me to the Café de la Rotunde Palais Royal, and as the morning is fine, we shall remain in the octagon, through whose open sides we shall have a better opportunity of observing the varying scene by which we are surrounded; whilst the Garçon, as soon as he perceives us, sets about preparing déjeûner à l'Anglaise, the small marble table is speedily covered with a napkin, entirely an English fashion, the French usually contenting themselves with the cold marble, or at least, one for their knees, which they deem quite sufficient; whilst café au lait, fresh eggs, butter, and bread of a superior quality, affords, perhaps, as good a breakfast as we have ever partaken of; we are also presented with the affiches, informing us of all that is passing in the city, if we are not preoccupied with the interesting scene which surrounds us, affording groups that are at least novel to English eyes, and exhibiting manners and customs quite unknown to us. There

is a party who have just ordered breakfast, but if you observe, we may be led to suppose that they have mistaken the hour of the day, for it more nearly resembles our dinner; an egg, a mutton chop, a stewed artichoke filled with pepper, or some substantial made dish, form a common Parisian breakfast, washed down by a glass of eau de vie, or vin ordinaire, whilst some indulge in varieties that are still more extraordinary.

The most celebrated Café for these déjeûners à la fourchette is Tortoni's, Boulevard des Italiens, and though much frequented by English, who are usually content with simple café au lait, yet this is by no means the order of the house, where tables, covered with various cold dishes, already prepared, are displayed before you, from which you may choose whatever you conceive most palatable; whilst iced water, no small luxury here, always concludes a Parisian breakfast; but if you are a legitimate offspring of Epicurus, you will cool your mouth with a peach from that barrow in which they are rolled along in an almost satiating abundance. After such a repast, we shall be well able to go in quest of some of those numerous amusements that are to be found here in an almost endless variety, and whether we have contented ourselves with

the relief of the guard at the palace, traversed the gallery of the Louvre, or extended our perambulation to the Boulevard or Jardin des Plantes, the approach of evening will remind us of the Restaurateur, where we shall enjoy a French dinner served with all the diplomacy of the art; for here it has attained its highest perfection, and exhausted a degree of talent, ingenuity, and research, which, if well employed, might have alleviated half the miseries that afflict mankind; and whose idle occupation, on so vain a subject, conveys to us a notion derogatory to our species; not that I would be understood to despise altogether the Apician art, which contributes so largely to the comforts of our degenerate age; but what I object to is, the waste of the time that must necessarily have been consumed in its attainment, and the variety of experiments that have contributed to its present advancement. Those who have been accustomed to our substantial dishes, consisting of large and definable portions of their respective animals, served up after a simple process, and a single exposure to the fire, with a good honest English homeliness, characteristic of the people, which makes them easily discoverable, and as it were conscious of their respective merits, unwilling to pass for what they are not, can form but an

imperfect idea of the masquerade of French living, nor will even a familiar acquaintance with what it is so named amongst us afford him an adequate portion of it, which is only to be acquired by actually seeing it and tasting, which I am inclined to think has no fellow. Antiquity abounds with examples of barbarous luxury, amazing us by a wanton profusion and incredible extravagance: we are told of the dissolution of pearls of great price that could not have contributed to sweeten the royal draught, and of dishes composed of the brains of the most rare and beautiful of the feathered species, whose only recommendation seems to have been the sums that were expended in obtaining them. Our ruder ancestors estimated the magnificence of an entertainment by the number of the dishes, and from the feast of Neville, Archbishop of York, we may judge that they made them rather a matter of multiplication than of arrangement or division; but it has been reserved for the French alone to acquire perfection in the art, and to call forth the latent relish of every limb and fibre; I had forgotten, however, that you were all this time waiting dinner, and, perhaps, fearful of going without one. There are many celebrated houses within the precincts of the palais, foremost amongst which are, Very's and

the Trois Frères Provençeaux, and each is recommended by some peculiar excellence; the latter was the favourite of Napoleon, and there he dined almost daily, after his return from Italy, tête à tête with the Count St. Julien, who told me that he has often been obliged to pay for him; but my favourite house is that of Beauvilliers, Rue de Richelieu, near the palais, whither, if you please, I shall conduct you.

On the first floor of a grand hotel, over the door of which hangs a large illuminated lanthorn, bearing the owners name; you enter a spacious suite of apartments, decorated with splendid mirrors and whatever else can find place in rooms appropriated to the reception of so many persons; they are enlivened by large lustres, whose brilliant lights are reflected on every side, and heated, during the winter, with ornamental stoves; a long range of small tables, capable of accommodating three or four persons each, are placed round the rooms, whilst the middle is usually occupied by some of larger dimensions. On the left, as we enter the first room, is a sort of throne, where, elevated above the rest of the company, sits a majestic personage, the mistress of the house, whose occupation is to collect the money brought in from the different tables; beside her sits a younger female,

who is also busily employed in noting your bill, which is done by marking down every article as each person demands it; we must allow that this is no sinecure, since we may observe that there are usually vast numbers of persons present, all of whom call for many different dishes at once, yet the whole is conducted with such systematic accuracy, that you are never charged for more or less than what you have exactly demanded. Around those ladies, who are dressed with great elegance and propriety, are ranged bouquets of flowers and dessert fruits, with liquors, and those various, &c.'s to a French dinner, as incomprehensible to the uninitiated as the high sounding names of a botanical calendar. The custom of introducing a female to preside over places of public resort, is universal at Paris. I am at a loss how to account for its origin, whether it is attributable to the usual gallantry of the French people, or is, perhaps, a police regulation, arising from the peculiar situation of their country, where political motives have interfered with more than their usual preponderance in the most trivial concerns of private life; but to whatever cause it may have been owing, we cannot complain of an arrangement which must have so largely contributed to the preservation of decorum, and whilst it ope-

rates as a powerful restraint upon our sex, acts as an encouragement to the other to appear amongst us. Who that is conversant with Paris can deny her superiority in this respect? and many, perhaps, who have gone away delighted with the brilliancy of mirrors, or the merits of cookery, have owed no small share of their gratification to the glances of some lovely countrywoman, whom chance has thrown near them, in a manner to which she would never have had recourse, though each continued at home for an age. But to proceed; the tables are covered with white damask napkins and silver forks, in France almost a necessary of life even amongst the middle class; and whatever you order is seryed up on plate. During my first visit this was done with an expedition that wore the semblance of enchantment, and often as I have viewed the arrival of various, and as I supposed, dishes requiring long preparation, in a few seconds after they were ordered, smoking on the table before me, I have supposed myself at the banquet of Aladdin; but a second trip convinced me that most of the hotels are much changed in this respect; you are no longer attended to with that winning courtesy that might lead you to suppose you alone were worthy of being waited on; the bu-

siness is now done by half the number of persons, and in some, I have found it so difficult to procure anything in reasonable time, that I have been obliged to hurry off, half satisfied, to the theatres, with a firm determination never to return; but, from out of this class I must still except this house, which deservedly continues the favourite of the public. The coup d'œil we must allow is sufficiently prepossessing, and if one has but discrimination, he may order a most excellent dinner, though, to a stranger, this is no easy task, as we must acknowledge when presented with the bill of fare, extensive and complicated as the elementary table of a new science, and closely occupied as a sheet almanack or Sunday newspaper. Can it be credited, that there are here soups of thirteen different sorts, hors d'œuvres twenty-two species, beef dressed in eleven different ways, pastry of fish, flesh, and fowl in eleven shapes, poultry and game under thirty-two different forms, veal in as many distinct articles, mutton in seventeen, fish twenty-three, roast meat, game, &c. of fifteen kinds, entremets or side dishes to the number of fifty-one, dessert thirty-nine, wines, including those of the liqueur kind, fifty-two denominations, liqueurs twelve species, besides ale and porter,

coffee and ices? One is heartily tired with this tedious enumeration, ere one half is detailed; but, as the fare is excellent in its kind, and the price attached to each article, I can discover little room for fault from any person who can exist on French living, which some of my countrymen are so unfortunate as really not to be able to do; however, to obtain a comfortable meal there is need of some experience; for, in so wide a field, many dishes with the most high sounding names are so unlike what they seem to be, or so unsubstantial, that they may be compared to the small lottery prizes, which are, in reality, little better than blanks; yet a slight experience, or the company of a knowing friend, will enable us to pass through all difficulty, and we are then obliged to own, that this is the most elegant style of public entertainment in the world.

After having partaken of the various courses, dressed in the most savoury and superior manner, and washed down each dish with libations of the choicest wines, we may, perhaps, feel some curiosity to survey the company; the brilliantly lighted apartments show them off to advantage, and you can plainly distinguish to the further extremity; here sit venerable figures, whose highly powdered heads show them to

have been of the ancient order of things, whilst we may there perceive the stern martial air and military decoration, reminding us of what has more recently passed. The centre tables are occupied by larger parties, amongst whom are generally mingled a considerable proportion of females, whose appearance here, as in most other places of public resort, adds no small degree of animation to the scene, and, by encouraging agreeable conversation, tends much to the sobriety and moderation of their respective circles; a glance at the company informs you that they are polished and elegant, and you at once feel the talismanic effects of good society so prevalent every where, and which a long train of unfavourable circumstances has vainly endeavoured to destroy in this once most celebrated capital: but what seems not a little extraordinary is, the vast proportion of our countrymen, who here compose so large a majority of the company, that I remember to have, more than once, observed that they were almost the exclusive occupants of the house, and, as we may suppose, they do ample justice to the good cheer, and study the different flavour of the wines with an accuracy almost professional.

The health and spirits acquired in this delight-

ful climate by the vigorous pursuit of so much that is interesting, where some new object strikes the sense at every glance, suggesting itself in a thousand different forms to the imagination, produces an artificial existence, and causes a degree of excitement that promotes a speedy circulation; this, added to the extreme lightness of the food and of the wines, makes strangers fully adequate to encounter a French dinner, which has induced a modern French writer, and not without some appearance of justice, to charge the English with leaving home solely for the purpose of tasting their dishes; indeed, their conduct is often such, that were Sterne still amongst us, I am persuaded he would increase the catalogue of travellers, and include this in his enumeration of the causes that tempt men to roam: but those who are less skilful do not always fare so well. I have often seen an Englishman a perfect Sancho in his government, sitting sombre and alone, amidst a gay and lively scene, and with appetite to enjoy, and money to pay for delicacies, idly poring over an unintelligible chart, with the apprehension of actual starvation; the savoury scented dish of his neighbour is not for him, and after having in vain demanded the most costly items, he is obliged to retire discontented and unsatisfied, not

having discovered a single article that appears to him good or palatable. Such, one may suppose, is the lot only of the very unfortunate or ignorant, who can hope to reap but little advantage either from remaining at home or from travel; yet to such travellers are we indebted for half the prejudices and misrepresentations which we receive from foreign countries. We have all heard so much of the cheapness of France, that we are sometimes amazed at the prices of particular articles, which at a Parisian Restaurateur often exceed those of London; though should you be moderate in your taste, you may here dine luxuriously for certainly not more than in England, and should you have two or three companions, the expense would be considerably diminished. I shall not observe upon the variety and excellence of the wines; on this matter there can be no competition, and political institutions have, perhaps, wisely determined that we are not to look forward too sanguinely to any reduction of the revenue laws. But with respect to living, which I consider as a fair subject of comparison; if you can exist on French cookery, you may certainly dine most sumptuously here, with the advantage of knowing beforehand the exact amount of your expenditure, and the assurance of being served in the best manner, not in a cheap

and unfashionable quarter, where alone such accommodation could be looked for amongst us; but in the gayest, the most frequented, and most expensive house in Paris; where, if one does, however, not feel satisfied with the usual fare, "ros bif, bif tec, carne bif, or blumb punding," with English porter, may be had, and which they still persist with pertinaceous obstinacy in mispelling; but of their respective merits I am ignorant, and I believe I shall stand acquitted of any desire to add to my information in this respect; those who have visited Paris without being wedded to chops and steaks, &c. to which, with the occasional addition of plain roast and boiled, they have been hitherto confined with monotony at home; whether they have frequented the humble eating-house, where the charge has been by the head, or the more fashionable hotel of the west, where they have had and paid for exactly the same dishes, but in a different way, must feel and acknowledge the inferiority of our accommodation in this respect, and the different sensations with which one may call for a dinner in the first houses of London and of Paris; in the former, a plain and unvarying entertainment served with pretension, destitute of variety, and totally unaccompanied by any potable beverage, excites the well grounded appre-

hension of exorbitant charge, which is usually more regulated by the situation of the house and the whim of the owner, than by any intrinsic excellence; whilst in the latter, a number of hotels, and cafés, all of first rate celebrity, solicit custom by attention to the most trivial wants; one is speedily served with whatever is selected from the endless bill of fare, and inclination alone seems to be thought of, whilst the amount of the expenditure is always to be ascertained. If the tavern keepers of London could but see the obsequiousness of their powerful rivals, it would, no doubt, teach them a salutary lesson which might have the double advantage of more reasonably accommodating their customers whilst it induced them to remain at home.

With respect to French living, permit me to observe that I had long laboured under the error of supposing it to be hot and highly seasoned, as some of those dishes amongst us that are called so, but in this I was agreeably mistaken. Their manner of cooking food is particularly light, and wholesome, and from the variety I have seen them eat of, I should say, singularly unlikely to disagree; the almost liquid state to which it is reduced renders it so digestible, that shortly after the most hearty meal you feel a lightness that seldom follows an

English repast, to which their wines, supplying the place of our malt liquors, eminently contribute; those who are prudent will seldom indulge in the stronger sorts, for which, after a little time, they will not feel much inclination. Of their meat, beef is generally lean and indifferent; mutton not at all equal to ours; veal, which is their principal food, excellent; and fowls; but these are very expensive in Paris; there is also much fish, particularly in winter, and an abundance of vegetables that is quite surprising; here you see several not in use amongst us, and the consumption of them is so great that a visit to the market is by no means uninteresting.

Amongst other most celebrated houses are Very's in the Palais Royal, where the living is fully equal to what we have been describing; but the heat of the rooms and the numbers who frequent them make them less to my taste. There was another Very in the Garden of the Tuileries, but he has been, lately, very properly removed from an unbecoming station, acquired during the troubles, when persons with even less claims to merit have often intruded themselves into the residence of their kings. The Trois Freres too must not be forgotten, which is famous for its wines, and

Nicholl's Boulevard Italien, where the elegant and quiet salon has many inducements; there are also the cafés Riche and Hardy, Cadran Blue, and last of all, in my estimation, Le Rocher de Cancaille, famous for fish, but its principal recommendation seems to lie in its remoteness and confined apartments, and where one is sure of meeting numbers of English, and not of the most agreeable description, crowded together in a manner that reminds you of Saunders' Cellar in Piccadilly. I have dined at this house, to which I felt no inclination to return, as I should at any time prefer the generally cheerful and elegant appearance of the others, to the excellence of any particular article.

Robert, Grillon, and Billiote, with many others, have each their respective claims to celebrity, by which they endeavour to obtain public favour; and if any of them were to make his appearance amongst us, there would be no doubt of their becoming extremely popular: but I fear you are quite exhausted with these places, where I should not have thus long detained you but that they are so highly characteristic of the people amongst whom we find them, and so unlike any thing with us.

The hours of dinner, from five till seven o'clock, are amongst the most thronged at the Palais

Royal, yet that is not the only time when its multiplied attractions collect the swarm of idlers with which Paris abounds: many of them crowd the various theatres with assiduous attention; but, as soon as they are over, return here with unabated ardour, where they promenade for some time under the colonnade, in such numbers that it is frequently difficult to pass. Here you are sure to encounter pickpockets, sharpers, idle women, and every other description of bad company, whose native haunts are in the immediate neighbourhood of this pandemonium. You will hardly suppose that such a mob can be very attractive, or present to a stranger many inducements to return, after his first feelings of curiosity are satisfied; yet it is here you are always certain of meeting numbers of English lately arrived, though they could not have chosen a more disreputable place, or one where they would be more obnoxious to every species of imposition.

Amongst the company at this hour are to be met numbers of disbanded officers, who are not usually anxious to avoid an encounter with a stranger, particularly if he happens to be of our country. I have been told that at the first occupation of Paris this occurred very frequently; but I can only speak from hearsay, for in my

limited intercourse with the French nation it is but just to acknowledge, what I must ever gratefully remember, that from no individual, whether exalted or humble, have I experienced any thing but the highest degree of politeness and attention. This busy scene is in continual motion: some pass quickly on to their various amusements in different quarters of the city; others dive down into the cellars below, where they find entertainment or pleasure awaiting them in a thousand different shapes; many, more ambitious, ascend to the gambling tables, where they hope to realize a speedy fortune, under the auspices of some fair divinity, who, combining the pursuits of profit and pleasure, willingly forsakes the rotatory motion of the waltz, with which she performs her evolutions round the tables, for the express purpose of directing you to the fortunate colour. Should you be a gambler, and of course superstitious, you cannot dare to oppose her admonition, and you place your stake accordingly: she is deceived, but that only serves to convince her that you should try it again with double the former amount: she is a second time mistaken—and so on, till you have at length the pleasing consolation of having discovered that your fortune is not to be made in that way, and that the votaries of

Cupid are seldom favoured by Plutus. This disinterested girl has not, however, willingly betrayed you; on the contrary, she feels much grieved at your failure, having hoped to have participated largely in your wished for good fortune.

Few persons will return home without repairing to the cafés, where various varieties of fruits, liqueurs, and ices, disposed judiciously and with taste allure the passenger. The latter are numerous, excellent, and grateful. You may there conclude the evening advantageously, by gratifying more senses than one, in the easiest manner possible. Elegant apartments, the same you have breakfasted in, again receive you, and you are sure of meeting a still greater variety of company, many of them most respectable, who call occasionally for some light refreshment.

They have also a species of café quite peculiar to Paris, which is usually frequented by the inferior orders; I mean those that are constructed in the form of theatres. You are here at liberty to choose your seat in any part of the house, and may gratuitously become a spectator of a light entertainment, which is continued at intervals: you are only expected to call for some slight refreshment, which may be had here as

cheap and good as elsewhere. The principal amongst these is the Café Montansier, infamous for the disorderly scenes exhibited there throughout the Revolution.

The only time of business, that is, of what we should consider as such, is from three to four, when the merchants meet at the exchange, in the lower extremity of the Palais. The residue of this vast pile, which remains unoccupied by the various cafés, &c. that I have enumerated, is let out for the numerous exhibitions and wonders with which Paris abounds, and which are here found in a most astonishing and pleasing variety. Amongst them I must not omit to mention one that remains indelibly impressed upon my memory: it was a plan of Switzerland, modelled in clay, with such surprising accuracy as to afford a perfect representation of the altitude and relative positions of each mountain; whilst the clay, varied in colour, indicative of the successive changes from sterility to cultivation, and each town, village, and château, with every forest, river, and road, were expressed with such minuteness that it seemed as though we were observing the reality; and I am certain that it conveyed to me a more perfect idea of the country than I should have acquired from

having actually travelled through it, particularly of the road over the Samplon, which is copied with a most surprising fidelity; and which, being seen all at once, and as it were from some great eminence, affords you a better opportunity of judging of the boldness of the design and the merit of the execution. The scale of this model is considerable, and occupies, with its portions, three apartments: it is the work of a Swiss, and the result of many years' labour and much accurate observation. No person who visits Paris should neglect the opportunity of seeing one of the most interesting and curious exhibitions ever offered to public notice; and to those who have already been, or who ever hope to pass through Switzerland, I should particularly recommend it.

Amongst the other numerous accommodations to be found in the Palais, I must not omit the Cabinet de Décrotteur, an institution which, however misunderstood or uncalled for amongst us, is here of infinite importance. It is neither more nor less than a room where you may have your shoes cleaned; for a Frenchman seldom thinks of providing for his necessities in this way by a previous arrangement with his valet, but dresses himself, draws on his dirty shoes or boots, and then (such is the effect of sovereign

custom) repairs to the décrotteur, who presents him with a chair and the newspaper, whilst he plies his art in a masterly style, by the assistance of several brushes resembling pencils, and of which a modern traveller has justly observed he makes a more certain livelihood than many meritorious painters. You could hardly credit what numbers of respectable persons daily submit to this slovenly and odious custom, and with what apparent satisfaction they seem to observe the different stages of the operation.

There is here, also, another establishment in the possession of which Paris is quite unique, and which affords no inconsiderable revenue to the inventor. Few who have been there will deny its utility, or how judicious an improvement it is on the parsimonious regulations of Vespasian.

CHAP. IX.

Theatres—Difficulty of comparing the French Stage with ours—A frequent Cause of Dispute between the Countries—Want of Attention on our Part most offensive to the French, and révolting to their Habits, which are superior in Decorum to ours—Talma—Duchenoir—Fleury at the François—Académie Royale—Splendour of their Ballets—Reflections in their Theatres, and on seeing the Royal Box—Opéra Italien—Feydeau—Odéon—Variétés Anglaises pour rire—Vaudevilles—Minor Theatres—Interesting Representation of La Pie Voleuse at the Porte St. Martin—Reflections—Lighter Amusements—Public Gardens—Tivoli—Montagne Russe.

Leaving the Palais Royal, let us go out at yonder corner, which leads us, under the piazza, to the Théatre François; for I feel you are desirous of hearing some account of the French stage, and whether it is really deserving of that preference which they are themselves so willing to bestow upon it. This is certainly no

easy matter to determine upon, as, perhaps, there does not exist between the inhabitants of the two countries a more striking instance of the diversity of opinion than as to what constitutes the perfection of theatrical representation; and, in truth, the taste of each is so dissimilar that a native of either, who is much attached to what he has been accustomed to at home, can scarcely be deemed a competent judge of the other. However, as we are very much in the habit of freely discussing all subjects with at least as large a share of impartiality as our neighbours, and as individually I feel no prejudice against customs merely because they are foreign, I shall endeavour faithfully to transmit the impression I received.

Having premised that I had scarcely supposed that I could derive much pleasure from a dialogue protracted to an unusual length, and fettered by the restraint of jingling rhymes, demanding uninterrupted attention; and, besides, it had always appeared to me that we were almost exclusively possessed of the best plays extant; at least, that we had approached nearer to nature and perfection than any other people, owing, perhaps, to our attention being early directed in that way, by our having had to boast of the ge-

nius of Shakspeare, whose gigantic powers and amazing versatility made him even without a parallel in any other country, though the French have vainly attempted to institute a comparison between him and some of their most favourite writers.

In addition to the many difficulties imposed upon their authors, from being obliged to appear in tedious rhymes, they have to contend against the vain effort to preserve the unity of place, and to suppose every circumstance incident to the piece to have occurred in the same apartment; which not only confines them to some single fact in their story, but robs the stage of that pleasing variety and change of scene so agreeable in representation as well as real life; whilst its preservation contributes so little to support the illusion necessary to the drama. Yet, with all these restraints, there is, no doubt, much pleasure to be derived from the French stage; and, though I cannot believe that they have approached so near to nature as ourselves, or that their long and violent harangues are comparable to our varied mode of expression, yet I am far from undervaluing what I am sure has great merit, though of a different description, and bears a much more striking resemblance than we are usually led to suppose

to nature, as she appears in France. No person, who has not witnessed their representation, can judge how interesting they become, and how far superior to what one would imagine from a bare perusal; owing, not a little, to the great attention they are received with, which enables you to hear every word, and becomes a delightful source of instruction, of which every stranger should anxiously avail himself, particularly when any celebrated actor performs.

The exterior of the Théatre François, towards the Rue de Richelieu, is prepossessing: it is supported on eight handsome pillars, and over the colonnade is a balcony, communicating with the foyer. The latter is spacious, and neatly decorated with busts of Racine, Corneille, Molière, &c. and some of the most celebrated actors. Entering the house, which is much smaller than either of those in London, you are at liberty to choose your seat where you please; and, should you feel very anxious to observe the piece, may place yourself in the parquet, or front of the orchestra, for which you pay as much as for the boxes. The coup d'œil of this, as of almost all French theatres, is not prepossessing. A very heavy range of thick pillars supports the upper boxes, and even their architectural effect is destroyed by the intervention

of a tier across them. They, as well as the rest of the house, are of a dark and gloomy colour, and the entire seems to want for cleansing, light, and decoration.

No music sooths or enlivens you on your entrance here when they perform tragedy, as they consider it an unbecoming intrusion on the feelings of the audience; a point on which I must beg leave to differ from them: and the entire house is without lamp or candle, except those in a large chandelier, suspended near the roof, and what are placed in front of the stage; this is done to rivet your attention to the performers, where light is distributed in whatever proportion the play requires: nor can I entirely object to a custom tending to the improvement of many plays, and here, where all eyes are turned to the stage, of good effect; but I should scarcely wish to see it adopted by us, in exchange for that brilliant light amongst the boxes, which, whilst it enables us to see all the well dressed persons about us, must so highly contribute to their being so, and thus afford an additional source of pleasure, independent of the entertainment*,

* Since writing the above, I have been induced to change my opinion, from having witnessed the good effects of the introduction of the new chandelier at Covent Garden but

If, however, their audiences are not so brilliant as ours, they are in every respect much better conducted, and they have reason to feel proud of their sense of decorum, which is never violated in their theatres. Here are no disputes for places, interrupting the audience, perhaps whilst engaged in observing the performer who has been the chief inducement to their assembling; but when you have once possessed yourself of a seat, it is yours for the remainder of the evening, and you are at liberty to leave it and return when you will: nor are your ears ever annoyed by the indecent noise, in the foyer, of women, who are wholly inattentive to what passes, and whose business is not to see the play, but to be seen by the audience. No persons of this description are professionally allowed here; and if they come, it is with the intention of observing the entertainment, of which they seem, in common with the rest of the nation, too genuine ad-

as that, instead of consisting of a few gloomy candles, is composed of a brilliant range of numerous gaslights, set off and increased by the addition of cut-glass, I cannot help considering it as vastly superior, though in design and equal distribution of light it is still the same; which shows how frequently we object to the customs of other countries merely because they are new to us, though we feel at once willing to acknowledge their merit as soon as they happen to be adopted by ourselves.

mirers to have ever thought of making it the vehicle of any secondary pursuit. Hither the most delicate females may repair with impunity, though unaccompanied by any male attendant, nor is it necessary that the husband or brother, should play the part of an Argos, even after having conveyed them to a preengaged seat, to secure them from insult; nor are they exposed at their entry, and particularly at their departure, to a close and contaminating contact with vulgar ribaldry, and the most forward and abandoned amongst the daughters of levity; few respectable persons, who are not blinded by fashion, can feel anxious to expose the females of their families to the frequent ordeal of visiting a London theatre, once a very legitimate source of instruction and amusement; and we could wish the legislature possessed the power to restrain them from becoming the licensed haunts of obscenity, disgraceful to our country, and unbecoming and demeaning to the civilisation of our age.

I was forcibly struck by the superiority of our neighbour in this respect, which I could not but regret; and I felt myself somewhat inclined towards the French opinion; of the advantage of the Palais Royal; true, say they, it is the centre of vice, but it also becomes, in a great measure,

its prison; if it abounds here, it will be less frequently encountered elsewhere, and no person approaches the Palais Royal without being acquainted with its character, and prepared for what they are there likely to meet with; there is no doubt that we are seldom inclined to expose ourselves to temptation, by voluntarily seeking it, and could we but escape from its casual encounter, should rarely be in danger at all; an argument more in favour of the French opinion than we at first feel willing to admit; few circumstances more forcibly strike us than the silence and attention of the whole audience as soon as the curtain rises; accustomed to the bustle of our theatres, where tragedy often appears diversified with humour, adorned with pageantry, and enlivened by music, and quickly succeeding action, where the story is not solely dependant on the dialogue, but presents itself to the memory by accompanying facts, and where a scene may often pass entirely unobserved without breaking the general thread of the narrative; one can scarcely conceive how much more observant they must become here, where their long rhyming speeches, destitute of point, and protracted to an unusual length, exact a rigid attention throughout, from every individual of the audience, as a single interruption would at once

render them unintelligible: the French seem quite aware of this, and receive them with a becoming silence, the more surprising amongst such a gay people, who could hardly be supposed capable of imposing such restraint upon their enjoyment. Were it possible for a stranger to reach Paris, without having in his way thither encountered a single Frenchman, and to see them for the first time in the Théatre François, he would start amazed as from a dream, and might imagine himself amongst the Spartans, the severest people of antiquity; for neither with us, or any other nation could he have found anything comparable to their attention, which is, in some respects, really painful, and imposes such a task as you not often feel desirous of renewing; should you, for instance, happen to be absent when the curtain rises, woe to the Englishman who would endeavour to regain his place (I speak of the parterre, from which alone you can collect the popular feeling), he would instantly attract their notice, and, considering him as a common enemy and disturber, they would immediately exclaim "à la porte." This great degree of attention, on which they pride themselves, as a proof of superior civilisation, is, unfortunately, not sufficiently attended to by our countrymen; who unused to restraint at home, where

they see what they like, and understand better, and not unfrequently elevated from having indulged in an unusual quantity of wine, reel into a theatre, alike careless about the entertainment and the audience, and ready to make a noise at the appearance of the first acquaintance. I have often seen the whole house disturbed whilst wrought up to the highest pitch by some most interesting scene represented by a first rate performer; and, after having remained quiet long enough to satisfy the inquiring glances of my neighbours, that it did not proceed from me, have found, on turning about, that it was occasioned by the salutations of some ill bred Englishmen. Surely it is impossible for us to be respected or liked at Paris, whilst we continue to behave ourselves in a manner so repugnant to national feeling, that it amounts to insult, and to which we may safely attribute a large portion of that hatred and character of barbarism with which we are so repeatedly loaded; I would not, however, have us to depend altogether on the opinion of an envious and harsh-judging rival, or become ridiculous by a vain endeavour to imitate his peculiarities; I trust we are too well pleased with what we have attained to, to fall into that error, and rest firm on the unmovable basis of

conscious self-approbation, and of the excellence of our own institutions; but when we leave home, and in such numbers frequent the capital of a great country, always considered as one of the first in the world, and of late so superior to most others, except our own, we should endeavour to show some conformity to established custom, nor venture to express our disapprobation of what we are not desirous to imitate. I should consider this as but right at any time; but, surely, recent events that have brought us so unexpectedly to Paris, ought to make us more than commonly circumspect how we trifle with the feelings of a high-minded people, to whom our very presence is a mark of their overthrow. Were I to suggest to my countrymen a different line of conduct, it would be to indulge less in wine when they intend to appear in public, and to be always silent during the performance at the theatre, recollecting that every word uttered there, not only exposed them to personal insult, but added to the unfavourable opinion already entertained of their country; we should then no longer witness those disgraceful scenes which are at present of too frequent occurrence, and so likely to lower us in the estimation of the people.

I recollect one evening at the François, to

have seen two Englishmen, who had seated themselves in one of the boxes, amongst a group of their countrymen, become quickly distinguishable by their noisy hilarity; a hollow murmur issued from the parterre, and every eye seemed directed towards them; but they having experienced the dauntless effects of the "fecundi chalices," heedlessly continued their merriment, utterly regardless of repeated admonition; till at length the patience of the audience became exhausted, and they joined in a unanimous exclamation of "Anglois," "à la porte:" the sturdy islanders, unused to obey the commands of Frenchmen, obstinately persisted in remaining, and seemed to set the whole house at defiance; they had, however, been guilty of an unpardonable offence, so the gendarmes, who are, on such occasions, the executors of the public will, were obliged to interfere; even their presence, and a strong manifestation of the audience, that they were acting in conformity with their wishes, did not induce them to retire till they were actually dragged out, after a considerable attempt at resistance on their part. Tranquillity was now restored; but not so the temper of one of their female companions, who, anxious to mark her contempt for the audience,

and be revenged on them for the insult, sat, for the greater part of the evening, with her back turned towards them and the stage, thus at once taking leave of her own comforts and her good breeding. How shall I express what I felt on being present at what I could else have scarcely credited, particularly when I learned that these were persons of condition?

Foremost amongst the distinguished persons who at present support the French drama, and deservedly preeminent, is Talma, who holds a corresponding situation with that, till lately, occupied by our Kemble, of being, in the opinion of his countrymen, the first performer in the world; in some respects too they are strikingly assimilated, particularly in the high sense of the propriety of a strict observance of costume in their own persons, and the vast improvements they have respectively introduced into their theatres. When Talma appears, the audience are hushed into more than their accustomed silence, and every word and syllable is caught, even by a foreign ear, in any part of the house; this is certainly instructive, for it is comprehensible to those least used to the language, without the assistance of a book; but to me it appeared drawling and affected, and his

attempt at pathos, strained and unnatural; for I had forgotten the difference of our countries, and the diversity in our manner of expressing the same passions; but a scene of real distress, at which I was afterwards present, taught me to amend my opinion in this respect, and to give to Talma's representation that full share of applause it merited, which I had, at the time, felt unwilling to allow it. In figure, he is clumsy and indifferently formed, which inclines him rather to shrowd himself in the classic folds of the ancient drapery, than to court display; to suit the sceptred monarch better than the vigorous limbs of the youthful son of Ammon; and although his features are regular, well proportioned, and expressive, they are not sufficiently marked for stage effect; so that he must always appear, in these respects, in no small degree the inferior of his English rival, who seems a perfect master of every gesture, and exhibits to the statuary or painter a striking model in each succeeding action; but, perhaps I may, in this instance, appear partial, and this a matter that can never be determined; I appeal to a fair mode of trying the justice of my opinion; let each perform before a person ignorant of both languages, and see to which he will adjudge the

preference; however, I am far from wishing to depreciate an actor whose merits are certainly of the highest order, and by whose performance I have been myself much gratified. I only contend that we are superior in a point in which the French have themselves instituted a comparison, and on which I should never have thought of doing so; the long protracted sentences in which the effects of the most sudden, abrupt, and violent passions of the human soul are narrated on the French stage, and the strict observance of established custom forbidding the slightest innovation, are such material disadvantages to an actor, and so likely to operate in proportion to his own good taste and judgment in making him weary of an unnecessarily imposed restraint, that instead of expecting to be more interested by their performance, we should rather feel surprised at their merit in having made us so much so. Whilst I knew the French stage only by perusal, their characters, and their manner of expressing themselves, appeared so extraordinary and unnatural, that I considered them like the plays I had read at school, the productions of a dead language, from whose actual representation I could hope for little gratification. I have long since changed this opinion; but their authors seem to have

countenanced me in thinking it not entirely without foundation; having fled from the scenes with which we are familiarised, and sought for refuge in the distance and uncertainty of antiquity.

Our Shakspeare, who possessed a more thorough knowledge of human nature in all its varieties than any dramatic writer who ever has, or I might almost venture to affirm, who ever will exist; has laid the scenes of many of his pieces in periods of our history, not very remote from the time in which he lived, when their manners and habits could not have so entirely passed away, as to have made his auditors incapable of detecting any flagrant violation of them; and in one instance, he ventured to portray the deceased sovereign, the father of the reigning monarch, at a time when England had not yet attained to her present state of freedom, and every fact was fresh in their recollection. Not so Racine, Corneille, &c. they either awed from their domestic history, from an obsequious conformity to their monarch, or conscious of the difficulty of representing well known names and stories long familiar, under the severely imposed restraints of their drama, in such a way as to make them commonly palatable, have prudently abandoned them altogether, and drawn largely from the copious source of the elder time, from

scenes laid in countries that are still unknown and remote, and amongst nations and dynasties that have been for ages past blotted from the face of things, so as to leave no living monument of their incongruity.

Mad. Duchesnoir is also a great favourite, and not without reason; she is an excellent actress; her recitation is admirably distinct, but rather nasal; and in figure she is large and cumbrous, while her visage is very plain and unprepossessing; she is rather passée. One of their best actresses is Mad. Georges; she is in size nearly the equal of Mrs. Siddons, but much younger and very handsome; her manner of performing exceeded, in violence, any female exertion I had ever before witnessed, and her voice appeared to me painfully loud, but there was certainly something very fine in it, and admirably adapted for a French audience, by whom she was most rapturously applauded. But my favourite actress is Mademoiselle Mars, she performs in comedy, and in addition to powers of acting, that make her, perhaps, superior to any other woman living, she possesses a very fine figure and beautiful face. Fleury, and many other actors are highly deserving of notice; but I have only enumerated those by whom I was more particularly attracted. There

is one manifest advantage the French stage possesses over ours, that no piece is there represented without having every part, at least, respectably filled; nor are the feelings of the audience ever in danger of being shocked by the bad performance of the inferior parts, even to a greater degree than they are gratified by the merits of the principal actor, an error into which we have of late too frequently fallen in England, where the manager's sole care seems to be the profit he may derive, without bestowing a thought upon the gratification of the spectators. When any celebrated actor performs, the house is crowded at an early hour, so that you must be there long before the commencement of the piece; I was fortunate in having had an opportunity of seeing Duchesnoir and Talma together in Hamlet, which is altered by Ducis from our play, and modelled to the French stage, in a manner that they tell us is infinitely superior; the termination is certainly not so tragical, nor is the stage covered with dead bodies, but in every other respect, I must still persist in giving the preference to Shakspeare. This is one great point upon which the two countries, so dissimilar in many respects, can scarcely ever hope to coincide; and as their differences, like those of the two knights in the fable, who contended about

the colour and materials of the shield, have often led to deadly results from trivial causes; I should, in future, recommend each to urge their own opinions with moderation, and make every reasonable allowance for the difference of habits, prejudices, and education; however, the play of Hamlet, under all these circumstances is, even to Englishmen, most highly gratifying and instructive:—how often as I have observed an overflowing audience lulled into silence and an almost breathless absorption of every faculty in the contemplation of the passing scene, and resenting the slightest sound or motion that might tend to interrupt their sensations; have I been struck with awe by the recollection of where I was; and passing from where I saw them, a tranquil audience, have glanced at the events of the last twenty-five years and the great public theatre of Europe, of which they have been the principal performers; many bloody scenes in their deep tragedy have risen in succession before me, whilst they seemed to be no longer remembered by the persons who had acted them; for the mind of the traveller is retrospective; history holds up to his recollection all past occurrences of the country he visits, with the freshness of early impressions; and the whole course of events is present to his imagination, whilst

the usual succession of trivial matters, and the every-day concerns of life, in a few years, nearly obliterates them from the minds of those most concerned, to whom they become visibly more obscured through the medium of each succeeding hour, and like one who finds himself for the first time upon that stupendous effort of human ingenuity, the dyke of Holland, and seeing on the one side the labours of husbandry and the residences of man stretching out far beneath him, whilst he views upon the other a boundless expanse of the merciless ocean, raging with ceaseless roar many feet above their heads, must feel the novelty and risk of his situation, and dread the recurrence of an event that has once before involved all around him in undistinguished destruction. Such were often my reflections as I looked down on the closely crowded parterre, which, being entirely composed of the dark heads of men, unmixed with, and unenlivened by the female form, reminded me of those assemblies of mischief in which men sometimes meet for murderous purpose, and from which, through a consciousness of their milder dispositions, we exclude the softer sex.

After the François in rank, but far before it in interest, is the Opéra François, long so deservedly celebrated. The shape of the house is

a parallelogram, one of whose shorter sides is occupied by the stage; the ornaments with which it is decorated display little taste or elegance; and the first view that strikes you, on entering the Theatre, is not calculated to make you suppose that you are about to see any representation at all comparable to what you have been accustomed to at London.

The harmony and softness of the Italian language has so eminently distinguished and adapted it so peculiarly to the opera that it seems to be almost an usurpation to attempt it in any other tongue; and, when it carries with it the additional interest of being foreign to the place of its representation and only intelligible after some degree of study and leisure, which appears to exclude any participation on the part of the vulgar, it becomes the most captivating, because the most refined and elegant species of public entertainment with which we are acquainted. Not so the French Opera, which, in addition to a language not harmonious, has also the disadvantage of being familiarised by common use. Their performers are not very celebrated either for their skill or proficiency, nor is there a nice sense of discrimination on the part of its audience: still, after all, it is an enchanting place in many respects; and, though some may prefer the Italian

Operas of London or Paris, which must always appear superior to a French one, yet, if they consider the whole of the entertainment, they cannot without difficulty give the preference to any other.

When I say that the French Opera is not remarkable for the skill of its performers, I do not wish to convey the notion of any unpleasing deficiency, merely that it is not the best or most interesting portion of the entertainment, which they have prudently reserved for the last. However, there are few operas that are not well worth the notice of a stranger; and, as they are usually much assisted by the aid of dress and decoration, here carried to a degree of perfection that produces a perfect illusion, and seems almost to rival reality itself, he can hardly fail of having at least one of his senses highly gratified. The gloomy appearance of the house, by which he has been struck on his entry, serves but to heighten the brilliant spectacle now before him, and to incline him to feel favourably disposed towards an arrangement which has certainly not been adopted without some degree of reason.

Many of the stockpieces are now old, and have held their places through the several political changes by which the country has been

agitated; and some are so elegant and so magnificently represented, that I should feel inclined to augur that their reign is likely to be of long continuance. Among those that particularly pleased me, I may reckon "Panurge; or, the Traveller in China," where that curious and comparatively unknown people are represented with an elegance, and splendour that is at once pleasing and surprising: the feast of lanterns is here introduced with a most happy effect, and we are charmed with the brilliancy of decoration and the correctness of foreign costume. The Mysteries of Isis is another piece remarkable for that glitter of procession and gaudy pageantry in which this people delight; and there are scenes in it that astonish by the felicity of their combination.

But there are other operas that afford me even more pleasure, from the light pastoral dialogue and native simplicity of the characters; foremost among which is "Le Rossignol," which depends upon the merit of a most eminent performer upon the flute, who acts the part of a lover, and attracts the attention of his mistress, who affects to be charmed by his imitations of that delightful bird: the scene is humorously and wittily supported, and the general effect very pleasing, the mistress being represented by one of the

most elegant young women and graceful actresses of modern times.

I am still, however quite unable to express my high sense of the excellence of the ballet, which has here at length attained to a degree of perfection that sets all competition at defiance; and which, aided and set off by the powerful auxiliaries of music, scenery, mechanism, dresses, and decoration, produces the most attractive ensemble that ever met the eye in the shape of theatrical representation. Here some of the most lovely persons who bear the human form, and whose limbs and gestures, that seem at every turn to invite the painter or the statuary to perpetuate what without their arts is lost in a moment, not only astonish by their proficiency in dancing, but by a gracefulness of performance which conveys, as powerfully as the most eloquent language, every passion of our nature; whilst the elegance and lightness of their attire displays them to the greatest advantage, and qualifies them for the personification of the most amiable of the ancient divinities, and the most celebrated and illustrious amongst the heroes and heroines of romance. How often I have felt gratified by seeing Apollo and Mercury not unfitly represented by Vestris and De Hayes! whilst Biggotini has even surpassed all the merits

that the ancient poets have so profusely heaped upon the shrine of the graces,

Or "youthful poets fancy when they love".

She is, in my opinion, most pleasing in a light ballet, where, in her adequate representation of some divinity, she introduces her almost superhuman skill in dancing, and in Psyche, Flora, Zephyr, &c. she appears to the greatest advantage; but her chief character, and that which calls forth all her powers, is "Nina; ou la Folle par Amour;" a most interesting and surprising, but rather a melancholy exhibition, in which she becomes deranged through sorrow for her lover, whom she imagines has drowned himself in despair at not obtaining her father's consent: the commencement of the courtship admits of some dancing, which is introduced with considerable effect; but her personification of that wretched state is a most affecting kind of acting, which, were it not for the accompaniment of music, would resemble any thing but dancing, and leaves an impression upon the mind that makes you anxious to dignify it with the appellation of some higher species of performance: call it what you will, however, it is an astonishing effort, and may serve to convey no inadequate idea of the French ballet, that has thus

ventured to rival tragedy in one of its most difficult branches.

All the performers here are good dancers, and all capable of affording the greatest pleasure, where merit is never contrasted with total incapacity, but must arrive at celebrity by surpassing excellence. It is unnecessary to mention Vestris and De Hayes; they are already well known amongst us: but there is now at Paris a young Spaniard, of twenty-one years only, who, I am told, is considered at least equal, if not superior to either of them.

All the operas are well worth seeing, and most of them extremely amusing; but some display a degree of talent, ingenuity, and contrivance that produces the most complete illusion, silences the murmur of the severest critic, and, renewing the ardour of youth, extorts from him the tribute of the most rapturous applause. Such is the "Judgment of Paris," into which the whole heathen mythology has been introduced; and, during a great part of it, they appear suspended in the air; and Flora and Zephyr, who seem to fly about in their native element, without our being able to detect a single cord, which, by dispelling a pleasing illusion, recalls us to reality. Those who beheld with pleasure the excellent representations of the Trances of Nourja-

had and the magic Wonders of the Lamp of Aladdin, or the comparatively minor productions of our own opera, can scarcely conceive, without having formed an actual comparison, how inferior our most splendid spectacles appear to those of the French opera.

It may perhaps excite some degree of surprise, that, after having expressed myself so favourably, I should still hesitate before I bestowed the preference on the French opera over that of the Haymarket; and were I to consider the ballet merely, we should not be able to form a comparison; but when I contrast the heavy and illsuited, and not very skilfully performed French opera, with the soft and harmonious Italian, set off by a Catalani or a Grassini, in a brilliant theatre, and still more brilliant audience (for that of our opera is without doubt the first in the world), where, instead of a parterre filled by a set of dark and ill dressed men, we have a most pleasing mixture of elegantly attired persons of both sexes, amongst whom are usually found all that is fashionable in the male sex and the highest order of nobility; whilst, in the whole house around us, is such an assemblage of beauty, rank, fashion, wealth, and refinement, as it would be quite in vain to seek for elsewhere, and which is of no inconsiderable interest, inde-

pendent of the passing scene, the balance seems to incline very much in our favour. If the French are more attentive spectators than ourselves, may it not be in some degree owing to their not having been exposed to the same temptations to look off the stage, towards which their eyes may for ever be turned, without their having encountered in their way thither any thing comparable to the audience of an English opera?

But this is scarcely a fair subject for comparison: we cannot hope to find much resemblance between the effects of long established order in one country and of frightful revolution in the other; they are as dissimilar as the ordinary course of nature is to the violence of the volcano or the earthquake, and the one is as strongly impressed upon the political and the polite world, and the other is indelibly marked upon the natural; each has, during its paroxysm, thrown up its dross to the surface, and at length subsided into the cheerless and appalling gloom of extended havoc and wide spreading desolation. The French may have forgotten the revolution in the multiplicity of changes which they have undergone of late; but the miserable deficiency of a genuine aristocracy will strike forcibly on the mind of an Englishman, whenever he enters a theatre of France.

I must not omit mentioning the French orchestra, which contributes much to the excellence of the ballet: it consists of upwards of seventy performers, and certainly surpasses that of any other theatre I have seen; yet I should feel rather inclined to content myself with the Italian opera, moderate ballet, and brilliant audience of London, than to sacrifice the other two for the superior attractions of the Parisian ballet, indisputably preferable to any other.

To the right of the performers, and over the stage, a box is set apart for the king: it is hung with crimson velvet, ornamented with fleurs de lys in gold, and over it are the royal arms of France. This was the box of Napoleon; nor was the late change to the lily the only one it has experienced, having before resigned the emblems of consular government and the severer attributes of republicanism for the splendour of the purple and the pageantry of empire, according to the different vicissitudes in his fortune; whilst his character appeared under all his changes unalterably the same. This was at an early period his favourite amusement, and he was a constant attendant here or at the François, owing probably to the singular gratification he must have experienced from contrasting his own achievements with those of all

former conquerors, and from the consciousness of having performed in his own person a more principal part upon the great theatre of life than any of the host of minor potentates who were so often represented upon the mimic scene before him. It was here, perhaps, that he first conceived those vast schemes of aggrandisement, and indulged in that unbounded ambition which led to the establishment of an empire more powerful than the Roman and more extensive than that of Charlemagne; and amidst this gay scene he may have planned the ruin of nations and the death of thousands. This box was sometimes a means of ascertaining the popular feeling, and from it he has often made his début upon the occurrence of disaster: it was here that he first showed himself to the public after his disgraceful flight from Moscow—and again upon his arrival from the signal overthrow of Leipsic: the people in both cases hailed his return with ecstacy; they gloried in the safety of their emperor, nor once reflected that it had been purchased with the discomfiture of their armies and the profuse and unnecessary expenditure of the blood of their dearest kindred. The events that occurred after the decisive battle of Waterloo followed each other in too rapid succession to admit of the Emperor's again exhibiting himself

here; and from that time he seems to have been endeavouring to resume his original privacy, till the hour that he surrendered to Captain Maitland, a British naval officer!

As his Majesty seldom visits any place of public amusement, the royal box is always unoccupied, and affords a striking contrast, by its vacuity, with the crowded scene about it; a trifling circumstance which I could not help regretting, as I conceived it injurious to the reigning monarch. The French nation have been always distinguished by a desire of constantly beholding their sovereign passing before them in all the pomp and eclat of royal power, and no prince can act wisely in not indulging them in this respect, for which Napoleon was remarkable, having given an ominous effect to the most ordinary occurrences of life, which, however insignificant to a superficial observer, are of the highest value in the estimation of the politician. Any prince who followed such a man would find it almost impossible to eclipse him, yet he should not altogether give up the attempt of rivaling him in the estimation of his people, and should be frequently present to them; yet now the minds of the audience, being unoccupied by any actual personification of royalty, are insensibly led to the recollection of him

who so lately played that brilliant part with such effect before them; and many of them, swayed by attachment and early habit, continue to regard the empty box as a shrine where his memory is still revered amidst the existing change of affairs. These boxes are also found in all the other principal theatres of France, and under them is one appointed for the Duc de Berri, where he frequently appears, with his Duchess and her beautiful attendant the Duchess de Bouille, who is perhaps amongst the handsomest women I have seen in France.

Next in order is the Opera Buffa, one of the most agreeable theatres of Paris, which, having to boast of a French and Italian opera, is in this respect before any other city. This theatre is celebrated for the excellence of the singers, who are generally the first in Europe, and it is from hence that we have obtained many of those most celebrated amongst us. Here you may sometimes hear Grassini, Tramezzani, and the unrivaled Catalani, who performs there at present, with many others whose names are not familiar to English ears. The appearance of the house, like that of all other French theatres, is sombre; but the audience is select, scientific, and elegant. Shortly previous to the Revolution, this company had attained to the highest perfection,

every branch being filled by persons of merit at enormous expense; but the events of 1792 soon banished them from Paris; the soft harmony of Italian melody could ill accord with the rude clamour of republican anarchy; the dulcet notes of the syrens, which in calm weather had charmed the passing mariner, were lost in the impetuous ravings of the storm.

Next to the Opéra Buffa is the Théatre Feydeau, or Opéra Comique, a most interesting place, and eminently calculated to please a stranger; here you may enjoy in the highest possible perfection that agreeable humour for which the French nation are so celebrated, and which certainly seems to be their native style of performance. I remember having concluded here the evening of a most delightful day, which I had devoted to French history. I had passed the morning at the Royal Chapel of the Tuileries, in a close and attentive observation of the present monarch and reigning dynasty, who were devoutly hearing mass amidst the sound of trumpets and the noise of armies, whom their formidable predecessor had assembled without, and whose martial movements were still daily continued, even at the solemn hour of prayer. Filled with reflection, I left this animated scene for one no less calculated to make an impression by its

contrasted solemnity, and changed the glitter of living royalty for the poor remains of four successive races of his predecessors, who had occupied his throne for the long period of eight centuries; impressed with more than the usual awe which such scenes generally impart, I quitted the abode of the illustrious dead for the Feydeau, where we were charmed with a little piece taken from the early days of Francis the First; the easy manners of that gallant and amorous prince, and the costume of his court were represented with such an agreeable fidelity, and his favourite lady performed her part in so interesting a manner, heightened, no doubt, by being in its original language and country, that I received from it the highest degree of satisfaction, and returned home confounding reality with fiction, and more pleased with the representation of what once had been than in observing the actual personification of existing sovereignty; feeling the one more present to the imagination in the intellectual freshness of reality, whilst the other seemed the transient pageant of the moment that would shortly pass away; but how could I feel otherwise? I had compared an aged prince miraculously restored to the throne of his murdered predecessor, after scenes too painful to be remembered, and at this time supported

upon it by foreign armies against the strenuous opposition of a large portion of his subjects, with a young and warlike monarch placed at a sufficiently remote period of time, to exhibit him as an object deserving our notice, and in whose favour history and romance seemed to have combined in exciting our interest by the recital of his magnanimity and his misfortunes.

The Théatre Odéon, in the Faubourg St. Germain, is a very elegant structure in its external elevation, superior to any other in Paris; the interior is also very handsome; but it is not much frequented, and of course little interesting to a stranger. This house was particularly attached to the Bourbon interest, and has often shown such sentiments with more fidelity than prudence: in it and all those that I have enumerated are royal boxes decorated and set apart for the reception of majesty; there are here, also, many minor theatres, some of which are highly deserving of notice, and few without some peculiar and exclusive claim to public favour: that of "Variétés" may be placed foremost in this class, which is chiefly supported by Brunet and Potier, who are amongst the most witty, comical, and amusing actors I have ever seen; during my stay they were busily occupied in the representation of "les Anglaises pour rire," a

most excellent piece, in which they have imitated us most happily, and afforded us amusement as well as the Parisians; for though we are sharply ridiculed, there is nothing in it that could annoy us by unworthy imitation, or prevent our joining heartily in the laugh, though some of our officers, on their first arrival at Paris, with more zeal than good taste, ordered it to be discontinued, and thus by noticing a trifle little deserving their attention, and putting a stop to what was a considerable source of amusement, drew upon them some severe animadversions; in truth, had the satire been more poignant, they ought patiently to have endured it; rival nations are frequently the objects of each other's ridicule; few pieces of ours do not contain a Frenchman, and after what has happened, we should bear with their sallies in which alone they can vent their humour; however, the presence of Wellington soon restored matters, for he ordered a repetition of the piece, and appeared at it in person, attended by his staff: thus good humour and the play have returned together, and we are now at liberty to enjoy unconcernedly an excellent representation of our manners, which we should have otherwise been obliged to avoid as a national insult; so often may prudent conduct shield us from the ill effects of public as well as

private quarrels. I have more than once witnessed the representation of this performance, which was received with unbounded applause; our immediate neighbours, with true French politeness, at first gave no mark of approbation; but when they observed four Englishmen heartily joining in their merriment, and really amused, they seemed highly pleased.

The Théatre des Vaudevilles, near the entrance to the Palais Royal, is amongst the best of their small houses; it is in size and decoration very neat and pleasing, and every word is heard with great distinctness; the entertainment consists of light satirical pieces, burlesques, and parodies on the performances of the other houses; any ridiculous or political occurrence is here sure to be noticed, it is a great favourite with the public, which esteems it the parent of the comic opera, and the true representative of the manners of low life; many of the pieces performed there are worthy of attention, and its songs national, characteristic, and interesting; the dress of the performers is well suited to their characters, and the general effect striking and peculiar, and reminds us of the works of Teniers or Rembrant, to whose original touches they often bear a strong resemblance.

There are many other minor theatres on the boulevards; those of l'Ambigu Comique, Gaieté, and Porte St. Martin, are all near each other. At the latter I saw the most interesting and affecting piece I ever was present at, it was "La Pie Voleuse," which has been introduced amongst us without alteration; I had previously seen it at home, but here it assumed an uncommon interest amongst the people for whom it had been written, from whose peculiar situation the circumstances were supposed likely to arise, and who seemed individually smarting under the recollection of similar scenes, that had, perhaps, occurred in the persons of their dearest kindred; there appeared but one feeling throughout the audience, they were all melted to tears, nor was this only the case of the young and of the aged, or of the female part of the company, strong, severe, and savage looking men, in the prime of life, were equally affected, and I saw them repeatedly turn aside their heads and apply their handkerchiefs, as if unwilling to be observed indulging in such weakness. Never before had I beheld an audience so completely moved, or felt for them with the same degree of commiseration; the scenes of woe that are represented on our stage may excite an occasional tear in the eye of

sensibility; but this seems a softer sorrow, arising rather from a recollection of what our condition is subject to, than from the strong recurrence of individual suffering; our happy land has long continued a stranger to calamity, "the noise of war has lost its terrors ere it reaches us," and though "it grieves, alarms us not," and the roar of cannon and sound of the trumpet are familiar to us only as the welcome earnest of victory, the echo of the mischiefs that are caused by them elsewhere; such was not the case amongst this audience of performers, and sufferers in the scene that was representing before them; they saw in it not what might, but what actually had occurred, either to themselves or in the persons of their dearest relatives, what had been, or had occasioned, the principal misfortunes of themselves, their country, and their friends, whether they had been torn from them under circumstances exactly similar, or had fallen the victims of after efforts of misguided and inordinate ambition; whether their headless corpses had been hurled into a confused heap with others, who had (like themselves) experienced the summary justice of the guillotine, or their unburied bones had bleached upon the burning sands of Egypt, or remained undistinguishable amongst the snows and surrounding

desolation of Moscow. Never before had I witnessed so general a demonstration of sorrow, or of those invisible ties which unite the living to the dead; they seemed to me like the animated body from which the senseless limb had been severed, the carcass where life still lingered after the stiffened extremities had yielded to decay; I gazed earnestly at them as if desirous of knowing more of them, I felt anxious to inquire of each, who, and what he was, and how he had conducted himself for the last twenty-five years, and I would willingly have insinuated myself into his confidence, and drawn forth the inmost feelings of his soul.

I have now, I believe, enumerated all the theatres that are worthy of being visited by a stranger, though I have omitted the names of several, for the entire number of those in Paris is at least twenty-two, besides many species of minor amusements which are to be found here, and of every possible variety; some of their regulations relative to those places are admirable. All the principal theatres are obliged to be abundantly supplied with water in case of fire, and the streets, by which the carriages are to approach and drive away, and the rate they are allowed to move at, is all predetermined; no coachman can arrive out of his turn,

or remain waiting for his party should they not be ready for immediate departure, nor is allowed upon any pretence to quit his box, or exceed a walk till he has got to a certain distance. The pedestrian crowd is subjected to the same regulation, none can push before his neighbour, they are all drilled into files as they arrive, and were any to press forward before his time, there would be a general exclamation of "à la cue," the provident care of the gendarme determines all this, who here, as well as in every other Parisian assembly, appears the great centre of gravity, round which this volatile people oscillates, upholding and regulating the whole. The same degree of system pervades the interior of their theatres, in each of which is a police officer for the immediate redress of injury: at first we are pleased with this regularity and the assurance of protection, for those who conduct themselves properly; but we soon notice the absence of those murmurs that are heard so frequently at home, and that honest expression of public feeling so essential to a popular assembly. The French are the most attentive audience, perhaps, in the world; but their theatre is a senate in which the people is unrepresented; their voice of dissent or approbation is scarcely ever heard, there is nothing to remind us of

their existence; no firm, unbought, united suffrage, upholding long established custom, and maintaining the broad distinction between right and wrong in defiance of folly, fashion, and example; no inbred sense of freedom, or of the value of that bright inheritance which is the birthright of every Englishman. This it is that so far prejudices me in favour of what I have been accustomed to, that I prefer the comparative turbulence of our public places to the silence that pervades the theatres of France; there is much inconvenience in their bills, in which are enumerated the names of the performers who appear on that evening, without any specification of their particular parts, unless they happen to be the principal ones. A stranger should also observe which piece is placed lowest, as it is with that they usually commence, a regulation that has deprived me of some entertainment. I have never happened to have witnessed any manifestation of public feeling, even though present when some of those scenes have been exhibited which may have before occasioned them; but I have been informed that they do sometimes occur, and the government seem unwilling to excite them by any unnecessary memento, of which I can give an instance from what I did see in the representation of a

Roman triumph introduced into one of their tragedies; I observed that whilst every part was filled with a scrupulous and classical accuracy, even to the staff that bore the Roman eagle, the bird itself was omitted, lest it might excite sensation; possibly the audience could but ill endure the sight of their eagles, that well known bird to which the fickle goddess had so long adhered, that she seemed about to dedicate it as a perpetual emblem at the shrine of victory.

After the theatres come their various gardens, panoramic exhibitions, and amphitheatres, amounting altogether (inclusive of the former) to the number of fifty-six; I shall not weary my reader even by the mention of them, which would, I feel, be abundantly tedious, but just give a slight account of what is peculiar and deserving of notice. Their principal garden is that of Tivoli, Rue St. Lazare, it is on the same plan as Vauxhall, but considerably larger; the general appearance of the place is much less brilliant, nor are the company collected so closely together under a well lighted covered way, but they are more naturally dispersed over the garden, which enjoys the advantages of a better situation and more genial climate; nothing can be more agreeable than a promenade in these gardens after the heat of a Parisian day, where

multitudes assemble from all quarters to enjoy it; yet their attractions are so diversified, that you are in no danger of being annoyed by the crowd in any particular quarter, but have full leisure for observing or participating in the enjoyments of this gay people. Here rope dancing is performed by the celebrated Saqui, in another part you are amused by various deceptions, slight of hand, puppets, &c.; beyond these are groups busily intent on the merry-go-round and "jeu de bague," a favourite amusement, consisting in mounting a wooden horse, which is turned round with great rapidity, and as you pass, endeavouring to carry off a small ring on a little pointed instrument put into your hand: he who succeeds in bearing away all the rings escapes paying for his seat, an occurrence which the director of the sport has address enough to prevent happening too frequently. There is a covered saloon for dancing should the weather prove unfavourable; but in general the graceful waltz and gay cotillon are formed by numerous and strangely diversified groups throughout the garden, and the whole concludes with a pyrotechnic pantomime by Ruggieri. Here you meet every possible variety of company, but all conduct themselves like the best; and though not so brilliantly attired, and per-

haps less profusely gifted with personal charms, than the frequenters of Vauxhall, they seem much better instructed in the art of being happy, and send you away almost envying them their secret of enjoyment.

Besides Tivoli, where the amusements are confined to the evening, are the Jardin de Belle Ville and the Montagne Russe, where you may contrive to pass away the day in as novel and extraordinary a manner as ever entered into the head of reasonable man to conceive. Let us only suppose for a moment a high stage erected, from which descends an inclined plane, like the fall on an English rail way, the ascent is by a long flight of stairs, and having gained it, you take your place in a chair mounted on four small wheels, which are fixed in a groove on the plain, like the rail waggon; as soon as you are seated and give the word, you are pushed off by two men, and being once set in motion, are impelled down with a frightful rapidity, constantly increasing impetus and tremendous noise, even after you have passed the descent, till your career is at length impeded. The rapidity with which you are impelled forward, promotes a quick circulation of the blood, and makes it rather a violent exercise, and you often experience the sick feel of a swing, accompanied,

at first, with some degree of apprehension, though if you hold firmly there can be little danger, and a repetition of the amusement will make you desirous of continuing it; these gardens have been designed after the Russian winter amusements on the Neva, described by Cox; but as they cannot at Paris command a continuance of frost, they have substituted a much safer and nearly as agreeable an amusement. At Petersburg the mountain is composed of pieces of ice laid together, and the interstices filled with water, which become speedily congealed; a species of sledge is provided for the adventurous sportsman, and a considerable degree of dexterity is required in directing it, as the slightest motion will overturn it; and yet there are there persons so fool hardy, that they will skaite down these frozen plains, an enterprise of still more extraordinary difficulty; the impetus given by the descent on ice is so great, that it carries them forward to an immense distance on the level of the river. Though the Parisian mode is so much safer, yet they have not entirely escaped who have pursued it, and I recollect to have heard of a lady who was nearly killed during my stay there, by not having been able to maintain her balance; but before these in novelty, and of still later establishment, is the

Jardin de Beaujon, which contains all the improvements of the Montagne Russe; here you are not only precipitated down an inclined plain, after a tedious ascent, but without quitting your car, are gradually conducted to the top of another, from which you are discharged in the same manner. We can form little idea of the eagerness with which this sport is at present pursued by persons of all descriptions and of both sexes; what appears to be the peculiar amusement of early life, has been adopted by manhood and practised by age; and advanced beaux and elderly matrons, have alike found a sovereign remedy for ennui in the precipitous descent of the Montagne, of which there is scarcely a single family in all Paris, of any description bordering on respectability, which has not made an experiment. It is really curious to see the customs of one country so completely and universally acquiesced in by another, and that those who gaily dwelt upon the sultry banks of Seine, should willingly devote the smiling hours of summer to the very same amusement which contributed to sustain life and vary the tedious monotony of winter on the shores of the Neva: but this great capital of modern Europe is also the emporium of pleasure, and hither has been collected whatever was found agreeable in any other country; their

armies having but lately returned from an actual survey of the stupendous remnants of antiquity in every country where she still continues to be most interesting, and retaining the indelible impressions of her greatness, have felt disposed to adopt even her imperfections, and anxious for the revival of her luxuries; it is this that has renewed amongst them a taste for whatever is Roman, or Grecian, or Egyptian, has introduced amongst them the habits of sultry despotism and eastern magnificence, and inclined them to adopt the amusements of distant and semi-barbarous nations. The followers of Anthony carried along with them the apparatus of luxury into the remotest regions, and the sounds of merriment and revelry cheered their disgraceful progress over the wilds of Parthia; the French, after the wiser examples of antiquity, have been accompanied by men of taste and science to mark their career and record their achievements, and, who returning laden with the rich product of their observation, have contributed to introduce amongst them so many novelties; it is thus that their city has acquired its peculiar interest from such an assemblage of rarities, as has made it a sort of epitome of other times and nations; where much of what is celebrated has been either collected or imi-

tated, in painting, sculpture, architecture, or in amusement; that it conveys to the mind of every stranger something with which he is familiar, some custom that he has witnessed at his home, however distant; whether it may be placed upon the long celebrated Nile, where oblivion is fast defacing the recollections of antiquity; or (where she has long swayed undisturbed by human effort), amid the frozen desolation that surrounds the embouchures of the Oby. Yet with all its pleasures, the modern Capua has twice failed to seduce the northern army; their occupation of it rather resembled that of Rome by the Gauls, and they have passed through its pleasures without having suffered the slightest diminution of their discipline, or yielded one particle of their stern native manners to the effeminate softness of its luxuries.

CHAP. X.

St. Denis, ancient Burial Place of the French Kings—Dehumation during the Revolution—Insults offered to the Remains of the greatest Men France ever produced—Turenne—Henry IV.—Desertion of St. Denis, and subsequent Reparation by Napoleon, whose Memory is now become obsolete there—Reflections on this, as compared with the Heroes of Antiquity—Character of Peter the Great—Musée of Lenoir, a singular and most interesting Place, where are arranged in Succession all the great Names which occur in French History—Lamentable Death of the Princess Charlotte, and Reflections thereon—Modern Burying Ground of Père la Chaise well worthy of a Visit—Many interesting Objects and Inscriptions—A certain melancholy Pleasure to be derived from exploring it.

At about five miles' distance from Paris, on the road by which we entered it, is the venerable and long celebrated Abbey of St. Denis, a structure named after their patron saint, and nearly coeval with their monarchy. Its origin seems lost in the remoteness of time; some say it may

be dated from the year 494, and that its antique walls contain the bones of Dagobert, the son of Chilperic, which have here mouldered away since the year 580. The church was successively increased by Dagobert, Pepin, and Charlemagne, but nothing of their buildings remains except the crypts or subterranean chapels which surround the choir: it is to Segur, Abbé of St. Denis, and regent during the first crusade, that the Abbey owes its present form, which is light and elegant, and, being constructed of a yellowish stone, wears the appearance of more recent elevation.

The Church was completed in 1144, and in it were deposited the mortal remains of four different dynasties of monarchs, who had successively occupied the French throne for the long period of nine hundred years!—the relics and the treasures that superstition had been busied in collecting during that great interval when she exercised so powerful an influence over the human mind—the oriflamme, or sacred standard of France, which the king, having received from the hands of the abbé, entrusted to the care of the most valiant of his warriors to display in the front of the battle: from Louis le Gros to Charles VII. it always appeared at the head of their armies, and they say was never captured; it is

reported to have long continued in the archives of the Abbey, but at length to have disappeared they know not how; perhaps a diligent search among our records might point to the time of its capture or lead to its discovery. Here also were kept a series of crowns that had successively decorated the brows of their sovereigns, from the very commencement of the monarchy; some of which were composed of brilliants, set in their native rudeness or marked with the timorous efforts of early art.

A few of these invaluable relics have escaped the incursions of Vandalism, and are still preserved at Notre Dame or the Royal Library. At the latter is the chair of Dagobert, in which the first race of the French kings were usually crowned. For many ages past that ceremony has been performed at Rheims, and the uses of the chair had long become obsolete, till one calling himself their descendant, and wielding the energies of their empire, at length in our own time drew it forth from its obscurity, and made it, together with the present head of the Catholic church, a passive instrument to increase the solemnity of his extraordinary coronation.

This Abbey, till the period of its violation, flourished rich with the well preserved stores of ages. Its monuments, its paintings, its fine

stained glass, the constant care and attention of its abbots must have set it far beyond any similar structure of our isle, where saints and relics have been out of fashion for full three hundred years; but this previous care and veneration only served to make it a more tempting object of destruction. Accordingly, by a decree of the Convention, the dehumation of those who were buried at St. Denis was determined upon, and the *sacred* undertaking forthwith commenced on Sunday, the 12th of October, 1793.

The first tomb they violated was of one that had no common claim upon their mercy, and whose illustrious career and glorious death in the field of honour might have taught him to expect that no period could arrive when it would become indifferent to his country; but this was a time when a ferocious republican rabble, rioting in unbounded licence, and delighting in the commission of crime, had, under the specious pretext of obtaining lead or of discovering treasure, defiled the long hallowed sanctuary, raked up the ashes of what once was royalty, and violated the sacred silence of the tomb. Conscious of their own baseness, they instinctively opposed themselves to talent, and rank, and celebrity, and, by destroying the poor remains of buried royalty, hoped to efface the page of history, and

entirely to obliterate them from the memory of mankind.

The French revolution is replete with scenes of striking and extraordinary ferocity, misplaced in a civilised country and unbecoming a polished age: its leaders seem to have indulged in an epicurism of crime, and to have courted vice in all its eccentricities. Of all the disgusting scenes of that dark period, if we except only the solemn abjuration of religion, none was more originally odious than this. Never before had any thing comparable to it occurred, and ere time shall have produced its parallel, chaos may come again. Veneration for our ancestors seems by nature implanted in every human breast, and we feel anxious to resist any violation of their sacred rest, as barbarous and unnatural. This sentiment seems to have been collected from the tacit suffrage of the human race, and to be acquiesced in by the most ancient as well as most barbarous nations: it is upon this feeling that much of love of country depends, which is so often the spring of our great actions, and returns with renovated ardour upon declining age. What do we more anxiously long to possess and more eagerly protect than the tomb of our forefathers, that sacred barrier that even revenge has rarely passed? The ancients afford us few examples of indignities offered to the

slain: a statue has sometimes descended where its original has been sacrificed, but the example of a Sejanus is rare; even Homer does not applaud his countryman for his unfeeling triumph over the body of Hector, and all authors relate with wonder and almost regret the barbarous vengeance of the Scythian * Queen, whose comment upon the vanquished seems intended as an apology for the unheard of insult to which she exposed him; but it has been reserved for our time, and for a nation hitherto esteeming herself foremost in the ranks of civilisation, to violate the hallowed abodes of her fathers, to surrender voluntarily her long established claim to celebrity, and, by a species of national parricide, destroy her fair hereditary fame, and inflict upon herself a severer punishment than vengeance ever suggested to the inveterate hostility of the most cruel and barbarous nations.

But to proceed.—Instigated by a misplaced curiosity, or, as they have expressed it, "pressés de voir les restes d'un grand homme," they complaisantly commenced by attacking the tomb of the illustrious Turenne: his body was still undecayed and his features unaltered.

"See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust."

* Thomyris.

The novelty of such a sight awed even the ferocious violence of those savages, and they paused in silence to contemplate the placidity of that countenance, once so animated when it presented itself in battle, the herald of success: its re-appearance from the silence of the tomb, after so long an interval, led to a striking contrast between the present and the past, and carried a severe though tacit reproof into the breast of every spectator; for, act as we may, we cannot renounce our species—we still continue men under all our deformities, and there are times and places when and where the most abandoned amongst us will feel the pressure of the great natural chain by which we are indissolubly united. Such, surely, was that occasion; for what can possibly be conceived more appalling than an actual inspection of the poor remains of mortal existence drawn forth to light again after the lapse of ages, and yet still distinguishable amidst the usual oblivion of the tomb by the peculiar features of departed greatness. At the sight of Turenne the multitude desisted; but it was the dreadful pause that sometimes occurs in the midst of the tempest, whose angry ravings seem lulled for a moment but to add to the impetuous roar with which it rages the next; and they speedily resumed the work of destruction.

For eight months the remains of the greatest hero of his age were left unburied to satiate the curiosity of a barbarous rabble, who had only not involved them in a common destruction.

> " Mais que veut ce concours et ce peuple en furie?
> O forfait exécrable! O honte! O barbarie!
> Du vengeur de l'état, le repos est troublé,
> Ses honneurs sont détruits, son cerceuil violé."

They were afterwards conveyed to the Jardin des Plantes, the Musée, and finally to the Invalides, where they were deposited in 1799, by a decree of the directory, under the beautiful mausoleum that had formerly covered them, with an inscription at once suited to good taste and republican simplicity—no pompous paragraph fatigues by a tedious enumeration of his victories, his honours, or his military rank; but a simple marble tablet bears his name inscribed in letters of gold, after the manner of the Hindoos, who have thus commemorated their favourite emperor Acbur: nothing could have been more elegant or classical, or productive of a better effect. There is sometimes an eloquence in silence that surpasses the happiest combinations of language: the name of a hero is a talisman that intuitively strikes with the rapidity of lightning upon the minds of posterity.

The second tomb violated was that of Henry the Great.

"De Henry le corps est dévoilé."
"O prodige! la mort laisse à ce front livide
L'empreinte de la gloire et de la majestie:
Pour épargner ces traits le temps s'est arrêté;
Il osa le frapper, mais non pas le détruire."

He had equally escaped decay, and even his flesh seemed to enjoy immortality; but, much as he had been beloved, he could not escape indignity, and his inanimate form was supported in an upright position, that he might be more obnoxious to popular insult. A woman, advancing towards him, reproached him with the inexpiable crime of being a king, and giving him a blow, he fell to the ground.

"C'est lui; deux fois puni pour un regne si beau,
Vivant on l'assassine, on l'outrage au tombeau."

Oh mutable destiny of human greatness! Was this cruel insult wanting to complete the sufferings of the greatest and most amiable of kings? Were his latter hours haunted with a dreadful presentiment of what awaited him? or did the astrologers who foretold his death venture also to predict this? The depth of their art had scarcely led them to divine an occurrence so improbable, which would have required no com-

mon degree of boldness in the assertion, had any one been found sufficiently barbarous to have uttered it; but we may rest satisfied that he has escaped from it, else he had never lived to be assassinated. The slightest suggestion of what his remains would be exposed to from that people, for whom alone he valued existence, would have rent his generous heart, and at once extinguished the vital flame.

The soldiers did not join the populace in insulting the remains of Henry; but one of them, moved by an enthusiastic ardour, cut off his beard for a moustache, saying that it would in future conduct him to victory.

After an exposure of two days, his mortal remains were confounded in a common cemetery with the bones of his enemies, his children, and his ancestors; for, as each tomb,

> "The mansion of the sheeted dead,
> Stood tenantless,"

their contents were carried to a pit, in which they were confusedly heaped together.

I shall no longer delay, to relate the barbarous acts that marked the disclosure of each successive prince, statesman, or hero, as he happened to prove obnoxious to their mis-

placed enmity; we are already satiated with such scenes, and it is sufficient to know that they disturbed them all, from the last buried monarch, Louis XV. to Dagobert, the father of their long line of kings, a period of eleven hundred years! Many of them continued in a high degree of preservation, calculated to excite the research of the curious, and the bones of Dagobert still remained with the silk in which they had been enveloped; but the period of its destruction was at length arrived, and, however curious, venerable, or revered, it was destined to be merged in the common vortex of ruin. Thus it is that a single hour of anarchy is attended with more pernicious consequences than the lapse of centuries: it often attacks the most ancient privileges and most revered institutions, and assaults what even the rude hand of time venerated, and lingered for ages as if unwilling to destroy.

Amongst the valuables conveyed from St. Denis to the Convention was the head of their patron; on which they observed—"Un miracle fit voyager la tête du saint que nous vous apportons de Mont Martre à St. Denis. Un autre miracle plus grand, plus authentique, le miracle de la régénération des opinions vous ramène cette tête à Paris; une seule différence existe

dans cette translation; la sainte, dit la légende, baisait respectueusement la tête à chaque pose, et nous n'avons point été tenté de baiser cette rélique puante." Such were the sentiments and feelings of the Revolution.

After the opening of the monuments, the Abbey was deserted, and long continued a prey to the most frightful desolation. So it appeared in 1802, when visited by some of our countrymen. One has thus described it: "The Church stood stripped and profaned; the wind roared through the unglazed windows and murmured round the vaults; the rain dropped from the roof and deluged the pavement; the royal dead had been torn from the repositories of departed greatness, the bones of heroes made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarchs had been scattered to the winds; the clock alone remained in the tower, tolling every quarter, as if to measure the time permitted to the abomination of desolation, and to record each repeated act of sacrilege and impiety."

Such was its state till Imperial Buonaparte, after the expiration of his republican career, redeemed the fastly decaying ruin, as a worthy depository for the imperial dynasty. The royal vaults have been cleared and improved, and a splendid entrance made for the reception of the

dead; but Madame, not wishing to be indebted to him even after life, has thought proper to order another approach to be opened, at which they are now engaged.

By a curious whim, or rather, perhaps, with the politic intention of deceiving his subjects into a notion which he had of late adopted, Napoleon fitted up three subterranean chapels to the memory of the three first dynasties of France, where prayers were daily offered up for their souls, as though they had really been amongst the number of his ancestors. This farce was practised on many occasions, and his coronation robes were covered with bees, which had preceded the lily in decorating the early kings of France; for, amidst the gratification of such unparalleled self-exaltation, he was still forced to acknowledge the meanness of his origin, and would have willingly bartered his republican genealogy of the child of Fortune, begotten by Mars, to have proved himself the descendant of the least illustrious royal family in Europe.

Since the return of the Bourbons, the remains of the unfortunate Louis and his Queen have been carried to St. Denis with every possible solemnity: their progress was attended by the royal family even to the vault, where they have solemnly sealed them in, and intrusted the care

of them to the grand prior of the abbey. May they ever repose undisturbed in what we hope will be their final abode, till that awful day when we must all appear together! but, should such dreadful scenes ever recur, they will derive but little impunity from the protection of the abbot.

When I visited St. Denis, the workmen were busied in every part, endeavouring to efface the recollections of what it had suffered; its long and naked aisles seemed to deplore the loss of their monuments, that furniture so characteristic of its peculiar age and so interesting in detail, and a bright sun glared in at its lofty windows, instead of that "dim religious light" to which we are in such buildings accustomed; this made me feel sensibly the destruction of its fine stained glass, a loss I was the more inclined to deplore from a consciousness that it is irreparable. Dr. Johnson has observed that "to abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible." Never, perhaps, was there an occasion more likely "to withdraw us from the power of our senses," to make "the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present."

I traversed St. Denis filled with reflection; for I had never before been on the theatre

where such scenes had been exhibited, and I wondered to find myself walking over mounds heaped up with the ashes of sovereigns, as I conversed with one who had been espoused to a brother of Napoleon *. Here, too, he no longer predominated: the improvements he had ordered or the changes he projected were discontinued; they had ceased almost as soon as they had been begun: this superb mausoleum, destined to enclose the ashes of his posterity, was scarcely completed ere that memorable change in his fortune, which hurled him from an empire to a rock, where he still lingers, an exile and a captive, encompassed by a boundless expanse of the ocean. The erection of a depository for one's own ashes had ever appeared to me a singular act of presumption, an abortive effort to infringe upon the privilege of posterity; and, though the founder of the Pyramids has so entirely succeeded, the efforts of after tyrants have almost universally failed; so true is the reply of the philosopher to the Lydian king, that no man's happiness can be pronounced complete till he has concluded his mortal career, as none can divine the destiny that awaits him.

I could not avoid considering, as I viewed his

* Mad. Jerome Buonaparte.

cenotaph, what might be the probable termination of his extraordinary career—what quarter of the habitable globe might possess the tomb of him for whom the whole seemed too small, who had swayed over so much of Europe, attacked Asia, and appeared in Africa at the head of an army? In all human probability he is never again destined to appear upon the great theatre of public life; but his has been a career not regulated by probabilities, and one that sets conjecture at defiance.

When the illustrious Roman, who had been six times consul, and generally esteemed the first man in his country, after having wandered about a fugitive, was at length driven to seek an asylum near Carthage, the extremity of her conquests, he received an order from the prætor not to set foot upon her territory. Marius, so often victorious, viewed the messenger with mute astonishment, and seemed amazed in contemplating the vicissitudes of fortune, till at length, being asked what answer he made the prætor, "Go tell him," said he, "that you have seen Marius, an exile, sitting among the ruins of Carthage." If the veteran conqueror considered himself an example of misfortune, how are we to estimate the sufferings of Napoleon, whose overthrow has been the most sudden, tremen-

dous, and precipitate that any hero or potentate has ever experienced, converting him in a few hours and by a single engagement, from wielding the energies of an empire into "an abject thing," that owed a forfeit life to the mercy of his conquerors.

> "From morn
> To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
> A summer's day; and with the setting sun
> Dropp'd from the zenith like a falling star."

Never was contest maintained with such determination, for never till then had such a stake been risked on a single battle, and the victory was as complete as its results have been tremendous: such a termination was alone wanted to perfect the triumph of our army, and of him who had taught it to soar though overshadowed by the eagle flight of victory, and though we must deplore the numbers of the slain, yet we could scarcely have expected even on such terms to have achieved such a conquest, and must feel happy at its occurrence: our former career, although glorious, could be only considered auxiliary; we had rather followed than led in the great events of Europe; our Wellington had beaten the French, but they had not been led on by Napoleon, and Napoleon was gene-

rally considered more than a match for the world: his first overthrow had deprived the Spanish hero of the opportunity of encounter; and, however he or his army desired it, the voice of public opinion still continued to prefer his rival, who had so often succeeded that they thought him above comparison, and only to be shorn of his honours by actual defeat, and even the most sanguine were not entirely free from apprehension at the encounter of our troops with the leader of France; but that great day, on which England single handed engaged him, backed by the energies of his mighty empire, and, though hardly equal in numbers, in cavalry, and artillery, performed in a few hours the business of a campaign, and achieved such a victory as almost obliterated the remembrance of all her former successes, has determined the question for ever, has placed her army and her general in the true light, and marked her rank amongst the nations. Oh, may we ever remember how much we are individually indebted to the brave men who so gallantly acquitted themselves on that occasion!—May we always acknowledge the value of that species of nobility by which they are distinguished from their fellow citizens!—and, should we meet them in distress, may it prove the passport to our hearts!

"For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition,
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here."

But there is another respect in which this battle was of nearly as much consequence as in its political results; in regulating the opinions of men, which had strangely wandered on this subject. Many well meaning persons, astonished by the great achievements and so long uninterrupted success of Napoleon, had given him credit for preternatural agency, and fancied him a chosen instrument, foretold in holy writ, whom it was vain to oppose. Nothing could have tended more completely to ensure success than the dissemination of so dangerous a doctrine, and it is happy for mankind and for posterity that they received a timely check, and that his overthrow should be as signal and notorious as his conquests—a result we might have anticipated from the analogy of history. Had Buonaparte continued to his death in the peaceful enjoyment of sovereignty, or had he descended to the tomb without experiencing the vicissitudes of fortune, the moral had been wanting, and future tyrants, emulous of his impunity, had yet risen to afflict mankind.

It is reported that Scipio having met Hannibal at Ephesus, asked him "Who do you think the first of generals?" Hannibal immediately declared for Alexander: "And who do you consider deserving of the second place?" continued the Roman: "Pyrrhus," replied the other. Scipio, thus twice mortified, went on: "And who do you place next to those?" Hannibal named himself. "Where then," said Scipio, with a smile, "would you have placed yourself if you had conquered me?" to which the Carthagenian immediately said "Above Alexander." Were Napoleon to express sincerely his opinion, there is little doubt but that it would be equally favourable to "that rash young man" of whom he ventured after the battle of Talavera to foretell the immediate destruction.

Nothing can exceed the desolation of the naked aisles of St. Denis: there does not remain a vestige of its tombs which could remind the future traveller that they had ever been there.

"Helas! que reste-t-il de tous ses monumens,
Consacrés par les arts et respectés par les ans?
Turenne, Duguesclin, vos ombres désolées
Désertent en pleurant ces pompeaux mausolées;
Et vos rois exhumés par la main des bourreaux,
Sont descendu deux fois dans la nuit des tombeaux."

The abbey is ornamented by two towers of different elevations; in its exterior structure there are irregularities which forcibly attracted the notice of Peter the Great, whose observant glance was equally practised in detecting the small deviations from mechanical accuracy, and in seizing upon the more prominent errors that occasionally present themselves in the array of an hostile army; few characters in history are better entitled to our admiration than the northern sovereign, and none seem to possess a juster claim to the appellation of Great.

Alfred and Charlemagne were early distinguished as brilliant lights illuminating the obscurity of the dark period in which they flourished, and posterity has revered their memories; but we can scarcely help thinking their appearance premature, and regretting that it was not their good fortune to have been reserved for an era when their merits and their talents might have been more justly appreciated. Henry the Fourth and Elizabeth swayed their respective sceptres with renown; but they only encouraged the arts and civilisation which had already appeared amongst their subjects, and were foremost in giving the bent to so laudable an inclination. Peter went beyond this; at his accession, he viewed with sorrow

the abject condition of his country, and immediately began to inspire them with a taste for the improvements and the changes which he meditated; and never had mortal legislator been so fortunate in witnessing the speedy aggrandizement of his empire, the full completion of those vast projects that seemed to demand a lapse of ages for their developement, and in a few years placing a distant, a semi-barbarous people within the rank of European states, and the confines of civilisation. With what real satisfaction we must behold the youthful warrior renouncing the career of arms and the attractions of victory, and resigning, for a time, the sceptre, that he might learn to sway it with more becoming dignity; for he had formed for himself an idea of sovereignty beyond what the brightest examples of history afforded, and by persisting in his career with undeviating steadiness, he at length became so far advanced on the way towards perfection, that, not content with judging of the world from the prejudices of his inferiors, whose accounts might be warped by interest or garbled by flattery; he determined to observe it himself, to scrutinize it with his own eye, and descending from the eminence on which he was placed, commence a more

familiar acquaintance with mankind. Actively engaged in this pursuit, he successively visited almost every country in Europe, not at the head of an army that marked its progress with desolation, nor accompanied by a long and useless train of attendants proclaiming his rank and demanding the ceremonies due to royalty, nor did he consume the valuable hours he had borrowed from his country in unproductive revelry, but devoted them (often at the sacrifice of his personal comfort) to strenuous exertion: seldom the guest of royalty, or the inmate of a palace, he was ever to be found in the laboratory, the workshop, or the arsenal, the companion, and frequently the pupil, of the mechanic and the artist; his great mind seemed calculated to embrace every object, and he could turn with astonishing versatility from the exercise of labour and the practice of art, to pursue the theory of politics and the science of legislation; he had actually served an apprenticeship to most useful trades, and he returned home laden with a store of information, from whose abundance he could supply the deficiences of his subjects. We have heard that adversity is the school of princes, and that the cradle of greatness is rocked by misfortune; but does history afford a single ex-

ample of any monarch driven, by his adverse circumstances, to such wonderful exertion as Peter displayed from choice? Surely, if his temper was occasionally violent, and his homely manners wanted the elegant polish of Louis the Fourteenth, we are not, on that account, to withhold from him his well earned meed of approbation, but rather lightly to excuse a deficiency in what he had scarcely sufficient leisure to attend to. O, that future princes would justly appreciate so useful an example, whose illustrious achievements surpassed those of an hundred conquerors, and whose fame will long survive in the grateful recollection of posterity, for one useful discovery is worth an age of victory! The luxury and the conquests of Lucullus have scarcely outlived the period that produced them, whilst the cherry tree, which he first introduced into Europe, has been since propagated in all lands, carrying with it an indelible memorial of him to ages yet unborn.

Having examined the place formerly appropriated to the tombs of the French monarchs, and still containing their ashes, let us visit the monuments themselves in their new abode, where they have found refuge from the persecutions of Vandalism, to which they were so long exposed.

Amongst the many new and surprising attractions which are to be met with in modern Paris, the Museum of French Monuments is, perhaps, the most extraordinary, being in its kind unique, and indebted for its origin to a coincidence of circumstances unprecedented in any other country; these are not the insignia of victory wrung from the grasp of conquered nations, but the triumphs of taste and science, and temper, over the barbarous violence of unrestrained anarchy.

The reader is aware that, shortly after the dehumations at St. Denis, where the people were busied in obliterating the emblems of the feudal system, and when the violence of their feelings had scarcely yet subsided, a committee, of which Rochefoucauld was president, fixed on a number of artists to select such monuments as they were anxious to preserve, and Alexander Lenoir was appointed director of this institution, to whose taste, skill, and indefatigable exertion France is indebted for the preservation of the invaluable records of her antiquity, and the establishment of one of the most interesting museums in the world. A true son of science, he pursued her with indefatigable exertion, and often with no small degree of personal risk, in the midst of intestine commotion, and lost no

opportunity of contributing to her advancement and the welfare of his country; not like David, who had forgotten nature in the exercise of art, and after being conspicuous for the infamy of his political career, had voluntarily exposed himself to witness the extremity of human suffering, that he might thereby arouse the dormant feelings of his frigid imagination; but in the genuine spirit of the Sicilian philosopher, who pursued his calculations undisturbed amidst the bustle of a siege and the horrors of war.

Speaking of his undertaking, Lenoir observes, "O douleur! ces chefs d'œuvre des arts avaient déjà éprouvé la fureur des barbares. Ainsi, par un système désorganisateur, l'on voyait le chardon prendre la place du laurier et couronner Charlemagne et Du Guesclin. J'en ai recueilli les restes précieux que je puis restaurer. Heureux si je puis faire oublier à la postérité ces destructions de l'ignorance." The timely interference of those employed had saved many valuable monuments, not only from St. Denis, but from several other parts of the kingdom; but there still appeared to be no inconsiderable difficulty in their arrangement, and in finding a situation where they might be disposed of to advantage; it occurred to Lenoir that so complete a series, from the earliest period, might be con-

verted into something more than a mere object of curiosity or national interest, and that by disposing of them historically and chronologically, in separate compartments, according to the particular age of their production, they would form a museum highly illustrative of the art of sculpture, and the various changes it had undergone during the long period they so faithfully recorded; this design having been approved by the Convention, they granted him the convent of the Augustins, where, with the assistance of the garden, he has restored the Westminster of France, and formed one of the most interesting collections in the world.

I had anxiously wished for an opportunity of visiting this museum; but the gratification of my desire was accompanied by a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret; the contemplation of a rustic churchyard is not a pleasing one, that of the tombs of the illustrious dead is still less so; but if they have been subjected to the vicissitudes of those of France, it is indeed humiliating. We no longer see them filling the lofty aisle in which they were constructed, nor answering the purpose of their original destination; but having lost, by removal, a large portion of their interest, and being crowded together in a mean building, resembling a cloister, where

they are only noticed for their intrinsic merits; they remind us of a set of specimens that have been carefully collected in a cabinet of curiosities; yet after what they have encountered, we should rest satisfied that they have in any shape descended to us, and must admire the taste and talent of an arrangement which no longer admits of their original confusion (where a tomb of yesterday was placed beside one erected many ages ago); but, by leading us through an uninterrupted series, from their earliest commencement to the present hour, brings us acquainted with every variety and successive improvement they have undergone. How fortunate it is when science follows in the track of war, and strews the furrows of havoc with the seeds of information, as the ashes of Corinth contributed to commemorate the arts

Passing through the porte cocher which conducts you to the abbey, you are first admitted into a large apartment or antichamber, where you are presented with an assemblage of monuments of different periods, methodically arranged, so as to prepare you for the different

* Some authors assert that the numerous golden, silver, and brazen statues, being melted during the conflagration of the city, ran together into one mass, which taught the composition of bronze so useful in statuary.

ages through which you are to travel; the effect on entering this place is curious, you are left undistracted by the beauties or proportions of architecture, to observe at full leisure a greater collection of sculpture than has ever before presented itself at a single glance, grouped together in a new and fanciful manner, and exhibiting every possible variety of taste, and style, and execution, from the altars of Tiberius to the age of Louis the Fifteenth, no inconsiderable portion of the period that history is employed upon. To detail all the interesting objects which here present themselves has filled a volume; but to pass unnoticed the tombs of some, whose names have been long familiarized to us, and with whom we feel all the intimacy of early friendship, would be impossible; I shall, therefore, occasionally observe upon them as they present themselves to my view in passing by, the long series of which they form a part.

By a curious and fanciful arrangement, the light of the different apartments is regulated according to the period they relate to, and the different decorations equally accord; stained glass of the time admits a sombre ray to illumine the mosaic ornaments of the fourteenth century, and a gloomy subterranean abode repre-

sents the darkness of the middle ages; in this are deposited the tombs of the first race of their kings, from Clovis to Charles Martel; amongst them are those of Chilperic, Childebert, and Fredegonde, who have escaped the injuries of twelve hundred years; and Charlemagne, buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, appears, sword in hand, in a menacing posture, as still legislating for the world. Millot has observed that, " whether nature produces few illustrious persons, or that the glory or fortune of the father corrupts and effeminates the sons, it is rare to find, in the same house, an uninterrupted succession of great men." However, after Pepin, Charles Martel, and Pepin Le Bref, came Charlemagne, the longest continuance of greatness recorded in history, almost verifying the Horatian maxim, " Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis."

What an age of reflection does the sight of those tombs present to us, strongly marked by the infant efforts of art, as she struggled for emancipation from the oblivion of that early period, so far distant, that even its history is involved in fable! how vast the change that has taken place upon our globe since then! what myriads of its inhabitants have successively begun and ceased to be! how great has been the progress of science and the advancement of human

knowledge! how many dynasties and even nations have passed away! how interesting, in every respect, must be the actual contact with anything that belonged to one of our species so many hundred years ago!

These monuments retain much of their original rudeness, amidst the indelible impressions made by the hand of time, and are still in wonderful preservation, if we consider the remoteness of their origin; I should think they are more perfect than those of Glastonbury and Old Sarum, the oldest amongst us, and which are at present deposited in the Cathedrals of Wells and Salisbury, and, dating their origin from an earlier period, are little inferior in execution.

These tombs may afford little attraction to the casual observer; but to the man of science and the antiquarian, they are replete with information, and prove the most authentic and valuable documents of the manners and customs of other times, in those minute matters, in which history has either disdained or forgotten to be communicative; so we must consider them the faithful models of the fashions of their respective eras, in times when more attention was paid to them even than at present, in which the slightest peculiarity of costume is to be noticed, and every change of position has its meaning; a crossing

of the legs denotes the remarkable distinction of having fought at the Crusades, and other warriors are represented helmed, or with their heads uncovered, as they have been slain in the field or died of the wounds received in battle; a species of hieroglyphic more indelible than any inscription, and more generally intelligible than the character of any particular language.

The tombs of the first race of kings from Clovis, consisted merely of two large stones fastened together, without either figure or epitaph; lest they should awaken the barbarous rapacity of those times, their magnificence was placed within with the name of the owner. We are indebted to the piety of Louis the Ninth for most of those of his predecessors, removed from St. Denis, which were but cenotaphs, and have no higher claim to antiquity than the period in which he lived. It was not until the second race that epitaphs were placed upon the tombs of their kings.

Charlemagne* was buried in a sitting posture; his body, after having been embalmed, was placed in a vault, seated upon a throne of gold, clad in his imperial habits, over a covering

* St. Foix.

of hair cloth; his head was adorned with a chain of gold representing a diadem, he carried a globe in one hand and in the other a Bible, his buckler was suspended before him, and he had girt upon him his joyeuse, the name of his sword, for in those days the swords of heroes underwent a species of baptism, yet which sacrament seemed as yet hardly understood by their barbarous and almost heathen possessors.

> Sir Lukyn then he thus bespoke,
> Sir knight thou hast been faithful tryde,
> Nowe take my sword Excelibar
> That hung so freely by my syde.

The weapons of Arthur were dignified in this way; his shield and lance had their particular appellations, and his sword, caliburn, was a favourite theme of the early romances, and is said to have been presented*, in 1191, by Cœur de Lion to Tankred, king of Sicily.

In the hall of the thirteenth century, are to be seen the tombs of St. Louis and his son Philip le Hardi, who having brought home his father's remains from Tunis, carried them barefoot, on his shoulders, to St. Denis; wherever he rested towers were erected to record his piety, like the

* Rapin.

crosses raised in England by our first Edward, on the places that had been covered by the remains of his beloved Eleanor; these towers were destroyed during the revolution.

The custom of persons of rank assisting in performing the funeral rites, seems at that time to have been usual; and St. Foix says, "that at the death of a son of St. Louis, the greatest lords carried the bier, and even Henry the Third of England performed that humiliating office, as feudatory of the crown." The first efforts of the art of staining glass are used to ornament this hall, with two fragments of mosaic pavements, executed in the eleventh century. The tombs mark the successive changes of costume, and the shaving of the beard, which was first adopted by Louis le Gros as a penance, from the example of our first Henry, and not afterwards revived till the time of Francis the First.

The next apartment, that of the fourteenth century, presents a visible improvement in the art. The Crusades had given birth to a general diffusion of knowledge, and led to the introduction of the light and elegant architecture of Arabia into the north. The chapel of Charles the Wise is a model of this style in its greatest purity, and having been preserved entire, gives it, in my opinion, a superiority to the others; it

contains several monuments that are constructed in perfect unison, and bear illustrious names which we have long learned to venerate. Twenty-two fully armed knights of the natural size fill as many niches, ornamented with inlaid designs in mosaic, relieved with various colours; the whole has a rich and highly finished appearance, and our admiration is divided between the interesting and well executed costumes of the monuments below, and the elegant and highly ornamental gothic architecture above, both recalling us to a period sufficiently remote to excite our warmest interest, yet charming us with a perfection of preservation and brightness of colour, as though they had been the work of yesterday.

Here are the tombs of an uninterrupted series of monarchs, from Philip le Bel to Charles the Wise; of John who died in London a prisoner from Poictiers, and Charles of Alençon who fell at Cresсy; of the famous Du Guesclin, the prime support of his country whilst living, and when dead, received, by his grateful sovereign, amongst the tombs of kings; it had been the fortune of Du Guesclin to oppose our sable warrior, and the English, after his death, showed their consideration for one so honoured: he died during the siege of Chateau Neuf in

Auvergne, having previously reduced the garrison to agree to surrender, if not relieved, at a stated time; when that period had elapsed, the governor, far from taking advantage of the hero's death, came forth to throw himself at the feet of his dead body, and laid the keys of the town upon the bier; he died recommending his followers the practice of mercy, and never to make war upon old men, women, or children: the most celebrated generals who had served under him, refused to carry the sword of Constable, thinking themselves unworthy to succeed so great a hero. How pleasing would the task of history become were it often permitted to record such instances of magnanimity. Sancerre, the friend of Guesclin, lies entombed beside him; he was remarkable for his fine hair, and at his dehumation, it was found to have continued, together with his visage, unaltered by the tomb.

Καὶ νεκυς ὢν καλός εστι, καλὸς νέκυς οἷα καθεύδων.

Βιον.

In the hall of the fifteenth century, we perceive a great change of style; it commences with the tombs of Louis of Orleans, the father of Dunois, who was murdered at Paris, by the Duke of Burgundy, and revenged by Tannegui de Chastel, who is also buried here. Charles the

Sixth, into whose hand cards have been introduced by Lenoir, to mark the period of their invention; we could not but deplore the malady that had given birth to so frivolous an amusement, attended with such lasting injury to mankind. Near him lies Peter, son of Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, remarkable for the frightful death he accidentally experienced from fire having been communicated to the linen steeped in brandy, in which he had been enclosed by order of his physician; the horrors of such a death exceed the cruelties of the most practised tyrants, and are too dreadful even in thought. Near him is a very beautiful plaster cast, after an ancient painting, of one who most undeservedly suffered the agonies of the stake, and whose name can never be heard, by an Englishman, without sincere regret; whilst, to the French, it still appears a signal of hostility: La Pucelle is represented holding in her hand a naked sword, a hat and feather surmounts her flowing locks, which descend to her shoulders, and her air, though martial, is interesting and very lovely. I could not help being attracted by this cast, though it possessed not the merit of being genuine, and there was even little reason for placing implicit reliance upon its authenticity; for how could we suppose an artist so

faithful as to represent otherwise than handsome one who must ever appear so in the grateful recollection of her countrymen, endeared by her magnanimity and her misfortunes.

> "Jeanne montra sous féminin visage,
> Sous le corset, et sous le cotillon
> D'un vrai Roland, le vigoreux courage."

But, much as we admire her courage in the field, we are still more inclined to give her credit for the undaunted fortitude with which she endured her dreadful sufferings, deserted by her friends and surrounded by barbarous enemies.

> "Après sa chute encore plus formidable,
> Brave en mourant le nombre qui l'accable."

The bust of La Pucelle has been placed near the broken statue of Charles VII. as that of Du Guesclin was by the tomb of Charles the Wise: it is fit that those who have stood by their princes in battle, and upheld their thrones, should meet with every mark of favour after the termination of their glorious career.

Near the tomb of her husband, is the bust, in white marble, of Mary of Anjou, which alone remains of her broken statue. I could not help recollecting her fate, which has been similar to that of many other Queens of France, who,

though accomplished and amiable, have been usually neglected, and seldom even shared the influence of the favourite mistress: whether this is attributable to national gallantry and peculiar habits, or has been the result of mere accident, I cannot pretend to determine; but the mistress has there been frequently elevated above her sovereign, taken a much greater lead in political matters, and, what seems most extraordinary, often lived on good terms with her rival, in a way that in other countries would have been quite incomprehensible. Mary seems to have set the example of submission, and to have endured with admirable patience the neglect of her husband, as love or war alternately proved the cause of his inconstancy, and induced him to prefer the superior attractions of either of the extraordinary women who by such opposite means equally contributed to the glory of their country: La Pucelle, a perfect Amazon, by pointing out the path to victory, and boldly accompanying him into the front of battle; Agnes, by no less successfully employing the softer hours of pleasure in teaching him the necessity of exertion and of delivering his kingdom from a foreign yoke, in a way that has endeared her to all future Frenchmen, and called forth an elegant tribute to her memory from the pen of

Francis I. who himself filled so distinguished a place amongst princes.

> "Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu mérite,
> La cause étant la France récouvrer,
> Que ce qui peût dans un cloître ouvrer
> Clause Nonain, ou bien dévote hermite."

Agnes possessed such power over Charles that an absence of five years had not in the slightest degree diminished it, and she returned to Paris at the express request of the Queen, who endeavoured to ingratiate herself with her husband by such rare compliance. She has been much celebrated for personal charms, and was made by Charles, with singular felicity, lady of Beauté sur Marne. The immortal Nelson had the pleasure of receiving a title equally appropriate, being created by his Sicilian Majesty Duke of Bronté, which in the Greek language signifies thunder.

The memory of Agnes was long deservedly venerated from a sense of her generous use of power; for how truly commendable are they who, having obtained an easy access to the royal ear through some of those weaknesses to which our nature is subject, forget from that moment their private interests, and suggest only such ideas as are becoming sovereignty, and such acts as may contribute to national advantage.

The hall of the sixteenth century is very dif-

ferent from those that have preceded it, and exhibits striking examples of the vast improvements in the arts, which occurred so rapidly during that bright period.

The numerous and splendid mausolea of the illustrious dead seem to have attained a degree of perfection that has entitled them to the admiration of posterity: such a series is properly commenced by the tomb of Comines, the faithful recorder of their great actions, to whom and his successors I must refer for a farther account of them. The monuments in this period are so beautiful and so interesting that they are almost individually deserving of attention; but, even were I capable of describing them, the task of perusal would be too tedious to impose upon any one, unless they had already seen them: I shall therefore confine myself to a few, by which I have been most attracted. That of Louis the Twelfth and his Queen are represented as they appeared after death, with frightful fidelity; the mark of the embalming knife is upon them, and their features present but too true a picture of

> "The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of sorrow and distress."

Francis the First and his Queen have been described in the same manner; his counte-

nance is marked with the sufferings of his unworthy death, and cannot fail to inspire horror in the spectator.

These monuments, though magnificent and elegant in execution, are most disgusting; and the remembrance of the great names inscribed upon them serves only to remind us the more forcibly of the common lot from which neither virtues, however eminent, nor rank, however exalted, can for a moment protect us.—"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet the grief of parents upon a tomb stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions and disputes of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some that died six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

A very highly ornamented and beautiful urn is still preserved, which once contained the heart of Francis the First, that heart so pregnant with the noblest feelings that became a monarch and a man, and whose worthy dictates, with those of Louis the Twelfth, will long be remembered as equaling the boasted greatness of antiquity.

From the tomb of the Valois, we have the figures of Henry the Second and Catherine de Medicis in their royal robes, elegantly expressed in white marble, whilst twelve columns of blue Turkey marble support a magnificent canopy. A single block of white marble has been moulded into three elegant female figures representing the Graces. This is considered the chef d'œuvre of German Pilon, and it is so attractive that the most superficial observer can hardly pass it unnoticed, and pleasing as the reality of what it so adequately describes: the ancients usually represented them naked; for, said they, "true grace exists by itself, without borrowing any exterior ornament."

A superb tomb was erected to Diana of Poictiers, in which, by a strange fancy, she has been represented in the huntress dress of the goddess whose name she so unfortunately bore, and with a crescent on her brow. This monument has been formed out of the splendid remnants of art

that have been found at Anet, the place of her abode. She was another of the celebrated women whose charms subdued royalty, and, if we may credit her historians, or rather her lovers, it was not without reason that they did so; for they all agree in representing her as the most lovely woman of her age, and as retaining her charms to a very advanced period. She had been married at fourteen to Maulevrier, the grandson of Agnes Soreille: her father, John of Poictiers, was condemned to die for having conspired with Bourbon against Francis the First, and he is said to have suffered so much from fear that he turned gray in twelve hours; but the intercession of his beautiful daughter, then twenty-five, was too powerful to be resisted by the amorous monarch, who, being neither a Cyrus nor a Scipio, is supposed not to have been quite disinterested in granting her request; but this is by no means determined, and, unlike the noble sentiment of that great king, who often said that "La plus grande partie de la magnanimité est de pardonner, et la plus grande marque de la pusillanimité et de vileté de cœur, est la vengeance."

Diana was forty years old when she became the favourite of Henry, and retained her influence undiminished till his death, though then

upwards of sixty. Brantome, who saw her shortly previous to her death, says that "she still continued so beautiful that he knew not any heart of adamant that would not have been moved at the sight of her;" and, after describing her with the warmth of a youthful poet, he exclaims "what a pity that earth should cover so beautiful a woman." She, too, had the interest of her country at heart, and made a humane use of her power, which induced him to declare that "the French should pray that every favourite might resemble this amiable frail one;" which any who have observed their influence must acquiesce in; for the French history affords no example of a Timour who could alone wield the energies of a mighty empire, unaided by minister, favourite, or mistress.

Amongst the tombs of this age is one to the memory of Gougeon, the sculptor, who was shot during the St. Barthélémi, as he laboured at the Louvre. He had obtained the title of the French Phidias, but the inexpiable crime of being a Calvinist could not be forgiven even to the offspring of genius, who was actually engaged in adorning by his taste the palace of the wretched fanatic who connived at his destruction, the monument is formed from a design of Le Noir to commemorate this tragic event.

A long series of illustrious names here present themselves, amongst which we find those of L'Isle-Adam, Chabot, Gondi, Villeroi, and, certainly not least, Montmorency, le premier baron crétien, who died on the field of battle at St. Denis, in 1567: he is represented on his tomb in full armour, and with his helmet on, to mark the termination of his long and illustrious career; whilst Chabot is placed in an upright posture, with his head uncovered. A friar having exhorted the aged constable to employ the few moments he had to live in prayer: "Dost thou think," said he, "that I have lived upwards of eighty years without having learned to die* in a single quarter of an hour†?" The historian De Thou is also here.

I sought anxiously amongst this august assemblage for some record of one of the brightest names that history can boast of, which belonged to this age; but whether his countrymen had originally neglected to commemorate him, or subsequently destroyed his monument, I in vain endeavoured to discover any traces of Bayard. Surely Lenoir, who has usually paid a becoming

* Τεθναμεναι γαρ καλον ενι προμαχοισι πεσοντα
Ανδ' αγαθον, περι ἡ πατριδι μαρναμενον.
TYRTEUS.

† Davila.

tribute to greatness, should not have forgotten the claims of one so illustrious, who would not have bartered his dying agonies for the tarnished laurels of Bourbon, and whose remains were received by the Duke of Savoy with royal honours; for he was slain in Italy in attempting to retreat from the Milanese, where he sustained the whole force of the hostile attack.

"Tous les objets sacrés de mon culte suprême,
Dieu, la fame, l'honneur, l'amitié, l'amour même,
De Milan vers ces lieux ont fait voler Bayard."

Though he had never arrived at a chief command, he was always appointed to the post of danger; for his comrades knew well how to appreciate him. They named him "the knight without fear and without reproach," and his punctilious sense of honour had made him more than an adequate representation of the beau ideal of the ancient chivalry.

"Conservez ma dévise, elle est chère à mon cœur,
Elle a dans mes combats soutenu ma vaillance,
Elle a conduit mes pas et fait mon espérance;
Les mots en sont sacrés, c'est l'amour et l'honneur."

It has been justly observed that history, however diversified, is in the leading features still the same, and can be considered little else than a catalogue of cruelties, originating in the worst

motives, and revolting to human nature: we are tired by the reiteration of crime and the repetition of combats, and deprecate the ambition that has led to the destruction of millions and the ruin of empires; but we occasionally meet with characters in doing justice to whose merits she appears to have borrowed the gorgeous garb of fiction, and risen on rapid wings into the brightest regions of fancy. Each nation boasts her statesmen and her heroes: they are indigenous in every climate, and thrive in every soil; but history cannot produce another Sidney or Bayard: the former owe their fame to a chain of fortuitous circumstances, which have contributed to render them illustrious; the latter would have been so in defiance of fortune, and risen on the immovable basis of their own intrinsic excellence.

The hall of the seventeenth century contains the beautiful tombs of Richelieu and Mazarin. The former is considered the chef d'œuvre of the collection; it is very fine; and, I think, almost superior to any in Westminster Abbey. The names of Condé and Colbert appear amongst those of the later kings, and of that bright constellation of wits who at this period illumined their country. The contemplation of the latter

is a pleasing one; for, whilst we mourn over the sad lot of man which dooms his most stable works, as well as his body, to decay; we must rejoice that the productions of genius, like their parent the soul, are immortal, and transmit their author with undiminished lustre to the latest posterity, and a fame beyond the limits and duration of empires. The tombs of Le Brun and his mother are also amongst the best.

Amongst the numerous monuments of the eighteenth century, and the vast concourse of men of science, statesmen, philosophers, wits, poets, and heroes, we find a sepulchral urn, which afforded a temporary abode to the remains of Turenne after their dehumation, till they were removed to the Invalides; it bears this simple inscription of Lenoir's. "Passant, va dire aux enfans de Mars que Turenne est dans ce tombeau." One of the most remarkable in execution is, that of the Curé of St. Sulpice. Busts and bronze statues of Louis the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth, occur throughout this series; and amongst them is the left foot of the colossal statue of Louis the Fourteenth, that once ornamented the Place Vendôme; the pillar to the grand army as much excels it as the victories of him who raised it surpassed those

of the "immortal man;" but still enough remains to convince us of the merits of the execution, and the greatness of its proportion, "ex pede herculem."

Amongst the busts is a beautiful one representing La Belle Gabrielle, whose charms had such power over Henry the Great, that he was about to divorce his wife for the purpose of marrying her, had not she been snatched away from him by sudden death, in a manner that made her loss the more irreparable.

Sully, the model of faithful servants and of illustrious statesmen, with whose greatness and merits we are already familiarised, is also here. After having passed through the various and well arranged divisions of this most interesting museum, in which we have had our memories successively awakened by the record of departed worth.

> Matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita,
> Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ.

We arrive at the elysium or garden, consisting of several acres, where amongst firs, cypresses, and poplars, are distributed the tombs of poets, wits, and philosophers of later times, with some others that have not been previously

included in the collection; the principal tomb amongst these, and the only one that has not become a cenotaph, is that of Abelard and Eloise; here a common urn contains their mingled ashes as they were first deposited, though they were subsequently separated, and continued so for upwards of three hundred years; the original destination of the paraclete witnessed their reunion, and there they continued to repose till its destruction at the revolution, when Lenoir, too sensible of the value of such a relic, availed himself of the occasion to add it to the collection, where it exhibits their remains with a constancy that not unfitly represents their original and lasting attachment.

Whether it be that humble individuals are more deserving of compassion, or that the misfortunes of lovers excite a more universal commiseration, this tomb is an object of much greater interest than any other; crowds of persons of all descriptions, who pass unheeded by sovereigns, wits, statesmen, and heroes, pause instinctively before that of Abelard, age points it out to youth, and there is not a female of any period of life who does not seem to commiserate the unhappy lovers, and ready to exclaim

Oh! may we never love as these have loved!

As there is not any particular beauty of sculpture or excellence of workmanship in these figures, we must attribute the interest they excite, altogether to association; had this been the case in England, where Pope has so beautifully consecrated their story, in language that will ever be enshrined in the recollection of posterity, I should not have wondered; but I felt some surprise at finding it a matter of such interest in France.

I have now given a sufficiently full account of this extraordinary place, and of the various and most striking features of which it is composed; perhaps it will be thought I have dwelt much too long upon it, but it seemed to me an assemblage of my earliest acquaintance, from which I could not depart without having first paid my respects to each: shortly previous to my visit to Paris, I had been at Westminster, and I have seen it again since my return, which has afforded me a fair opportunity of comparing it with the museum of Lenoir; the general effect of the Abbey, where all preserves its original situation, and each tomb still occupies the exact spot that had been chosen for it at the period of its erection, relieved by the beauties of architecture, makes us prefer the coup d'œil of Westminster;

but in superior execution and the truer taste of each monument, the Musée has, with a few striking exceptions, the advantage; here are no generals and admirals in flowing periwigs descending over their armour, and I am sorry to be obliged to add, that the French tombs have in general suffered less from the vandals of the revolution, than those of the Abbey from the Westminster boys. When last I saw the Abbey, nothing particular had occurred to increase the habitual awe with which we approach the depository of departed greatness, nor was the last sad addition made to the tombs of our princes; the hopes of the nation were high, a happy marriage had exhibited every virtue of private life in the most exalted station, and the wise and amiable conduct of those, who were likely to become our future rulers, afforded us a pleasing earnest for posterity; but to him who alone directs the ways of man, it seemed otherwise, and it has pleased him to afflict us with one of the heaviest national calamities that any people have ever been visited with!

Purpureus veluti cùm flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassóve papavera collo
Demisêre caput, pluviâ cùm fortè gravantur.

VIRG.

Like a fair flower by the keen share oppressed,
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain,

And which has been so elegantly imitated by Ariosto.

Come purpureo fior languendo more
Qual vomere al passar tagliato lasso.

No monument has as yet been raised to her, nor does she need it; her memory will be ever enshrined in the grateful recollection of the people, and her loss long continue to be deplored as at its first occurrence, and as though she were the near relative of each individual in the country. "Daughter of Colla, thou art low, silence is at the blue streams of Selama, for Truthil's race have failed: when wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? thy sleep is long in the tomb, and thy morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed, and say, 'awake, Darthula, awake, thou first of women.'—Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! the steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave; but thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! Soon hast thou set, Malvina, daughter of generous Toscar. Desolate

is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers." OSSIAN.

The people of England have often had to deplore the loss of their princes; but on no former occasion have their feelings been equally excited or the hopes so cruelly blasted. Prince William, the son of our first Henry, was a youth of promise, and his untimely end, occasioned by his humanity, excites our commiseration; but his era is too remote to warm us into any very great degree of interest; the sable warrior must indeed be regretted, but his brightest achievements were perhaps performed, and though not yet arrived at the throne, he had attained an age beyond that of many of our kings. Prince Arthur recalled the illustrious achievements of his great namesake, and the juncture seemed favourable for the re-establishment of peace. Henry, son of James the First, was a youth of greater hopes than any, and his loss was long deplored from the mischiefs that befell his successor; but they all fade into insignificance when compared with our recent misfortune, the heaviest with which any people, ancient or modern, have been afflicted, and the most disastrous occurrence that blackens the page of history; her youthful partner seemed to have

deeply felt her irreparable loss, and to have given full proof, if any such were needed, of the sincerity of his attachment; his grief appeared to have almost exceeded the limits of human suffering, and to have rivaled the finest conceptions of poetry,

"Rapta graviter pro Conjuge sævit,"

but alas!

"Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra."

If there are any who are not already quite tired of the dead, and can bear with me a little longer, I shall conduct them to the modern burying grounds of the Parisians, which are objects of very considerable interest, and, by an excellent regulation, are obliged to be placed without the town, so that Paris is much less unwholesome than many other great cities in colder climates. The odious custom of burying near places of worship, and amongst the abodes of the living, was adopted by the early Christians, that the contemplation of death might be ever present to their imaginations: the wiser ancients consumed the remains of the dead, and deposited their urns in retired situations, where they might sometimes indulge in occasional contemplation;

thus every celebrated city had also its necropolis, which varied in circumstances and situation according to the country and era to which it belonged. The Romans were the first people who neglected this excellent custom, and they placed their tombs along the high roads leading from their city. The melancholy appearance of the Appian way, and its striking effect upon the approaching stranger, have been often mentioned; but we may doubt if its advantages were not more than counterbalanced by the insalubrious and disagreeable environ which seemed to present an insuperable barrier to the increasing greatness of the city: these tombs were removed by Mæcenas, and the poet remarks upon it,

> " Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
> Aggere in aprico spatiâri, quo modo tristes
> Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum."

However, this was even superior to the dangerous habit of Christian burial, which was first suppressed in France, in the year 1788, by a general removal of the dead to the Catacombs, and a decree that in future no person should be buried within the city. Although most unwilling to countenance any wanton violation of the sa-

cred silence of the tomb, we cannot but approve of a change adopted for the advantage of the living, and so deserving of the general imitation of mankind.

There are three burying places in the neighbourhood of Paris; that of Père la Chaise, of which I shall speak, is the most celebrated; it is situated in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, on an eminence which is a continuation of Mont Martre, and derives its name from the famous confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, who received a grant of it from that monarch for a country seat and park; the entrance is through a gateway into an apparently confined space, resembling a stone cutter's yard, which gradually expanding, leads by an easy ascent to the top of the hill; this was, during the siege of Paris, a post of some consequence, and the perforations made for the artillery in the surrounding walls are still visible. The prospect from this eminence is, in my opinion, the most pleasing about Paris, being even superior to that from Mont Martre, and exhibiting the city to greater advantage. The place itself is very interesting, and as it is at present the most fashionable burying ground of the city, you here meet with many names that are familiar, though not sufficiently celebrated to

claim the notice of history, which recommends it particularly to our attention. The great and the illustrious are sure of being known to posterity, their fame does not depend upon the memorial of a tombstone, their achievements are enrolled in the annals of their country; but how large a portion of private worth and individual excellence is daily blotted out from the face of things, without leaving behind a single trace to remind us of what so recently existed, which now only survives in the grateful recollections of friendship; how painful the consciousness that we may be in a moment deprived of what on earth we hold dearest, without possessing any visible association connected with their being, that after they have been deposited in the grave, they are usually doomed to oblivion, and we are denied the painful satisfaction of watching over their tomb; for it is not customary amongst us to devote a portion of each day to our departed relatives, and to seek to improve ourselves during the hours thus voluntarily offered to meditation at the shrine of friendship. These tombs are very pleasing, they are generally well executed, and surrounded with neat gardens, and there is not one disagreeable object through an extent of eighty acres. The inscriptions are

striking, feeling, and poetical; amongst many deserving of notice, I recollect the following on a child.

" Comme une frêle et tendre fleur
J'ai vu, dès le Matin, la fin de ma journée;
Je croissois pour aimer; ce fut tout mon bonheur:
Le regret de mon perte est la seule douleur,
Qu'à mes bons parens j'ai donnée.

Ici repose
mon meilleur ami;
c'était mon frère.
Oct. 1813,
Isabei."

and the following which is equally remarkable for its beautiful simplicity:

" De ces tristes rameaux l'ombrage solitaire
Cache aux yeux des mortels le trésor d'une mère."

and another on the same subject:

" Au modèle
De toutes les vertus
A la plus tendre des mères
A la bienfaisance même
Helas! un peu de terre me dérobe à jamais
Celle dont en tous lieux je cherche en vain les traits."

On the tomb of Raviro, who was killed by an experiment made to counteract the bad effects of mercury used in gilding:

" Il descend dans la tombe en conjurant l'effet
D'un metal meurtrier, poison lent et funeste:
Son corps n'est déjà plus, mais sa vertu nous reste,
Et son dernier soupir est encore un bienfait;
Un fils d'Anacréon a fini sa carrière.
Il est dans ce tombeau pour jamais endormi,
Les enfans des beaux arts sont privés de leur frère;
Les malheureux ont perdu leur ami."

and on Madame Rondine:

" Morte
Posto hai silenzio a piu suavi accenti
Che mai s' udiro."

PETRARCA.

Amongst the tombs of genius are those of De Lille and Mad. Cottin, neither of which bear any remarkable inscription: two others are equally devoid of studied epitaph, but they are objects of particular attention, and freshly gathered flowers are daily strewed upon them; the one bears upon a simple stone, " Ci git Le Mareschal Ney, Duc d'Elclingen, Prince de Moscowe:" the unhappy termination of a brave man's career is always matter of regret even to his enemies; and he who led on the last charge made by the French at Waterloo has no common claim to the title; but his admirers must allow that he acted unworthily, and that, however severe his fate, his sentence was but just. Such too was the case of the unfortunate inhabi-

tant of the other tomb, which does not even bear the name of Labedoyère; he also received the well merited reward of his treason, which was of the deepest dye; but as they happened to be the only victims in a time of general disaffection, and as individually they were brave and estimable, they are considered as martyrs to a cause which continues to this hour to have but too many admirers amongst their countrymen.

The little garden that surrounds each tomb is cultivated in proportion to the affection of the surviving relatives, those who have died childless, and broken that great connecting chain which unites the future with the past, are neglected; whilst the orphan, the wife, or the sister, bestows a daily care upon others; at the appointed time we may be sure to find her bearing a little basket of garden tools, and carefully eradicating each noxious weed that has dared to violate the sacred spot. How much improvement is to be gleaned from such an exercise; how impossible to cultivate the inanimate earth that covers what was dearest to us, without endeavouring to pluck out those baser productions, the errors of opinion, that spring up in our immortal minds? here is to be found, what with us exists only in the language of poetry; here are in reality the "roses on a sepulchre." I

can scarcely describe with what melancholy pleasure I beheld persons of all ages perform this pleasingly painful duty, which seemed to recall them into the presence of those beloved objects, who are now, during life, severed from them, but with whom are entwined the pleasing recollections of the happiest hours of existence; nor shall I ever forget what my feelings were on this occasion, when I thought that all I cared for, all that I esteemed in this world, might perhaps have ceased to be, and passed unattended by me to the grave, leaving me alone in the world an exile and the wretched reality of what I sympathised with.

Oh, ye who have been long separated from friends or country, you alone can appreciate that endearment which arises in the human breast in proportion to our elongation from them. I lingered long in this place, it seemed as if I had discovered amongst this glittering tribe of strangers, a land to which I and all my race would soon belong, and which I might in common, with those around me, consider as my birth right, and I felt glad to snatch an hour from the bustle of amusement and devote it to that silent contemplation which is so conducive to improvement; yet I could not help regretting that our frivolous neighbours, as we are pleased to call

them, should have so much excelled us in an establishment that was at once grateful and beneficial. I shall not easily forget the satisfaction I received from Père la Chaise; when we meet in a foreign land a striking difference in the manner of performing any common rite, we are led the more forcibly to consider which mode claims the preference; and who is prepared to find in France, where life has of late been held so cheap, that decent attention to the rites of burial so much surpassing ourselves; yet I do not admire it merely from the gratification it affords, it is also most useful in another very important respect; for there are but too many persons in Paris, who never enter the sacred temples of their God, yet few who have not made an occasional visit to their burying grounds, and I consider it scarcely possible to do so without deriving some degree of improvement; the recollection of the time I passed there frequently returns upon me with the freshness of an early impression, its characteristic gloom is finely contrasted with the bright scenes by which it is surrounded, and I much doubt whether I would have willingly exchanged it for the gayest of those sunny hours which I must ever consider amongst the happiest of my life.

CHAP. XI.

Frescati and its Amusements—Gaming, &c.—The Salon des Etrangers.

But we have been too long employed upon the dead: let us then hasten back to the amusements of the living, and visit one of the most extraordinary and perhaps agreeable places which are here to be found, whose novelty at least will make it worthy our attention; though we should be cautious how we suffer ourselves to become too frequently its inmate.

The people of the continent are lamentably addicted to gaming: it has taken root in all their great cities, amongst which Paris has long been deservedly preeminent for places of this kind. I have already described the minor establishments of the Palais Royal, which are open indifferently to every description of person; but there are others where matters are conducted on a much grander scale; where vice only displays her allurements, but carefully conceals her deformity, "mulier formosa superne;" and where the charms of society and the pleasures of the table act as powerful auxiliaries in the progress of seduction.

At the upper end of the Rue de Richelieu,

towards the Boulevards, is a port-cocher, opening into the spacious court of a magnificent hotel, formerly called Frescati. A grand escalier on the right conducts you by an easy ascent to the first floor: here you are shown into a saloon, where several servants in rich liveries are in waiting; your hat, surtout, cane, or whatever else you may carry is here taken from you, and affixed to the wall till you reclaim them at your departure; you are then at liberty to move forward and join the company, to whom you are admitted through the opening folding door. A brilliant suite of apartments is now before you, spacious and magnificent, and filled with persons of both sexes. Having been presented on your arrival to Mad. Dunant, who presides here, to whom an introduction is necessary, and having passed some of the compliments usual on such occasions, you are at liberty to observe the occupation of the company.

In the first apartment is a circular table, marked with various figures, in the centre of which is a handle that is twirled about with great rapidity: this communicates its motion to a portion of the table which is divided into small numbered compartments, into which an ivory ball is thrown during its agitation: when the circle at length becomes stationary, the ball

lodges in one of the compartments, and the fortunate person who has covered the corresponding number upon the table gains thirty-six times the amount of his stake. The magnitude of the prize at first seems very tempting; though it is, in fact, but a lottery, with so many chances against you, besides additional advantages possessed by the bank, which are enormous, and in the end sufficiently great to ruin those who make a habit of pursuing it.

This game of roulet is sometimes well attended; but its attractions seem far inferior to those of rouge et noir, which is going forward in the next apartment. A long table, calculated to afford accommodation to a large number, extends across the room, covered with a green cloth, on which are two shields, divided into equal parts of red and black, from which the game is called; two persons are placed opposite each other, in the middle of the table, one of whom deals the cards, while the other is employed in paying the winners; two others are placed one at either extremity, with long rakes, to collect whatever has been forfeited by the unsuccessful side of the shield; whilst the fortunate stakes remain till they are covered by an equal sum from the bank, which always displays upon the table a tempting quantity of specie, in

double and single raleaus, basins of Napoleons, and pillars of five franc pieces. The sight of so much gold, and the apparent ease with which some part of the players succeed each time, form no inconsiderable portion of the attraction of this very seductive game; and the silence with which it is conducted seems much more congenial to a gambler's nerves than the noisy twirl of roulet, or the still more boisterous vociferations which attend on hazard.

As soon as the dealer is seated, he makes up several packs of cards, which the company may cut at pleasure: before dealing he takes a reconnoisance of the table, demanding "Jeu, est il fait?" Now is the time to place your stake, and he pauses for a few seconds that you may do so; when he adds, "Rien ne va plus," meaning that the bank will not bet with any person who does not stake his money before the cards have been dealt, the slightest glimpse at which is considered an advantage. The game consists in ranging two rows of cards upon the table, till the number of spots passes thirty, without exceeding forty: the first column is always for red, the other black. Should the aggregate of the former spots exceed thirty by a smaller number, red wins, and vice versâ; but should they each exceed it only by one, that forms a "trent-un

après," the most disastrous occurrence that can befall the players, and the most advantageous to the bank, who on this occasion draw all the money on the losing side, without having to cover the stakes on the other, leaving it to the company to determine which of them shall bear the loss of what they must inevitably gain; an enormous advantage where large sums are staked, and estimated at twenty-five per cent. against the individuals who play.

There is also another mode of play on the colour or the anti, which is determined by the first card and its agreement with the fortunate colour; thus, if the first card be red, and red should win, it is announced by the dealer "Rouge gagne et couleur;" but if black, "Rouge gagne, couleur perd." This will explain those portentous and oracular sounds which must have been so often heard by those who have visited this place, and on whose utterance the company seem to hang in breathless expectation: I mean such of them as are engaged at the tables; for there are many persons who are seldom occupied in that way, and who seem content to lounge away an hour here in agreeable conversation, where they are always sure to find a pleasingly varied society.

Mad. Dunant does not devote herself exclu-

sively to our sex: she has a numerous female acquaintance, who repair each evening to her hotel. These ladies are not in general very handsome, though superior to many of their countrywomen: they are usually well dressed, and conduct themselves with great propriety and reserve, conversing with whoever they may happen to be acquainted, and occasionally taking part in the different games; but never addressing themselves to any person who does not seem desirous of their society. The permission to frequent the house is obtained by them at a considerable expense, as they have here the great advantage of meeting all the men of a certain rank in Paris: but I am inclined to think too great a value is set on this opportunity; they appear to much less advantage here than they would do in any other place; the genuine man of play beholds them with the coolest indifference, for gaming, like ambition, admits no rival to share its empire over the human heart; its votaries are generally proof against the warmest artillery of beauty and the softest allurements of female charms.

Beyond these rooms are others open to the company, in which, when numerous, they may promenade: one abounds in all manner of refreshments to renovate the body, whilst another

presents a banquet for the mind; a table is spread for either purpose, and the latter contains all the new publications, which issue from the French press in such ceaseless abundance.

Here you may pass an hour in as complete retirement as in your study, if you can spare it to books from the more interesting and useful observation of mankind. Splendid mirrors, highly ornamented clocks, and sumptuous furniture fill these magnificent apartments, and in fine weather doors are opened into the shady and extensive garden of Frescati; whilst, over the fireplace in each apartment, stands a large bust of the king, the new household divinity throughout this great city. Oh! could the senseless bust convey to its original the strange scenes that are hourly passing before it in the capital of his empire, how indignant would that excellent person feel at being thus made to lend the approbation of his countenance to so many things he can neither approve of nor control.

The play here commences at eight and concludes at twelve o'clock. There are also morning hours, when I should suppose it is much less frequented; for he must have lived long indeed at Paris who has not a more agreeable mode of dissipating his ennui than by a morning visit to the gaming table, unless he is impelled

forward by a presentiment of more than common good fortune.

This is the usual course of the house, but there is another part of the entertainment of which you are still uninformed: thrice in each week there are grand dinners given here, to which some of the company are invited; a few women are here also, but the great proportion are men, a large majority of whom are from England. At some of these entertainments the company, consisting of about thirty persons, were attended by twelve or fifteen servants in livery, at most splendid dinners, where every delicacy of the season, aided by all the powers of cookery, was served up in satiating abundance; whilst a variety of the choicest wines left nothing unprovided that could contribute to the gratification of the company. This banquet occupies two hours, from six to eight, when you retire into another room, where coffee and liqueurs are immediately served; after which you may play or not, as you feel disposed, no notice being taken should you depart without doing so.

All this fine style is provided gratis; your generous hostess is satisfied with the pleasure of your company, without once seeking for remuneration, and thus disinterestedly devotes her

time and pains to what she conceives may afford you gratification and make your stay in Paris agreeable. They understand their business too well to alarm your prudence in the first instance by the honest bluntness of a charge: the great secret of their trade is enticement; they are satisfied if you will but consent to participate in their enjoyment.

But can you so easily suffer yourself to be entangled in their lure? or are you so unphilosophical as to suppose such effects produced without an adequate cause? Are they not well assured that the great majority of those who visit them will be thrown off their guard by the apparent liberality of their establishment, and that they will feel disposed to play a little, merely to make some return for good treatment, for which they are grateful? Thus, what at first appears a task soon becomes a pleasing occupation; and, should a little success attend the beginner, he is at once transformed into a confirmed gamester, and becomes a devoted attendant on the house, till, like many other great generals who have had to do with Dame Fortune, he is at length compelled to relinquish an unfavourable position by the recurrence of repeated disaster, happy if he can effect a timely retreat before his

resources are entirely cut off. Sooner or later this lot awaits every man who seats himself at a gaming table; however unparalleled his success, he will only be the more speedily urged to push it to its termination, and there is no person who has not experienced the fickleness of fortune; but the mischief does not terminate in simple phrensy; he who has succeeded in the sudden accumulation of wealth has been taught habits of prodigality, that remain with him long after the gold that has introduced them has been dissipated; he cannot justly appreciate what has been so easily acquired, and having fallen into the opposite extreme from the miser, he is equally ignorant of the true use of money, and its relative value in all the great and important transactions of life.

Such are but too frequently the consequences of closely pursuing this attractive vice; but, should you happen to possess sufficient self-command not to be led away by it, you may find this place both instructive and entertaining: indeed those who wish to become acquainted with Paris would be culpable in passing by so prominent a feature of its society unobserved; it is a folio in which they may study the history of mankind. A constant change of company is requisite to support the house, and the pursuit

embraces every person, from the highest to the lowest, which ensures your meeting with much variety: a perfect decorum reigns throughout; every body conducts himself with ease and good breeding, and large sums are often lost without any apparent sensation on the part of those most concerned.

It was my fortune one day that I dined there to be placed next Mad. Dunant, and to experience my full share of her well practised civilities. On her other side sat the Count Orloff (jambe de bois), so distinguished for his courageous charge in the Russian campaign of 1812: he is a remarkably fine looking and handsome man, and, notwithstanding the loss of his leg, very active; it is not possible to pass unnoticed his dignified air, which combines the warlike features of the Continent with that elegant attention to the person that is so peculiar to our islands; in manner he is a perfect courtier, and speaks several languages; he has been for some time resident in Paris, where he partakes freely of amusement, and is to be met nightly at some public place, as if solely occupied in the pursuit of pleasure. Yet this man, apparently so gay and accessible, is a politician of the deepest dye, profoundly skilled in the interest and the views of his own cabinet, and an attentive observer of

what is passing in every court in Europe. His high rank and eminent distinction, which have pointed him out to his master, have here full scope for exertion, being perfectly unclogged by official station; so that he may combine the services of a minister with the retirement of an individual: his principal object at present is said to be that of inducing all descriptions of persons to go to settle in Russia, and in politics he is not considered friendly to England, though individually our countrymen experience marks of his politeness. How often have I been forcibly struck by the versatility of this man, when I have seen him light and disengaged as the most trifling of our nobility, who consume their fortune and time in the single pursuit of pleasure, yet never for a moment forgetful of the great game he was engaged in, or negligent in what he conceived the service of his country; and, comparing the elegance of his manners and the extent of his acquirements with our most polished specimens, to which they are certainly not inferior, have been amazed by the gigantic efforts of a people that we have been taught to consider as semi-barbarous, though perhaps the period is not very remote when they will appear to the eye of the politician the most formidable among the nations of Europe. From its immense extent

and rapidly increasing population and resources, augmenting in a ratio of which other countries are incapable, it is impossible to prescribe a limit to the greatness of Russia.

Another frequenter of the house was the Count H. who wears the insignia of the black eagle: he is a Prussian of high rank, who has been ambassador at many European courts, and long resident in England.

Here, amongst many of our nobles, I have met Lord ———, who was some time before sent from Paris, charged with having conducted a correspondence which his previous political conduct seemed to justify: he is a very mean looking man; and mean indeed must be the subject of Great Britain who would stoop to become the tool of a foreign usurper.

But it would be impossible to enumerate all that is worth meeting in a company so diversified; so numerous and so various are their claims to celebrity. Here are to be seen heroes, whose limbs are perhaps still exposed upon the frozen plains of Moscow, united with the conquerors of Spain, who have been similarly mutilated in the same cause. Between them are again placed (in the habits of amity) the forces of the vanquished, with whom it has been their lot to have contended through almost every

state of Europe, from the lines of Torres Vedras to the banks of the Moskwa, from the extremity of Calabria to the peninsula of Jutland; amongst whom are interspersed a very considerable portion of our young men of fashion, and not a few professed gamblers and Greeks, who are also the produce of England. The gayest hôtels in Paris contribute a large share of their companies, and the palace of our ambassador is often thinned of the votaries of the Salon, who are to be found there at an early hour. I was sorry to perceive that the English were not generally the richest nor the most respected part of the company: all seemed to have played and to have suffered by having done so; but none appeared able to command any considerable amount, and many were staking trifling sums, which they had not certainly adopted from prudential motives.

The most distinguished and successful candidates for the favours of fortune were Russians: they had always large sums before them, which of course ensured them the favour of the ladies, and they always appeared anxious to support their national character, in which they have completely succeeded; for, strange as it may seem, they are at present, notwithstanding recent events, the most respected and the most popular amongst the strangers at Paris: should the coa-

lesced powers feel inclined to relax the severity of those treaties they have entered into against usurpation, the suggestion is said to have emanated from the cabinet of St. Petersburg; should any particular favour be shown to France, she is indebted for it solely to the interference of Russia; not a single soldier of hers assisted in the glories of Waterloo, nor did she afterwards impose upon herself the invidious duty of guarding their emperor; her troops did not volunteer in removing from the Louvre the sacred deposits of the arts, and she affects to be indebted to Alexander for the preservation of the bridge of Jena*.

* It is a well ascertained fact that, when the exasperated Blucher would, after the second occupation of Paris, have revenged the cruelties practised by the French on the 16th of June, by the destruction of the bridge of Jena, which he had firmly resolved upon, he was prevented from so doing by the entreaties and partly by the threats of Wellington, who is said to have declared that he and his army would not remain quiet spectators of such a barbarous and disgraceful vengeance, but oppose it by force if he could not otherwise prevail. Had the bitterest enemies of Greece or Rome afforded such an instance of magnanimity, their historians would have fairly enrolled it in their annals, and transmitted it with deserved admiration to the latest posterity. The French, with their usual candour, are content with bestowing their praises on another; and, in scarcely two years after the occurrence of so remarkable an event, through falsehood and misrepresentation, it was almost forgotten.

This must always be the case, from the vast influx of all descriptions of Englishmen, who are daily to be met at Paris, which they sometimes repair to for their amusement, and where they not unfrequently skreen themselves from disgrace; whilst the Russian, who never leaves home without his sovereign's permission, would scarcely think of soliciting it unless possessed of enormous wealth. Thus the travellers are confined to a comparatively few, except those who are dignified by the particular confidence of their prince or honoured by military command; and even that number is chosen from amongst the higher orders of the state, which is of great service to their country, by keeping at home all that are useless or could prejudice other nations against them; whilst, following the common principle of trade, they export only their best productions to the foreign market. As it is from these specimens only that strangers can judge of them, they are likely to be contemplated with favour, and the general opinion of their country higher than it would be were they subjected to a fairer inspection; for nations are most capricious in the judgments they form of each other, and their conclusions, in general, highly illogical, being invariably drawn from a particular to a universal.

Near Frescati, in the Rue Grange Batelier, is the "Salon d'Etrangers," an establishment of the same kind, but much exceeding it in magnificence. Here you are ushered into a still more splendid suite of apartments; some of which might vie with the favourite retreats of royalty, even in France, where it has been housed with more than ordinary magnificence; and the room containing the rouge et noir table is certainly one of the most elegant I have ever seen: it is of an oval shape, one extremity of which opens into an extensive garden; the walls are lined with carved wainscot, whose bold projecting work is most richly gilt, and in which are inserted some of the finest plates of glass, of dimensions sufficient to call our attention, even in Paris, where that art has attained to such high perfection.

The company here are nearly the same, perhaps rather superior to those of the other house: they seldom meet in any considerable force till twelve, when the other closes; and I have been told they continue playing till a very early hour in the morning. No woman frequents this house, which is devoted exclusively to gaming; a good arrangement, for we cannot but feel sorry to find females in the degrading and secondary capacity they appear in on those occa-

sions, and, should our inclinations lead us to play, are rather disposed to pursue it unobserved by them.

The salutations of Mad. Dunant are here supplied by an emaciated form, dressed out with ails de pigeon, and decorated with an order (who does not wear one in France?); and you are presented, on your first arrival, to Mons. le Marquis, who attends here every evening after the opera, where you are always sure to meet him. Strange state of society, where one bearing so high a title of nobility condescends to the meanness of becoming president of a fraternity of gamesters.

At two o'clock supper is announced, when those who please retire into an adjoining apartment, where they are served in the most tasty and elegant manner. Soups, ices, fish, &c. and all the innumerable varieties of the French kitchen, are to be found here in the greatest abundance; yet, so well arranged and so interspersed with fruit, flowers, and ornaments, that the whole wears the appearance of a light repast, and you might suppose yourself seated at the most slender supper imaginable; such is the perfection with which the French dispose of every thing relative to the table. There are here also dinners three times a week, which are

even superior to those of Mad. Dunant; and Robert, cook to the establishment, has invented a sauce which has already made its way to England, where it bears his name, which it will no doubt transmit down, together with those of Denon, Cuvier, and other illustrious personages, a candidate for the recollection and gratitude of posterity.

CHAP. XII.

Mont Martre—Its Importance to Paris—Versailles—Paluce—Reflections about and History of Louis XIV., Louis XVI—Melancholy Change—Grand Trianon—Lesser Trianon—St. Cloud—Palace—History of the Revolution—Fête—Manners of the Parisians.

On the right as we approach the city, and rising from the immediate vicinity of the Chaussée d'Autin, is Mont Martre, the principal feature in the Parisian landscape, whose high, bold, and isolated appearance would immediately attract our attention, independent of its triple claim to notice, from its historical, its natural, and above all its political celebrity; for it has

largely participated in, and been the immediate scene of some of the late extraordinary events. Such a situation was not to be easily overlooked, even in the earliest times, and it was quickly selected both for the abode of religion and the theatre of war, its proximity to the capital lent it an unenviable consequence, and it had at all times more than a common participation in the vicissitudes experienced by the Parisians. Thus we read of its capture by the Normans in the ninth century; and during the wars of the league, it became the station of the great Henry, who here beguiled the tedious hours of the siege in the conversation of the abbess, to her no small discredit, for her virtue was unable to resist the advances of the amorous king. It is said that she being grieved at the immoral conduct of her followers, left Paris for the express purpose of reclaiming them, but that being young and very handsome, she forgot her errand in listening to the suggestions of that persuasive and most captivating of monarchs; we are not willing to excuse vice in any situation, or to offer a palliative for what we must feel as a very grievous offence; but surely their culpability should be graduated as low as possible on the scale of crime, who have had the misfortune of being exposed to such a king.

Mont Martre was chosen as a military station in the beginning of the revolution, but it was rather for the purpose of awing than of defending the capital. Napoleon did not fail to fortify it for the protection of Paris, but he set about it so late, that the hostile armies surprised and interrupted his unfinished labours. So prominent a feature, possessed of such great natural strength and capability, seemed well calculated to prolong the siege, and to retard, if not altogether prevent, the advances of the most powerful armies; the defence was accordingly entrusted to Joseph Buonaparte, under whom Ney served as lieutenant, and the line was strengthened with upwards of one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. The Silesian army, distinguished by its glorious commencement of hostilities, which it had so nobly followed up from the frontiers of Poland to the capital of France, was spreading along the plain of St. Denis, and whilst it was severely galled by the accumulated batteries on the mount, returned a vigorous fire of shells, many of which reached even to the city. Joseph, whilst busied in giving his orders, was awakened by a striking occurrence to a sense of his situation. Having sent Colonel Freyre to reconnoitre, he was amazed to see him return in a short time, after

having been made prisoner by Alexander, and enabled by his express command to make the necessary observation; having learnt the immense force of the enemy, he felt that the capital and the empire were lost, and having sent orders to Marmont to arrange the terms of the capitulation, he betook himself to immediate flight. Marmont lost no time in demanding a cessation of hostility; but, say the French accounts, not before four hundred dragoons left behind to defend the position had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves by opposing, and even repulsing, twenty thousand men. "Chose inconcevable si des François n'avaient pas été là," and scarcely less so to Englishmen though they were: the account closes as most others from the same quarter, with an attack upon the English; they say it is but just to acknowledge what they owe to the Russians who occupied Mont Martre: "Ils n'y ont pas commis le quart des excès, dont un an après les Anglois s'y sont rendus coupables." The surrender which followed the action of the 30th of March took place just in time to prevent the storming of the height, which would have been, most probably, followed by the sacking, and perhaps the complete destruction of the city, an event, which in the then infuriated state of the Russian army,

could hardly have been prevented. They bivouacked that night upon Mont Martre, and the brilliancy of their numerous watch-fires afforded an extraordinary and awful spectacle to the Parisians, who recalled the boasts of their former ruler, "that he would not yield one village of the empire, even though the allies were to encamp upon Mont Martre." What a melancholy realization of the latter part of his supposition, without his having the power to fulfil the former! how painful the uncertainty of their situation, exposed as they now were to the mercy of their justly exasperated conquerors. This sudden occupation of the immediate vicinity of Paris, by hostile armies, whilst their own force remained unbroken, must have amazed its inhabitants, who looked in vain, in their hour of need, for the protecting arm of their Emperor, whom they had reason to hope would not have so easily deserted them; his absence, on the present occasion, was caused by his having adopted one of those decisive measures of such frequent occurrence throughout his eventful life, and to which he has been so often indebted for his success. Finding that he had been foiled at Arcis, and was unable to possess himself of Vitry, whose commander, though summoned by Ney to surrender on pain of death, still gallantly held

out, he resolved upon the desperate movement of relinquishing his capital, and by endeavouring to get into the rear of his enemy, to interrupt the communication between the Austrian and Russian armies, whose united forces he was unable, single handed, to oppose; whilst he trusted that Paris might hold out for some time in the event of an attack, which he seems not to have supposed likely to have been attempted. The allies having learnt his plan from an intercepted letter, with equal promptitude availed themselves of their advantage, and uniting their force to the amount of two hundred thousand men, pushed on to Paris; in their march, they encountered and overturned some corps of Buonaparte's, who supposed themselves upon the point of uniting with him, and who would, most probably, have been able to have done so, but for his extraordinary aberration.

Napoleon, now conscious of his error, was pressing forward to regain the capital by Troyes, but the tide of human events that had so long flowed in his favour had begun to ebb, and he soon perceived that what a successful result would have marked as a master stroke of generalship was now only to be regarded as a culpable oversight, pregnant with disaster, and hastening the overthrow of his empire. So

much are heroes the creatures of circumstances, and so frequently are they indebted to accident for the most successful results. It is curious to speculate upon what might have been the consequences had he then obtained the victory, to which, perhaps, he had quite as good a claim as in any of those brilliant exploits which have led to the establishment of his power, for upon a nearer view, we must allow that he owed them equally to his generalship and to his good fortune, from the boasted bridge of Lodi and Marengo to Austerlitz, or to the eve of that last great day which has since terminated his political career; in all of them the victory has long remained doubtful, and the victors seldom escaped without having paid dearly for the honour. The experience of the former year taught the value of Mont Martre, and on the recommencement of hostilities, they set all hands to work to complete what they had before omitted; more than two hundred pieces were mounted upon the triple rampart that commands the plain of St. Denis, vineyards and gardens were destroyed to complete the preparations of war, in the space of six weeks, an impregnable barrier was raised before the city; and had they again opposed their advance, the consequences might have been disastrous to the allies; but

the keys of the fortress were surrendered at Waterloo, and the loss of sixty thousand men in one day interrupted any further serious defence; for to the last they made a show of resistance, and even fired upon the allies after they had signed a capitulation; this event took place upon the 3rd, and on the 5th the heights were delivered up to the English.

The appearance of Mont Martre is rugged and peculiar, it is composed of a yellowish soil, and bears less of the marks of nature than the traces of the art of war. On its summit are several ruined windmills, which add little interest to its general outline, and are but unworthy objects near so great a capital; the prospect from its summit is very extensive, but, to my mind, less pleasing than that from Père la Chaise; it is, however, much resorted to by those who visit Paris, and often better known than the other, which has a more humble claim to public notice.

I had read and heard so much about Versailles, that in common with most other persons who visit the French capital, I anxiously coveted an opportunity of seeing it, which I determined to do the first Sunday in the month, as that would give us, at the same time, a view of

the fête of St. Cloud, one of the most amusing sights near Paris. A lovely morning contributed much to the charm of the scene, and the numbers of cheerful parties pressing forward in the same direction, gave to our agreeable route the animated appearance with which the neighbourhood of London is so familiar, but which is at Paris, except on very particular occasions, so rare. Having repaired to the Place de Louis XV. we found long lines of cabriolets ready to receive us, the drivers of them vociferated, " St. Cloud, Versailles," in our ears, as soon as we had made our appearance, and anxiously canvassed for our preference; there were amongst them many strange figures, almost all of whom were decorated with large bouquets, and many might have sat for the excellent print of the Rout to Poissy; a general spirit of hilarity pervaded every countenance, and each seemed anxious to contribute his share of merriment. Having made our choice of a vehicle, we drove along the banks of the river by one of the best and most pleasing roads possible; passing upon our right, the commanding site chosen for the palace of the King of Rome, the foundations of which had just begun to make their appearance, when events occurred which induced him to

change his residence. It fronts the bridge of Jena, and would, no doubt, have been a splendid structure, though it appears to want the space so necessary to a palace, and its area is too confined. A pleasant drive of four leagues at length brought us to Versailles, which we arrived at by the principal entrance; I soon recognised what I had so often seen prints of, as I approached the vast pile; but my first impression was disappointment, which I have almost invariably found to be the case on visiting what has been much vaunted of.

The exterior structure is low, or at least seems so from its great extent, and its wide and uninhabited courts look lonely and desolate; the elevation fronting the orangerie, is the most magnificent, it no longer appears an undistinguished pile, but a stately royal residence, retaining much of its original freshness; the grand orangerie and garden nearly approach it on this side, the marble terraces are covered with good specimens of sculpture, nor is nature driven from all participation in the scene, by a paved yard like that in front of the palace, though here too she is on her good behaviour, and obliged to curtail her native grace and simplicity into a conformity with the observances of a court.

The interior exceeds in grandeur every other palace we know of, and is not unjustly considered the first in the world; its decorations have occupied the lives of the principal artists of France in her brightest era, and mythology, imagination, and poetry seem exhausted in extolling the virtues and celebrating the victories of Louis le Grand. A number of magnificent apartments are severally distinguished, as the saloons of Hercules, of Mars, of Mercury, and of Apollo, the halls of plenty and of peace; each of these vies with the others in splendour and execution, and exhibits every attribute of their peculiar divinity, in the best manner of Le Brun, Champagne, Jouvenet, Couston, and Gabrielle; but splendid as they would seem elsewhere, they all fade before the grand gallery, exclusively designed and executed by Le Brun. It is two hundred and twenty-two feet in length, thirty broad, and thirty-seven in height, seventeen large windows are placed opposite as many mirrors reflecting every object in the gardens and gallery, forty-eight pilastres of marble are set off with bases and capitals of gilded bronze, whilst twenty-seven paintings, in compartments, illustrate the most remarkable occurrences that distinguish the era of Louis the Fourteenth, their importance seems at present to be chiefly

derived from these beautiful representations of them, which have survived their political effects; here Louis is exhibited in all his glory, not merely as the rival of mortals, but as superior to the gods, from whom he has, unpolitely, usurped the most distinguished place, even when they became the inmates of his palace; never before was any monarch of ancient or modern times exposed to so dreadful an ordeal of flattery as Louis; other princes have been poisoned by the whispers of sycophants, or intoxicated by the insinuating praise of the Muses, but few have had every act of their lives embodied in glowing colouring before their eyes, in the apartments of their domestic residence, and within the sight of their whole kingdom. It is scarcely possible for any strength of mind to be proof against such a system of undermining seduction. No monarch could have lived constantly at Versailles without being led to suppose, from the magnificence of his residence, that he surpassed most other princes. In some respects this gallery disappointed me, the heavy windows are in great need of reparation, and contain glass of a very inferior quality; perhaps this was merely put in to repair the devastations occasioned by the revolution, such a deficiency could not have

been overlooked in its pristine state of splendour, when it was remarkable for its fine mirrors; the coved ceilings in this and the other chambers are strikingly beautiful, and exquisite in execution, but they are not easily seen, and the endeavour to do so is attended with a painful sensation.

The opera house here, as in all other French palaces, is well deserving of notice; it is the most elegantly decorated that I have any where met with; but, in common with every thing else at Versailles, participates in the general decay. This seems to have been an indispensable attendant upon royalty, as necessary as the chapel or the presence chamber, and I do not recollect any great palace in France without its theatre; it is not possible, however, to view this with indifference, or to forget that on these boards were exhibited, for the first time, some of the best productions of French literature, to the most brilliant audiences perhaps in the world; nor can we pass through the grand gallery without being reminded of those hosts of rank and elegance which once pressed forward to obtain the smile of their captivating monarch, and deemed it as the full reward of their valour and their lives devoted to his service: a melancholy regret arises at finding that all these vanities have passed away, and we are mortified at the

vicissitudes of fortune, to which the amiable descendant of the prince was exposed in this very spot that seemed consecrated to his greatness, and that owed even its existence to his bounty. At one moment we feel inclined to suppose that we are mingling with its former inhabitants in all the pomp of its original splendour, with Turenne, Condé, &c., and all the host of great names moving about us; some seem busied in paying their homage to a la Vallière, or a Montemart, whilst others have, perhaps, pressed forward to gratify their national vanity by the strange and unexpected spectacle of beholding a Siamese ambassador paying his court, or still more extraordinary, a doge of Genoa bowing in submission to their monarch, yet still retaining his office; whilst Colbert, Louvois, and Vauban, the heads that planned, and the hands that executed, are ranged in courtierlike submission around; these were the becoming and suitable furniture of such a structure, and though, perhaps, they did not always sufficiently recollect that they were mortal, but fancied themselves beings equal, if not superior, to the tutelary divinities personified upon the walls, and, quite beyond their fellow men, indulged in all the eccentricities of superior station; yet even their imperfections savoured of the better order of

things, and they were far different, indeed, from their successors of our times.

Again, we are led to imagine ourselves the witnesses of those darker scenes which immediately preceded the final departure of its last unhappy inmates, on that dreadful morning of the 6th of October, 1790, when the infuriated Parisian rabble, raging for blood, had pursued them from the capital, and aroused their fugitive and unfortunate queen by horrible imprecations, menacing her immediate destruction; their numbers and determination bade defiance to opposition, and the rapidity of their movements had nearly effected their object. A single sentinel* served to offer a momentary interruption, and though wounded and faint from loss of blood, cried, "sauve la reine." She escaped from her bed almost naked, but not till she had distinctly heard their ferocious intentions against her; in an instant they surrounded her bed, and the furniture was cut through in their rage at having been foiled: the king's candle

* The name of this man was Miomandre, he opened the queen's door, and cried out to her to escape, as he stood alone against two thousand tigers; he was immediately covered with wounds, being left for dead, but miraculously escaped, and ultimately recovered. The guides still point out the door by which the rabble reached the royal chamber.

had been extinguished in his endeavour to secure the dauphin, the first impulse of his generous mind in the midst of danger; till at length the arrival of La Fayette, at the head of the national guard, cleared the palace of those troublesome and uncourtierlike visitors, who would otherwise, most probably, have saved the French nation the inexpiable crime of having submitted so many of their unfortunate royal family to a public and ignominious death, after the solemn mockery of a legal proceeding, which they miscalled a trial. From that hour the wretched family of the Caputs was seen at Versailles no more: dragged back like criminals to their capital, they remained there till the termination of their mortal career; two hundred of their faithful adherents were paraded after their carriage, disarmed and bareheaded, and they could not raise their eyes without encountering cannon pointed for their destruction.

La Fayette was at the head of the army that acted thus towards their sovereign, and received with republican coolness the genuine indignation of virtuous loyalty, when one of the king's attendants remonstrated upon his situation. How unfortunate, if not criminal, must that general appear who, under any circumstances, could be induced to retire to rest on such a night as had preceded this dreadful day! How much

less excusable in calmly heading the most disastrous and melancholy procession that ever disgraced any country! in which the king was led back to his capital by an armed rabble, who conducted his protectors as prisoners of war, and displayed even to the royal eye the still bleeding heads of his murdered guards; whilst the meanest and vilest of this collected baseness uttered every thing that was blasphemous and horrible, and revolting to female delicacy, and polluted by its contaminating contact even the sacred presence of sovereignty. Yet this person, whom we must at least esteem most unfortunate, has been set up as the idol of a party, the actual personification of all that is good and illustrious, the model of republicanism, and of all the domestic virtues.

If such be the ingredients of which French society is made up, it will readily account for the small numbers of our countrymen that sue to be admitted within their circles of familiar intercourse: their sturdy unbending honesty would not suffer them to amalgamate with the noxious and deleterious particles of which it is composed; but perhaps we should pass lightly over the errors of La Fayette; all agree in admiring his early and disinterested efforts in favour of liberty: when yet a boy, he fought her battles in a distant land, and having had the misfortune of be-

ing at this time commander of the army, he may have acted as well as circumstances would admit; if not, he has since had leisure to repent his errors in the tedious hours of a close and painful captivity; to perceive how impossible it is for a moderate man to join a rabble in the reformation of a government, how speedily he is reduced to be their creature, and to submit to their caprice; and to learn that one estimable person, who takes a wrong side in politics, does more mischief by the sanction of his name than the insignificant violence of thousands.

The American revolution afforded an ample arena to the political gladiators of France; they saw in it a favourable opportunity for trying the validity of those sublime theories with which their imaginations had become heated; they eagerly came forward to her relief, and the government, swayed by a stupid and shortsighted policy, lent every assistance to efforts which she conceived must at least prove annoying to an ancient rival and enemy. Infatuated king! not to perceive the importance of the present bias of public opinion and the danger to which he exposed himself by a rash espousal of such sentiments. This was no trivial contest about an imaginary boundary or the limits of a remote province; it

was the commencement of a great political fermentation amongst men inimical to kings and all established government, and of which the deadly poison has been imbibed by France till she has quaffed to the very last drop the dregs of the bitter draught.

A wise prince would have cautiously avoided any interference between our country and her colonies; he would have felt that it was unbecoming and foreign to the head of a monarchy to meddle in determining the portion of liberty that was to be allotted to free states; that no intercourse could be safely maintained with them without incurring the risk of inhaling the contagion of their principles, which would soon sap the foundations of the most securely established sovereignty; and he would have rejected their friendship, though fraught with more than its promised advantage. We had then, perhaps, not been doomed to suffer from the deadly effects of the American revolution, that political hydra, whose head was no sooner lopped in one quarter of the globe than we have ever seen it flourish with renovated force and gigantic energy in another, till the Herculean labour of assembled Europe at length rectified public opinion, which had so strangely erred for five and twenty years.

Such, amongst others, were the mingled emo-

tions with which I traversed the spacious apartments of this abode of misery and magnificence. Their tenants were by turns exposed to all the vicissitudes our condition is subject to, from the pinnacles of exalted rank to the extremities of human suffering: the genial warmth of a lovely day and the brightness of an unclouded atmosphere were not able completely to dissipate the lonely and melancholy impression imparted by a prospect of so much deserted grandeur. I shall not attempt a tedious enumeration of the striking features that compose this splendid aggregate; they have been already more fully and accurately detailed in works devoted to the purpose; my business is not with the rules of taste or the proportions of architecture; I have only endeavoured to trace some of the feelings they have given rise to in my own mind by their inspection, and which are not, perhaps, exactly similar to those of *all* my predecessors.

Louis XIV. who first executed the bold scheme of making Versailles a truly royal residence, betrayed his vanity even in the selection of such a situation, having chosen a spot devoid of the natural advantage of water, and supplied at an immense expenditure what might have been had without cost elsewhere. Thus the works of Marly, after endless labour, brought

water to Versailles, which exhibited its splendid jets once a month; whilst St. Cloud or many other situations had perpetually afforded a copious supply: it is said that St. Germains was recommended to Louis, who objected to it from not wishing to have St. Denis always in view, where the ashes of his ancestors reposed. We can scarcely credit the report that such a motive could have swayed one not usually inclined to act weakly, and think it might have been obviated in the mind of the most superstitious.

Louis, having expended so much upon Versailles, made it his constant residence, and passed there the greatest part of his long reign: the abode of the court soon became that of the nobility, and Paris was deserted by all who were not obliged to remain there. The effect of this upon the capital during so long a period must, we may well conceive, have been most injurious, which, had it been then properly attended to, might not at present exhibit such striking incongruities as result from the combinations of magnificence and meanness with which it abounds.

During the two following reigns, Versailles was equally a royal residence, till the dreadful morning of Louis's final departure; after which it was exposed even for some years to the indiscriminate devastation of the multitude, who, in-

stigated by that gratitude for which they are invariably distinguished, violated the residence of their benefactors, and, after having been reared upon their bounty, sought to destroy what had been the boast of their country and the only object that made their town of consequence.

In 1793, Versailles, despoiled of its splendour, became a vast desert; in order to people which, they converted it into a military hospital, where, long after, could be traced the smoke of the soldier's pipe in the apartment of the queen, and the residence founded by the magnificence of Louis the Great!!!—"Venit in cœnacula miles."

Matters remained in this state till Buonaparte, having obtained the consulate, quickly turned himself to works of reparation: the palace, if not put into repair, was at least hindered from falling into farther decay, and the gardens were replanted and attended to. This seemed to forebode its being again tenanted; and it is said that he once cherished the intention, but having heard that it would take forty millions to make it habitable, he renounced his design; saying that, with such a sum, he could have raised a more magnificent palace for himself. This may have been a specious excuse; but we rather think he was averse to contrasting himself with Louis, where the latter must ever appear predo-

minant; and perhaps it would have been putting his popularity to too severe a test to have ventured to obliterate the splendid productions of his period, without possessing any thing of equal merit with which he could have replaced them. So anxiously does he appear to have avoided a contact with him whom he contemptuously affected to consider too insignificant to be his valet; so unwilling is the upstart usurper to become the inhabitant of the ancient abodes of royalty; a striking instance of which is to be met with in our own annals, where we find Cromwell, in the same taste, avoiding Windsor, a palace which unites the great desiderata of beauty, strength, and magnificence, all that is venerable in antique association with the commodiousness of modern times, in a measure that makes it in our opinion a much more agreeable royal residence than even Versailles.

It is the intention of the king to return here as soon as the palace has undergone the necessary repair, and the workmen were busied upon it when I was there, though it was Sunday; a sight which I must confess was, here at least, unexpected. More than ten thousand men were employed upon the palace when the return of Napoleon suspended their labours.

Alexander, having visited Versailles, was

astonished by its magnificence: "Qu'il est insensé, celui qui possèdent de pareilles merveilles, à pu s'exposer à les perdre;" but hearing what this palace had cost, "Ah!" dit il, "c'est trop: je serais resté aux Tuilleries."

Versailles possessed one great advantage over the Tuilleries that was not likely to be unappreciated by a prince: it admitted of his breathing the free air of heaven, without being for ever exposed to the obtrusive gaze of a multitude; a luxury beyond any that even kings can bestow, and without which their finest features shrink into the restraints of a prison.

The cumbrous grandeur of Versailles became at length oppressive even to its founder, and there were moments when he wished for a still greater retirement. This induced him to construct the grand Trianon, one of the most elegant palaces, perhaps, in the world: situated in a beautiful garden, and being entirely comprised in one story, it was originally named the Temple of Flora. It consists of a centre building and wings, adorned with Ionic columns of Languedoc marble, of which the whole structure seems composed. Between the pillars are large glass doors, opening into the garden, which render it delightfully cool, and which has greatly contri-

buted to make it esteemed as a summer retirement for royalty.

Some fine paintings, which still remain here, add much to the interest of the place; and here a sovereign might enjoy a pleasing suspension of his duties, without forgetting the dignity of his station; but Louis XV. fond of ease and seclusion, and who lived at Trianon as a simple lord on his estate, becoming devoted to his mistresses, at length wished to sink into a greater obscurity, and built the lesser Trianon, a structure scarcely equalling in size the country residence of many of our gentry of moderate fortunes, but fitted up with the greatest elegance, and which has succeeded in captivating all its tenants.

Here is shown the sleeping apartment of Maria Antoinette, whose bed still remains unchanged: it is of white and silver drapery, and, except being a little tarnished, retains its original appearance. Hither that captivating and once popular woman frequently withdrew from an admiring world those lovely features on which nations delighted to gaze, and indulged in the pleasures of social intercourse.

The gardens of the little Trianon, being fitted up in the English taste, are there much admired;

they were designed and executed under the eye of Antoinette, and she loved to dwell amongst them; for the formality of art fades away when compared with the pleasing irregularity of nature, and cannot supply the place of early association; the Laplander regrets his solitudes when removed to more genial climes, and the inhabitant of the mountain pines amidst the scenes formed by the hand of art. The same taste has been experienced at all times; it was that produced the hanging gardens, those stupendous wonders of antiquity which were constructed to gratify the whim of Amytis, the Median wife of Nebuchadnezzar, who longed after the wildness of her native deserts even amidst the splendour of Babylon.

"Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret."

This garden is not unpleasing to an English eye, which is agreeably surprised at finding here what recalls the most interesting and distinguishing features in the natural scenery of his country, though it is by no means remarkable either for extent or peculiar beauty. Trianon was a favourite abode of Napoleon, who used there to pass days together, and who had here collected a library that he begged permission to carry

along with him into exile. It was also the chosen residence of Maria Louisa; and it was at the lesser Trianon she had those interviews with her father in which he firmly persisted in maintaining the cause of Europe, and withstood her earnest entreaties till he finally compelled her to abandon Napoleon.

Having seen Versailles, we set out, in company with several other parties, to St. Cloud, where the fête was celebrating, which had drawn thither troops of all descriptions from Paris and the surrounding country; but before we mingled with the various gay groups by which we were encircled, we hastened to the palace, so well worthy of attention. It is situated on a commanding eminence, from which there is a very fine prospect of the Seine, sweeping majestically beneath it: the whole plain to Paris is open in front, and in the distance appear the tower of St. Geneviève and the gilded dome of the Invalides, which in a cloudless atmosphere glitters resplendent. On the day of the fête, when I visited it for the first time, Mademoiselle Garnerin had ascended in a balloon from the Champ de Mars; and we could long distinguish it in the blue ether, as it remained nearly stationary, where not a passing vapour intervened to form a momentary obstruction to our sight.

Such a spot as this could not long escape observation, and we find that it became one of the earliest abodes of royalty, being named from Cloud, son of Lodimir, king of Orleans, who was canonized for his monastic life. It continued so during every succeeding period, and it was here Henry the Third was murdered, whilst besieging Paris; but what will ever afford its principal claim to attention is the review of the 18th Brumaire when Napoleon, having deserted his army in Egypt, and returned home a fugitive, in a way that merited punishment, and should have at least produced his dismissal, contrived to convert it into a ladder to the consulship, and ultimately to Empire.

Ille crucem tulit, sceleris pretium, hic diadema.

The state of parties was then most favourable to a change, and he must have had attached friends at home, who early apprised him of what was passing; but still even the transition to any regular degree of control seemed violent, and called forth the full exercise of all his powers of dissimulation; his speeches are replete with the maxims of Machiavel, and never could that wily politician have conceived any situation more arduous; for no substitution of one ruler for another could be compared with the difficulty of re-

ducing a republic to individual sway, and submitting it to the restraints of monarchy.

The circumstances attending upon this extraordinary revolution seem greatly involved in mystery, and there is little doubt it was effected by violence; the detail we have received of it is as follows: the assembly of five hundred being seated in the orangerie, the president in a studied harangue exhorted them to take becoming measures; when a member exclaimed, "The Constitution or Death! We are free here—the bayonet does not terrify us." Another member proposed "that they should swear to oppose themselves to every species of tyranny;" which was scarcely pronounced by the assembly, with enthusiasm, when the door opened, and presented to them General Buonaparte, with his head uncovered, and attended by four grenadiers. Cries of "A bas le dictateur, le Cromwell, hors la loi," resounded in all quarters; and Arena, a countryman of the general's, sought to stab him with his poniard, and would have done so but for the interference of Thomé, who received its point in his sleeve. A crowd of members, casting themselves upon Napoleon, drove him from the hall; and had not the timely arrival of Le Febvre with his grenadiers rescued him from their hands, they had perhaps converted the conqueror of Italy into a second

Romulus. Fresh troops presented themselves upon his departure, and, occupying the assembly, they drove out the members by main force. It was then that Lucien rendered such essential service to his brother, by an animated account of his attempted assassination, in the council of ancients, which still held its sittings, and the result of whose deliberation was that three consuls should be appointed for the republic, who were introduced and sworn into office at two o'clock that morning, in the bosom of the corps legislatif, which still continued together. Such were the extraordinary circumstances which accompanied this strange event, that gave to France one of her most popular rulers. It is curious to consider how different would have been the state of Europe had he fallen on that day by the dagger of Arena.

In 1814, St. Cloud, occupied by Russians, escaped the horrors of war: not so in 1815, when the exasperated Prussians taught them that the cruelties they had practised upon their prisoners were not to be passed over without a severe though well merited retribution. It was here the convention was concluded that opened for a second time the gates of the capital.

St. Cloud was given by Louis XIV. to his only brother of Orleans. It is not externally a

very handsome structure, and is situated too near the village for a palace: that part towards the park, however, is fine, and the interior is agreeable, extensive, and magnificent. As it was the usual abode of Napoleon, it appears in a more habitable state than most of the French palaces, and the decorations of some of the apartments, and of the grand gallery, are very sumptuous. There is here a delightful chamber where, as you sit opposite the fire, you may, by touching a spring, remove the upper part of the fire place, which presents you with a window, consisting of a single plate of glass, through which there is a rich and extensive prospect over the park: this was a favourite room of the Emperor, and was perhaps suggested to him by that of the father of Frederick the Great, who had one so constructed that he could see the review of his troops as he lay in his bed: the same use could be made of this, were they introduced into the park.

During the fête the palace is shown gratis to all who are so inclined, and I do not recollect being charged a sous for seeing any public place in France. This laudable liberality strikes forcibly upon an Englishman, who is excluded from every thing of the same kind at home without paying largely for his gratification, which cannot

always be obtained even upon those terms, and (what would not be credited abroad) is restrained from crossing the cathedral church of London without being mulcted of his penny every time he does so. Surely these are amongst "the matters that they order better in France."

Nothing can exceed the hilarity that pervades every individual of the enormous multitude which fills these parks and gardens during the fête. The numerous cascades and lofty jets, which are foremost amongst its many attractions, and far surpassing those of Versailles, add not a little to the refreshing coolness and pleasure of the animated scene.

This fête lasts three weeks, but is most frequented on Sundays: it bears some resemblance to what Bristol or Chester fairs might be if held in the neighbourhood of London, but in variety of amusements and inclination for enjoyment on the part of the people exceeds any thing I could have formed an idea of; tents are ranged on each side, abounding in every species of commodity, from the finest and most costly to the lowest; whilst others are laid out with tables affording every species of accommodation, and suited to every description of guest. All the various amusements that are perpetually exhibiting on the Boulevards are assembled here for

the occasion, from Punch and the dancing dogs, through all the gradations of drollery, to the man who has tutored his horse into obedience, or the admirable fop who apes the airs of high life: every species of wild animal that can be carried about to advantage, and every show that is likely to prove attractive is also to be met with.

The hour of dinner, which in an assembly so promiscuous is rather early, adds much to the bustle; and, in addition to the numerous parties which have come already provided, there are others who are contented to dine à la gamelle. These meetings are calculated to recall those civic feasts by which they were once distinguished, but which they seem to have long since forgotten, as though they had never existed; every species of merry-go-round, &c. assists in promoting their digestion, and numerous quadrilles, waltzes, &c. are extended far as the eye can reach. It is surprising to an Englishman with what agility and grace these exercises are performed by the meanest of the French people, who seem to be gifted intuitively with the power of attaining to proficiency in what is amongst us confined to persons of condition.

The effect of the great jet d'eau, ninety-seven feet in height, is very grand, and should the sun

happen to shine upon it, exhibits all the varying tints of the rainbow. Few siglits can be more agreeable than the prospect from the obelisk on the top of the mount in the great park, from whence we look down on every thing that can contribute to make the landscape interesting, with Paris itself rising in the distance, and forming a pleasing termination to the picture, of which the foreground is so well filled up. This view reminds us of that of London from Greenwich Hill; but neither does Paris appear so majestic or extensive, nor are the persons who compose the French groups so cleanly or noble in appearance: in manly commanding air, dignity of person, and prepossessing exterior, our people have decidedly the advantage; one cannot be present at any of their public meetings without being impressed with the truth of this remark: whilst in the entire of the fête, I scarcely recollect to have observed a single individual, male or female, who possessed a very fine person, although numbers constantly passed who were remarkable for their plainness. The native Parisian is not profusely gifted, and in this respect falls short of many of the provinces; but the genuine humour and gaiety of their countenances, the pleasure they seem to derive from every species of amusement, the

decent order with which they lead forth their families, and the animation and attention they manifest towards every object with which they happen to come in contact interests us greatly in their favour, makes us desirous of becoming their associate, and anxious that no circumstance should occur that may for a moment divert them from the pleasing pursuit of their innocent merriment. "Oh, vous, tous amis de la franche gaieté, venez, accourez, prenez place dans nos rangs, et admirez avec nous le plus beau, le plus touchant de tous les spectacles, celui d'un peuple immense heureux et content." The French author is right in esteeming this amongst the most interesting of spectacles. How opposite to the infuriated state in which that very people so often assembled during the period of violence! a feeling which we frequently experience when we find them collected together. So hard is it to view the calm sublimity of the ocean without being forcibly reminded of the storm.

The whole concludes with illuminations and fireworks, which prolong it far into the night; but, as we were strangers, and at that time little used to a Parisian crowd, we left it before dark, preferring a late dinner at Paris to the risk of a return during the night. The whole way was filled with persons moving in the same direction;

and at the bridge of Neuilly, one of the arches of which had been blown up the year before for the defence of the capital, the crowd was so great that we were for a long time unable to pass: yet I did not perceive the slightest disorder or disposition to riot, nor did I afterwards hear of any accident, which is rarely the case when such numbers issue forth from London to enjoy the festivities of Greenwich or of Epsom.

CHAP. XIII.

Manufactory of Sèvres—Curious Encounter with a French Family going to St. Cloud—Malmaison—Death of Josephine, and unaffected Regret with which she is still regarded—Champ de Mars — Invalides — Interesting Sight of the French Officers at Dinner—Halle au Bled — Conservatory of Arts et Metiers—Chateau de Vincennes—Murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

Within a walk of St. Cloud is the porcelain manufactory of Sèvres, of which beautiful specimens are so frequently to be found amongst us; an inspection of the various rooms laid out with

vast varieties, is very interesting, though they had lost some of their best executed works shortly previous to our visit. This place suffered more than any other in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; for having obstinately resisted the Prussians in 1815, and killed a great number of them; in which the inhabitants united with the army, the victors thought it right that they should feel the full force of their anger, and exposed their town to a pillage, which lasted eight days; it is said that not a single house escaped, with the exception of the manufactory, which was protected by the troops of Blucher and Wellington, and which afforded shelter in its extensive vaults to the affrighted inhabitants.

The period of our arrival was not the most favourable for viewing the place, which had been nearly emptied by the curiosity or rapacity of its promiscuous visitants; yet I was surprised at seeing there one of the most beautiful specimens of the art that perhaps they had ever executed, and which must have attracted every beholder from the Cossack to the Emperor. It was a round table, into which the heads of the Cæsars were inlaid in cameo upon a beautiful marble ground; the colouring was vivid though delicately shaded, and the execution exquisite;

the whole was covered with glass, and made one of the handsomest pieces of furniture I have ever seen. I have since beheld it with pleasure in the palace of Carleton House, and it seems well appropriated to be admitted into a structure which unites the costly elegance of the royal residence with the taste and comforts of private life.

In going from Versailles, we had an opportunity of judging of the feelings of the people of that neighbourhood; having hired a cabriolet to ourselves, four in number, we were proceeding to the fête, when the driver being hailed by a lady and her two daughters, asked permission to take them up; as the day was very hot, and we should have preferred a larger vehicle, yet being strangers in search of adventure, and not wishing to act ungallantly, or let the national character suffer, as far as we were concerned, in the minds of French ladies, we agreed to accommodate them. Accordingly they boarded us, not with the usual courtesy of their country, but as though they had a right to do so, and the mother only seemed to think that we had acted politely towards them. Such an opportunity for conversation was not to be lost by either side, and the young ladies were quickly engaged with two of our party; as there was nothing tender

or sentimental in it, I had no scruple in listening, and being desirous of judging coolly of what passed, I resolved not to take any part. In a short time they had shown themselves to be violently attached to Napoleon, and had little scruple in manifesting their contempt for the English, whom they insisted he had nearly ruined, and which, had the rest of the nation felt as they did, and properly resisted the receiving of English commodities, must speedily be the case. Finding my friends not always equal to reply to their positions, they supposed it was owing to the impression they had made, which encouraged them so much, that they speedily overpowered them with a noisy and acrimonious volubility, abounding with every thing that was uncivil; however, as they encountered persons who had predetermined not to lose their temper, the conflict was very amusing; but these kind of contests should not be sought for by the English, who may well conceive that they are a very sore subject, and who should be prepared to receive, with more than common good humour, whatever degree of hastiness they may provoke; besides that, they subject themselves to no small disadvantage from an argument in a foreign language, which naturally becomes more hasty than a common conversation, and ex-

poses them by the poverty of their language and difficulty of expression, when their minds are perhaps overstocked with ideas; it requires no small share of patience to preserve themselves from becoming heated under such circumstances. These poor girls were to be pitied, they had evidently sustained a severe loss in the late angry contests, and fancied perhaps that they encountered in us the murderers of a husband or a brother; the inhabitants of such places are at liberty to show more than a common degree of ill humour, and it is scarcely possible to blame them for feelings that are so natural.

At about nine miles distance from Paris, on the road to St. Germains-en-laye, is Malmaison, so long the favourite residence of Josephine and Napoleon, it is so called from having been built upon the place that had been marked to an evil fame by the landing there of the Normans from the Seine in the ninth century, whose ravages were long remembered by succeeding ages; and it is worthy of remark, that it has been one of the last to experience the heavy arm of devastation. Within our own time, in the year 1792, Josephine, then the widow of Beauharnois, became its possessor, which she continued till the hour of her death. Hither she retired during Napoleon's youthful career in Italy, and at

every subsequent period when he went forth in search of conquest. It was here was planned the revolution of which St. Cloud became the theatre, and many of the subsequent important events that so entirely changed the face of Europe. No step was taken without her previous intimation, and she continued to retain her influence over him, and to receive his visits twice a week, even after he had espoused another woman; such an intercourse with him who had deprived her of empire, must have required no common disposition, and proved what power she had once been possessed of, and her prudent and amiable conduct in restraining the violence of Napoleon. It is said, as it was of Wolsey's dismissal by our Eighth Henry, that from the hour she was separated from him, his affairs began to decline, and that, no longer restrained by her moderation, he felt his good genius had deserted him. Naturally fond of retirement she had long since made this a most charming residence, and after her dismissal returned to it with the greater pleasure; whilst no expense has been spared to improve the grounds and gardens which are perfectly English; she was contented to let the house remain unadorned and of a very plain appearance, without any sign of the commodious magnificence that reigns within.

Josephine was happy in being well spoken of by all who approached her; and the allied sovereigns, anxious to pay a tribute to her merit, set out to visit her shortly after their arrival, by consenting to dine with her they were, unfortunately, the cause of her death; for having been ill, she ventured out too soon, in the cool of the evening, for the purpose of showing them her gardens, and brought on a relapse, of which she died on the third day.

It was here where he had so often retired from his own grandeur, that Napoleon resigned, for the last time, the ensigns of empire, on the 23d of June, 1815, the period of his second abdication, and in six days afterwards he set out for embarkation. The Prussians, enraged at having missed him, sacked Malmaison, and Blucher is said to have slept in his dirty boots in the chamber where Josephine died, the greatest possible insult perhaps that he could have offered to her memory; here where she is still regarded by all who had ever known her as a species of divinity, and spoken of with an attachment that neither wealth could command nor power influence. A melancholy feeling comes over us in viewing the beautiful chamber where she died, which is heightened by the pomp with which we are surrounded; the gay decoration of the most

tasteful apartment I have ever seen, and the cheerful prospect without, but ill accord with the abode of suffering and of death; and it is not possible to mix with those who have known her private worth, and have now little to hope from praising her, without giving her a passing tribute of regret; elevated from the humblest to the most exalted station, she was never betrayed into any excess, and, temperate in prosperity, she did not shrink beneath adversity; her mean origin, under these circumstances, becomes an additional cause of praise, and like the first Catherine, she often employed her influence in correcting the errors of a violent consort; all those flagrant crimes which mark his extraordinary career are said to have been strenuously opposed by her, and especially the fate of Enghein, which had nearly produced their separation.

Malmaison is admirably calculated to make an agreeable residence; abounding in magnificence, it does not want for the comforts of a private dwelling, and the gardens are laid out with such taste and so much after the English manner, as must form a delightful contrast with most of the other chateaux in France. In the hall where we are first received is a billiard table, and there is not any thing to remind us that we are in the abode of princes; but going on, we

are admitted to the grand gallery, a most splendid and agreeable apartment, floored with a beautiful iron wood, and once abounding in rare and exquisite painting and sculpture. Of the latter there remained a very beautiful full length figure of Josephine, by Canova, to which if she ever bore any resemblance, she must have been handsome indeed; it is one of the most graceful and elegantly executed figures possible, and so attractive that it is difficult to leave it. It was once accompanied by that other so justly esteemed and deservedly celebrated work, the Psyche of Canova, the chef d'œuvre of modern, perhaps little, if at all, inferior to the best productions of ancient times; but since the late change of affairs, the latter has set out for the shores of the Neva, and is thus unfortunately lost for ever to the greater portion of civilized Europe.

Malmaison is at present uninhabited, it belongs to Eugene Beauharnois, who must sell it, as he cannot again return to France, and is the most inaccessable place about Paris, from the difficulty of obtaining permission to see it.

In the immediate vicinity of Paris is the Champ de Mars, a large and regular park, opposite to the military school, a double row of trees runs on either side from the school to the river, enclo-

sing a space supposed capable of exercising fifty thousand men. Here Louis took the oath to preserve the constitution on the 14th of July, 1790, in the presence of six hundred thousand persons, who threw up embankments in one week, that they might witness the spectacle to greater advantage; it is said that two hundred thousand persons were to be found at work for a week together. Here too some of the most extraordinary revolutionary festivals were celebrated; and here was performed the Champ de Mai, the last act of solemn mockery which distinguished the reign of Napoleon; where the assembled force and nobility of France swore to him with a degree of fervour that seemed to give an earnest of their insincerity. On this spot have successively stood the various armies that have overrun Europe; and here was assembled that multitude that carried desolation into the heart of Russia. Hither was transported the guillotine too for the execution of Bailly, who perished amidst the severest insults of the populace. When I visited it, it had resumed its peaceful station; horse races and air baloons were now necessary to attract the attention of the multitude, and in general a few straggling soldiers alone interrupted the wildness of its untenanted loneliness.

Near the Champ de Mars, and just at the extremity of Paris, is the Hotel des Invalides, a splendid structure, and one of the vaunted glories of Louis the Fourteenth; the intention is the same as that of our Greenwich and Chelsea, to the former of which I consider it very inferior in architecture, though the interior is finished much more highly, particularly the church, now called the Temple of Mars, which is composed of pillars of marble, painted and gilt ornaments, &c., and a tesselated pavement of marble, this is the interior of the splendid gilded dome, so ornamental to Paris; and in perfection of finish and elegance of ornament, it as far surpasses St. Paul's, to which it bears a strong resemblance, as it falls short of it in grandeur of proportion and general effect. This church now contains the beautiful mausolea of Vauban and Turenne. I have before expressed what I thought of the eloquent manner in which they are only named, as if they bid defiance to inscription. The trophies upon the monuments are most appropriate to the ashes of departed greatness, and classically simple and elegant. For many years the Germans, who were the enemies of Turenne, left the field in which he was slain untilled; yet a season had scarcely elapsed till the ploughshare had mingled the congre-

gated heaps of dead at Waterloo, though it remained in the possession of those we might have supposed much interested in preserving it undisturbed; so differently are mankind disposed to regard the same circumstances at different periods.

Around this temple were once suspended the numerous standards that were taken in such numbers by the French armies at various times, from the age of Louis to the present hour, they amounted to a very considerable number, and were composed of materials chosen from every nation in Europe but our own, which had only contributed two tattered flags belonging to small vessels of war, for in the arduous contest in which we were so long engaged, we had "so kept together in our chivalry," that we had the singular good fortune to have lost only one vessel of fifty guns, nor did she strike till she had, under great difficulty, maintained a most honourable conflict with a ship of very superior force.

Previous to the first occupation of Paris, these standards were taken down, and what had cost so much time and pains to acquire, and been achieved at the price of so much blood, was, in a few minutes, reduced to an undistinguished heap, affording a satire on the vanities that so

much occupy mankind, and the empty nothings for which they so frequently involve themselves. I of course did not arrive in time to see them, but if I were desirous of inspecting such matters, I have had perhaps as large, and certainly as legitimate, a field in the military chapel at Whitehall, where I have beheld the eagles of Napoleon, at a time when the flight of their fellows was unrestrained, and when their capture was esteemed a political desideratum; but even such a scene, so comfortable to the national vanity and so closely linked with our preservation, seemed to lose its charms, when I recollected the enormous expenditure of blood and treasure by which they had been acquired, and the complicated misery they had inflicted upon thousands.

The officers were at dinner during our visit to the Invalides, and having been invited to walk through the hall, we did so; it was scarcely possible to conceive a more interesting sight than they presented, as they sat in groups round the different tables, and gazed upon us with visages, many of which bore the indelible marks of those furious contests in which they have so frequently encountered us; yet there was no emotion betrayed by any of them, on the contrary, they seemed anxious to show their civility towards us;

I could not however help feeling that our presence was obtrusive, and that this was one of the most delicate situations I had ever been placed in. Unlike Peter the Great, who is said, when he visited this hall, to have poured out a cup of wine and drank to the health of his comrades in arms; I felt that I was in the presence of those who were my natural enemies, and who could scarcely regard me in any other light, however they might affect to think otherwise. Peter, perhaps, derived pleasure from this magnificent establishment prepared for those who had been his fellow labourers in the field of honour; and admired its utility as a national institution; but I confess it afforded me a melancholy proof of the follies that so frequently influence mankind, who surrendering their individuality and their better feelings, have consented to become mere machines, and uninfluenced by any motives, or instigated by private revenge, have allowed themselves to be impelled forward, as a matter of state expediency, to their mutual destruction; of how little consequence to the unfortunate sufferers were the various battles of which they still retained the marks; how much their risk and privations exceeded any promised advantage.

Amongst the numerous strange edifices to be met with in Paris, we must not omit to mention

one that has not generally attracted attention, though in every way deserving of it, the Halle au Bled. Twenty-five arches, all of equal dimensions, serve each as an entrance, and Tuscan pillars support two tiers of vast granaries, communicating with each other by well executed staircases; the court is covered with a cupola one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, forming a perfect semicircle; the centre, taken from a level with the cornice, is forty-four feet from the ground, and inferior to the Pantheon at Rome, (which is the largest in the world) by thirteen feet only; this great undertaking was originally designed by De l'Orme; and Le Grand, who executed it, has commemorated him by a medallion; the task was esteemed so hazardous that the workmen could not be induced to remove the shores of the dome, which he was obliged to perform himself; when they found, to their astonishment, that the cupola remained upright, though unaided by any apparent support. The cupola is entirely composed of deal boards, a foot in breadth and an inch in thickness, and the whole is covered with sheets of tinned copper. The magnitude of this building may serve to convey some idea of the immense consumption of flour within the city, it being regularly filled and emptied every four or five days; indeed,

few things surprise a stranger more than the quantity of fine bread that is not only consumed, but destroyed at every Parisian meal: their manner of baking in long loaves, abounding in crust, is very wasteful, more than half of them being in general left untasted. A Frenchman, however humble, cannot make any meal without a plentiful portion of bread, for which, as yet, no substitute has been discovered even by the poorest.

Few objects in Paris are more interesting, whether we consider it with respect to its great utility or the entertainment it affords, than the Conservatory of Machines, Abbey St. Martin: according to the design of the institution, it should contain all the instruments used in those arts by which we are taught to sustain life or ameliorate existence. The number of its models amounts to some hundreds, besides a large collection once belonging to the Duc d'Orleans, and the society carry on a correspondence with all parts of the world; in addition to the most interesting and curious models displaying the surprising efforts of human ingenuity, we have all kinds of mechanism connected with the cotton, silk, and woollen manufactory, each of which is deserving of our notice, independent of the very important subject it relates to, which is so well

worthy the serious attention of government. We also find here a number of implements belonging to agriculture, irrigation, &c.; together with many models of discoveries and improvements that are individually curious; amongst which is the belier hydraulique of Montgolfier, by which water can be raised to an astonishing height, with a fall of five feet, and the ingenious invention of Richer for the multiplication of paper money, together with several others; I also particularly observed a very safe kind of coach, that could not be overturned, and a representation of the bridge of Rouen, which I had already admired in reality. The improvements in coining have been here carried to great perfection as to set counterfeits at defiance.

It is needless to enlarge on the advantage of an establishment so pregnant with national utility, or the effect such an exhibition is likely to produce on the mind of youth, when it can be scarcely seen without inspiring a taste for mechanism. How large a portion of latent talent that might long have continued dormant, may be here excited to strenuous exertion, and how general a taste for improvement will be diffused amongst the people; the most superficial observer will return from such a sight at least amused and gratified; whilst the philoso-

pher will envy those in whom originated inventions for which he would willingly barter his most splendid theories, from a consciousness of their greater utility, and being of more real advantage to mankind. The monuments of antiquity may at a first view delight the eye and please the imagination; but when we consider the motives that have contributed to their construction, we have generally little reason to feel proud; some of the more recent works of art have been raised to commemorate victories equally useless, and whose effects have been rather injurious than otherwise to mankind. It is only from such establishments and institutions as this, tending to the amelioration of our species, that we experience that genuine satisfaction which reaches the heart.

One of the most interesting places in the neighbourhood of the city is the celebrated Chateau de Vincennes, situated at the extremity of the extensive forest so called, and a few miles distant from the capital. Its numerous castellated ramparts and donjon present an imposing appearance, and it is a most interesting and striking feature in the Parisian landscape, as seen from Père la Chaise, the heights of Belleville, &c. a part of its battlements approach the public road, with its famous gothic tower, so conspicuous in

history: it owes its origin to Philip Auguste, and the donjon was the work of Charles the Wise; by him it was originally constructed as a place of amusement, but his descendant, Louis XI. converted it into a state prison, and it has continued to be the abode of misery almost ever since. "Depuis cette époque combien de malheureux ont gémi dans cette tour, que Charles V. avait élevée pour le plaisir;" so often do our undertakings turn out the very opposite of what we had originally intended.

This strong hold, adjacent to the city without being too near it, was a favourite residence of many distinguished sovereigns, and retains upon its architecture the traces of their several fashions, æras, and alterations; it was long the abode of St. Louis and his queen, and continued to receive the additions of his successors till the time of Louis XIV. Its numerous towers, great strength, and sombre forest scenery suited the gloomy disposition of the tyrant Louis XI. who made it a prison, and loved to retain around him the numerous victims of his capricious cruelties, in all the barbarous taste of feudal despotism.

It was also the séjour, and the place where terminated the mortal career of some of the

most illustrious and celebrated persons in France. Charles the Wise died here, as did our Fifth Henry, in the flower of his age, in 1422. The Cardinal Mazarin, too, breathed his last amidst its embattled towers, and, by so doing, restored his youthful sovereign to his kingdom and himself.

It has at times been tenanted by many great and remarkable persons, who have here undergone captivity. The Prince of Condé and the great Condé, his son, were both confined here, and Mirabeau became its inmate for four years. In the year 1784 it was no longer used, nor indeed, under such a reign, was it necessary; and the Baron de Bretueil had it thrown open to the public, who anxiously sought to view what they had been so long shut out from, and to trace the various effects produced upon different ranks and constitutions by undergoing a similar misfortune, the loss of liberty, one of the most cruel trials man has devised for the punishment of his fellow. "En la parcourant," says Dulaure, who wrote at the period, "on se sent pénétré d'un sentiment d'horreur, et l'on compatit au malheur de ceux qui l'habitaient: en lisant sur les murs, les témoignages de leur mélancholie et de leur desespoir, la plupart ont cherché, dans

la religion, un soulagement à leur captivité; quelques uns assaillis de lugubres pauses n'envisageaient que les approches de la mort."

It is curious how this place, with draw bridges, towers, battlements, and fosses presenting all the appalling magnificence of war, as it was arrayed in the olden time, should have escaped the destruction of the Bastille; but it does not appear to have then occurred to the infuriated populace that such a place existed. —In 1791, however, it seems to have been in much greater danger, having been chosen by the government to relieve the prisons of the capital, and ordered to be repaired for that purpose; but this gave such umbrage to the multitude that they made a pilgrimage from St. Antoine, burned the gates, and were assiduously engaged in destroying the parapets when La Fayette arrived with the National Guards; nor was even their favourite, who was so proud, to bask in the sunshine of their contaminating fawning, able to induce them to desist until he had recourse to the persuasive argument of the bayonet. Returning in triumph with his prisoners, a greater tempest burst around him in the city, which was only to be dispersed by the thunder of his artillery; affording at once a

striking picture of revolutionary police, and a happy échantillon of French fraternity.

The hint was, however, taken, and the works were discontinued, as it was no longer deemed expedient to arouse a popular outcry; till the imperial ruler of the mighty monster had trained him to obedience, and, consulting only the dictates of his own sovereign will, ordered the reparation of Vincennes for the purpose of its original destination, and made it a permanent station for his troops, who incessantly watched it and the vast numbers of unfortunate persons with which he so frequently filled it; till, as the same writer observes, "elle a recouvré toute l'horreur qu'elle respirait avant:" and surely, if any thing was calculated to obtain for it such a character, it was the last "vile use" to which he converted it; for be it never forgotten, and hear it, all those who exclaim against confining Napoleon (not as a retribution for the misery he entailed on many nations, for that it would be impossible to exact fully, but as a mere precautionary measure, to prevent the recurrence of mischief), that here was enacted the last dreadful scene that casts a deeper shade over his character than even the title of a conqueror can produce. The detail of the French nar-

rator is as follows:—"C'est à Vincennes que le Duc d'Enghien, arrêté le 15 de Mars, 1804, à Ettenheim, dans l'électorat de Bade, arrivé le 20, à cinq heures du soir, fut condamné à mort dans la nuit suivante, par une commission militaire; il fut fusillé le lendemain (21), à quatre heures et demie du soir, dans la partie des fosses du chateau, qui sont au nord de la forêt, son corps avait été enterré sur le lieu même."

His bones were taken up in the year 1816, by the king's order, and placed under a tomb, on which were shortly inscribed his name, his age, and the period of his death. The person who writes the account, with a natural indignation, inquires why they have not placed over them the same inscription that is found at Petersburg upon his cenotaph:—

Inclyto Principi,
Ludovico-Antonio-Henrico,
Borbonio Condæo, Duci D'Enghein,
Non minus propriâ et avitâ virtute,
Quam sortè funesta claro,
Quem devoravit bellica Corsica,
Europæ terror,
Et totius humani generis lues.

I have ever looked upon this act as the least to be defended of any that we meet with in his his-

tory. Considering the prince's relative situation to Napoleon, the grounds of provocation were not sufficient to palliate his being destroyed: his superior talents and known courage made his destruction the cold-blooded act of state policy.

The crimes of other men have surprised them in their weaker hour of passion, or deluded them with the tempation of overrated advantage. Alexander slew Clytus while under the influence of intoxication: a hasty expression, carelessly dropped by Henry, after great and repeated provocation, caused the murder of Becket, which was endeavoured to be atoned for by this unhappy prince through years of unavailing penance and contrition. The bolder atrocities of John and Richard, disgusting and inexcusable as they are, may be in some measure lessened from the barbarous period in which they occurred, and the greater temptation for their committal upon the only persons remaining between them and sovereignty; and, taken in their most unfavourable point, do not equal this. Here there was no benefit to be immediately obtained, unless one murder was to be followed by several others.

The arrest was carried into effect on the 15th of March, at night; a telegraphic dispatch announced the event, and he was forthwith ordered

to be brought to Paris; and the sequel of this tragical story was characterised by consular good taste and republican simplicity: a coach and six conveyed him to Vincennes, fifty gendarmes rode beside him, and for a distance of four hundred miles this noble descendant of royalty was loaded hand and foot with irons; he was never allowed, from the time of his arrest till the moment of his execution, to dress, to shave, to change his linen, or go to bed; and in his dungeon there was nothing but straw: yet, in this situation, and labouring under a degree of fatigue that almost caused him to sleep even at the critical hour of his trial, when he found himself alone and unassisted amongst a ferocious race, was he obliged to undergo that mockery of justice which endeavoured to give a sanction to his murder, and which was preceded by such barbarisms as made the last sad act committed upon him a species of mercy. Still, amidst all these dreadful circumstances, he appears to have conducted himself in a manner worthy his illustrious descent; he looked at even an ignominious death undismayed; he refused to submit to have his eyes covered, and, finding his murderers as well as their leader to be foreigners, he exclaimed, "Thank God, I do not receive my death from the hands of Frenchmen."

He is said, after sentence was passed upon him, to have demanded to see Buonaparte. "Yes," said General Hulin, president of his trial, and superintendant of his execution, "if you have any discoveries to make." "Discoveries!" answered the duke, with indignation; "carry me to the place of execution." This Hulin, who acted thus, was the son of a washerwoman at Versailles!!!

His execution was attended by two hundred gendarmes, three thousand men of the Italian corps, fifty Mamelukes, with Murat, Hulin, and Louis Buonaparte: each Mameluke held a flambeau; and, of nine grenadiers who fired, seven hit him. Such were the circumstances that marked the termination of his mortal career, whose only crime was to have been descended from so many illustrious monarchs, and to have entered into negotiations with some continental princes for the justifiable purpose of endeavouring to recover the throne of his ancestors. He was thus, in the flower of his age, hurried out of life, at the dread hour of night, without their affording to his innocence that common decency of death which it has long been customary for civilised nations to show, even to the most wretched of their species, when reduced by their crimes to undergo the extremity

of human calamity; or a moment of preparation ere his sudden appearance in the awful presence of that God whose mandates they outraged: The fate of Caulincourt was too mild, who shared the glories of the soldier's death at Borodino: the ignominious end of Murat was more suited to the culpable share he had in inspecting this vile deed. Others of them still encumber the earth; but, though their fate is slow, it is sure; and they will no doubt one day suffer for it an ample retribution: in the mean time, I envy them not the feelings of their own guilty consciences.

This was the treatment afforded by Napoleon to the unhappy victims of his resentment, and such were the arts by which he alleviated the rigours of captivity to one of the greatest men in Europe; yet he is the same person in whose favour such constant appeals are made to our humanity—for whom a whole island is esteemed too little, and an extent of accommodation hitherto unprecedented; and we are sometimes upbraided with want of feeling in having detained him at all, as though his crimes had entitled him to an impunity in mischief. If there be still any such weak minded or culpable feelings amongst us, or if the lapse of time and security we at present enjoy have made us forgetful of him,

let us again peruse the story of the Duke d'Enghien.

We were not permitted to enter the chateau; an officer, who spoke English remarkably well, came forward and told us that he regretted being obliged to refuse us, but that could only be granted to an order of the governor. We were not a little disappointed; as Vincennes, amidst its present strength, contains much of the character of other times, and lives in all the recollections of the past. Its form is a regular parallelogram, of considerable size, about which are nine square towers; that called the donjon being the highest and most celebrated. Deep fossés, lined with stone, encompass the edifice: they were formerly filled with water, but are now dry, and are to be passed by a single drawbridge. The exterior bears a strong resemblance to the representations of the Bastille; but is more spacious and magnificent, and possesses considerable beauty of architecture, as well as a superior situation.

An attempt has been made to draw a comparison between Ney and D'Enghien, as victims of the revolution, equally brave, innocent, and unfortunate. The former of these is true; and the similarity of their end has induced many to suppose the latter; but the circumstances that

led to each admit of no comparison: in the one case is a royal youth, basely sacrificed to unrelenting tyranny. In the other, one who chiefly deserves our pity, because he was (with a single exception) the only victim to offended justice, out of the numbers who had participated in his guilt: but was he on that account the less culpable? and is his, so great a defalcation, not entitled to punishment? His merits as an officer were certainly conspicuous and undeniable; he had successively occupied every military station; had led the advance where Napoleon himself had retreated; and he had been distinguished as "le brave des braves;" great claims, no doubt, to a soldier's admiration: but what had been his conduct to his prince, had he not insinuated himself into his confidence, with the full design of ruining him, and, espoused his cause that he might have an opportunity of betraying him? Have we forgotten his proffered services on the landing of Napoleon? or can any reasonable person be found to defend him for having so basely abused the unsuspecting credulity that trusted him. Enghien was in his death patriotic as well as magnanimous, and rejoiced that the crime was not to fall on his countrymen; and Ney, too, in such circumstances, seems not less deserving of

our admiration, as he fell by the hand of those he had so often led to victory, and, looking undauntedly upon the weapons pointed for his destruction, exclaimed, "My comrades, to the heart;" and we may observe of him, with our great poet,

> "Thy gallant bearing I could 'plaud,
> But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier."

In the apartment in which it is said that the council of war assembled, there is an altar, in a niche before the tomb, where two candles and a lamp burn perpetually, and a priest repairs daily to say a mass for the soul of the deceased, whose bust is placed in this gloomy abode, so calculated to impress with a sense of horror and commiseration even the most forgetful and unobservant.

CHAP. XIV.

Journey from Paris to Calais—Chantilly Palace—The Great Condé—Amiens—Treaty of —Abbeville—Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt—Parallel between those Days and the more recent Victories of the English at Blenheim and Waterloo—State of our Army at the Close of the Contest—Difficulty of reducing them—Montrieul—Boulogne Flotilla —Army of England—Calais—Embarkation and Escape of Shipwreck.

On the road leading from Paris to Calais, so well known to most travellers, there are not many objects of particular interest, and the general aspect of the country is very unpromising.

The first place of any note is Chantilly, at the distance of twenty-four miles, situated in rather an interesting country, with an extensive forest, abounding in game, and long a celebrated haunt

of the chasse, for which its reputation still continues. The innkeeper here is a droll character, well worth conversing with, and a perfect Frenchman; he is known to several of the English, for whom he is in the habit of training and breaking dogs, and he possesses some that appear to be very fine. Immediately opposite his house, in a little bower, is a ponderous round table, cut out of a single stone, at which the chasseurs of Condé used to breakfast on the morning of a hunt; it is of considerable antiquity, and was included in a small portion of what escaped the plunder of the palace, being sold to the innkeeper, as the chateau itself, (once amongst the most magnificent in France) was to an individual for the value of the materials, who tore it asunder piecemeal, and offered them for what they would bring. The situation of this truly royal residence was worthy of the great possessor, and it must, when in its splendour, have been very delightful as well as magnificent. The principal remains are its grand ecurie, built to accommodate two hundred and forty horses, though four hundred have since been lodged there without inconvenience, and its tennis court, the usual accompaniment of the palace, as fine as that of Versailles; these still remain

devoted to their original purpose, and from one point in the stable, we could see every thing it contained, four horses of white marble originally stood there also, and spouted water into a reservoir of the same material. The vaults only of this stately chateau are entire, and the ornamental canal is drained and filled up; but the small building belonging to the "home d'affaires" remains, and is now the abode of Condé, who here passes his protracted age unattended by his son, and deprived of his gallant and lamented grandson, the unfortunate Enghien; thistles and grass are seen now to cover the spot where the great Condé used to hold the spade and shovel instead of the sword, and rear in his retirement all sorts of flowers, which occasionally peep out over this delightful scene, as if to remind us of what it was, and to reproach the rude hand of violence that had despoiled it of its former beautiful embellishment. It is curious to contemplate the gratitude shown by this people to two of the greatest heroes their country ever produced, and who had each saved her from destruction. The mortal remains of Turenne were exposed for months together, to daily insult, after they had been torn from the silence of the tomb; and the last retreat of the illustrious Condé, who only

sought to depart in peace, after having exhausted his strength in her service, and whose residence should have remained to the latest posterity a shrine dedicated to the national emulation, was demolished, merely because it had belonged to him and his race.

Oh, England! may the period never arrive when you will turn with infidel ingratitude upon your benefactors, and forgetting what you owe to the great deeds of a Marlborough, a Nelson, or a Wellington, produce a Cadmean race who will delight, with impious hand, to obliterate what the unanimous voice of their contemporaries had conferred upon them to commemorate their illustrious exertions in the public service.

Passing on through Clermont and Breteuil there is nothing particularly deserving of notice till we arrive at Amiens, a very considerable place, with some manufactories of woollen stuffs; the principal object that attracts our attention is the cathedral, built by our Regent of Bedford during the minority of Henry the Sixth, a noble edifice with light gothic porches at the entrance, very striking and most richly sculptured; the nave is also an object of great admiration.

This place is remarkable for the treaty of peace signed here in 1802, between England

and Consular France, an event which was near proving our destruction, and one of the most unfortunate that stands enrolled in our annals. A violent rain prevented our seeing much of Amiens: the country between this and Abbeville presents a more engaging appearance, and abounds in underwood, with an occasional chateau; the population of Abbeville is considerable, and there are some manufactories of cloth and carpeting, with a most commodious and excellent inn. The town is old, owing its origin to a period anterior to that of Hugh Capet, and several curious houses stand in the street. The Cathedral and St. Wilfred are deserving of notice from their architecture, which was here profusely scattered over the country whilst it yet remained in our hands. Through it runs the river Somme: its banks early echoed to the triumphant shouts of Englishmen, exulting over the Waterloo of other times.

The plain of Cressy lies without the town, and at no very great distance is Agincourt; it was impossible to be near such places without finding our English blood mounting in our veins, and recalling to our recollection all the particulars of the mighty events which had occurred in their neighbourhood, and the speedy and com-

plete defeat experienced by our enemy from such inferior numbers. The historian of our country has most justly observed, that the three great battles of those times gained by us over France, bear a singular resemblance to each other in their most considerable circumstances; the same risk and disparity of numbers, the same exposure to inevitable destruction in case of failure, and the same presence of mind in preparing prudently for the event, as well as courageous firmness during the battle, whilst the same vain confidence and confusion marked the conduct of the French, and the results of each were nearly similar to the conquerors.

We of the present day may carry the parallel still further, and enrich the future historian by the record of recent events, enabling us to look, without fear of comparison, at our former glories, and to gaze undazzled upon the most brilliant pages of our story. I remember when the feeling would have been otherwise, when those brighter spots in our annals had appeared to have carried with them a tacit reproach, and at least not to have descended in their spirit farther than the last age; when casting a longing glance upon that period we had felt inclined to exclaim,

"Oh, for the swords of former times,
Oh, for the men who bore them;"

and endeavoured to console ourselves with the thought, that if we could boast of nothing equal to their achievement, it was because we contended with a power that was the similar only in name, whilst in size, numbers, and resources, it was manifestly increased; the fourth great item in our account, the glorious day of Blenheim, showed, that even after so long a lapse of ages, we had not degenerated, but could still hurl a proud defiance against the monarch of France, though he had increased his strength by more than all that, when we had last encountered him, was ours; yet, even all this was surpassed within our times; we had seen monarchical merged in republican, and then swelled into imperial France, and rising to a magnitude of power that seemed no longer able to brook the resistance of England, nor even of the world! yet this mighty force has bowed to us when it was arrayed for our annihilation, and enabled us to contemplate our annals with satisfaction, having ourselves added to the bright column of our renown a name that seems more than the mighty aggregate of those that

preceded it—and Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, Blenheim, and Waterloo, establish her superiority on a basis so firm that all the efforts of France and of posterity, to rival or surpass them, are likely to prove vain. At Cressy, as of late, a wood in the rear protected the baggage, and the thunder of the elements preceded the din of battle, as it happened at Waterloo; this was, on the former occasion, a favourable circumstance to the English, though of late, it only added to their difficulties and distress; the French cavalry were formidable opponents in all those eventful struggles; but the nerve and firmness of the British arm proved eventually superior, whether occupied in pulling the bowstring, in wielding the battle-axe, or in charging with the bayonet; the same discomfiture, risk of captivity of the leaders or princes, and slaughter of those who were vanquished, marked all those great encounters; at Poictiers they came off best through the magnanimity of young Edward; at the two other great days, they were too numerous to be made captive; a large part of those drawn up at Blenheim, were unnecessarily drowned; and the Prussians completed the slaughter of Waterloo. Many of the principal nobility of France, with some independent

princes, and the kings of Bohemia and Majorca, were amongst the slain at Cressy, with nearly forty thousand men. At Poictiers too we have the same gallantry, signal success, and complete victory; the constable, who commanded, slain, and the king himself a prisoner, after a gallant resistance. Here commenced the truly admirable heroism of the sable warrior, who at once from the victor became an attendant on his captive, and never neglected what he conceived to be due to his exalted rank. He too showed himself worthy such courteous treatment, nor for a moment forgot he was a king, but appeared like Porus in the tent of Alexander. Agincourt also was pre-eminently marked by the signal overthrow of the French, and the vast number of illustrious persons who were lost to the service of their country; eight thousand gentlemen fell in the fight, and fourteen thousand remained prisoners and paid "egregious ransom," the constable, with some of the principal nobles, being slain, and the dauphin scarcely escaping. The day of Blenheim was in no respect less disastrous to the French arms, their general and fourteen thousand men prisoners, the latter almost without having been engaged; together with twelve thousand dead,

and the total rout of their army, plunder of their ally of Bavaria, salvation of the tottering throne of the emperor, and complete regeneration of the affairs of Europe.

In all those actions the commanders appear to have fully participated in the dangers, and shared largely in the discomfiture of their forces; the French king was with difficulty urged to leave the field of Cressy, where his brother and two of the sovereigns, his allies, lay dead: another monarch, after a most obstinate resistance, was made captive at Poictiers: the constable lay prostrate upon the plain of Agincourt, and Marshal Tallard resigned his baton to the victors at Blenheim. No officer of very high rank either fell or remained prisoner at Waterloo, though the result was as complete, and the defeat as final as if they had done so; but Napoleon appears not to have particularly exposed himself; he had no horses killed under him, and when the battle was likely to prove adverse, he calmly provided for his safety, displaying neither the undaunted firmness of Philip of Valois, the chivalrous courage of John, the unshaken bravery of the constable d'Albert, nor the hasty impetuosity of Tallard, though his was a case calling more

particularly for great personal exertion than any, or all those which had excited it in his predecessors.

A singular circumstance connected with the three first of those victories, is the uncommon disparity of the numbers of the slain; the changes in the art of war and obstinacy of the two latter have unfortunately deprived us of the power of making a similar observation. The loss of the French, in slain, at Waterloo, was not less than on any of the former occasions; the results of that day are incalculable, and would lose from any summary I could make of them; they are too recent, and have been too fully experienced to need enumeration. It was the keystone which alone was wanted to complete the arch of Britain's triumphs, more perfect than any ever raised to Greek or Roman fame. I have often alluded to the last great day of victory, by which our tedious and eventful struggle has been terminated, there is much to make us do so, and the result we sought for was so speedily obtained, and so perfectly effected, that we naturally dwell upon it as the brightest spot in our history, the great consummation so long sought for in vain, and such it certainly is; but far be it from me to forget, much less to undervalue the previous achievements of our gal-

lant army, and their long career of hard earned successes, by which they trained themselves into becoming what they are, accustomed their eye to the most practised troops in the world, and having beaten them in detail, under all their celebrated commanders, at length gave them a decisive and final overthrow when assembled in all the pride and force of their collected strength, and marshalled by their renowned leader, that great master in the art of war.

Had it not been for our Spanish campaign, we had never seen the success of Waterloo, no more than without the protection of our navy we had ever survived the danger that at so many times previously threatened us, and at a period when the organization of our military was not yet complete, nor the genius of our army developed; each may be said to have afforded opportunity for the production of the other. Never were battles more obstinately contested nor bravely won, than the early achievements of Wellington, and I cannot help regretting the numbers of his gallant associates in arms, who, after having followed him so long, were absent from the rewards attendant on the last great day; for, as to honour, they were as fully employed; many of those engaged at Waterloo, had remained at home for several months, and gone

out there unfatigued a week before, whilst most of the absent had not known a moment's respite; but having reached Bordeaux, from conquered Spain, were forthwith embarked to pursue the less pleasing, as well as less glorious, though perhaps more difficult, warfare of the new world, and having traversed the vast continent for several degrees of latitude, burned the capital, and carried along with them every where fire, destruction, and unceasing war, at the same time that they proclaimed its termination in the old; were, at length, after various successes, obliged to recross the vast Atlantic without having been once on land, except when in the face of an enemy. What then must have been their feelings when expecting to find the eyes of the world turned towards them, as the only attractive object now presented to their notice, to learn that the face of things had undergone such a change; that peace had been exchanged for war, and that they had returned to Europe a few days after the greatest action ever fought, and an event of such paramount importance, that it seemed to have eclipsed all their former achievements, and to bring to others, honour, emolument, and distinction, to which, whatever their pretensions, they could not be entitled?

The difficulty of adjusting the respective merits of those who happened to have been present at the termination, with that of the others who fought through the continuance of the contest, is perhaps the most arduous task which has devolved upon the government; it was impossible to pass over unnoticed those who were actually engaged, and the others, whose veteran experience and length of service seemed to entitle them to the highest rewards, must only submit to the fate of war, which had destined them to be elsewhere engaged, as the remainder of the army must who were absent altogether; and when they feel their generous breasts beat as high as those who bear the badge of that day's distinction, may it not be through any feeling of envy, but rather in the desire of a noble emulation.

The great deeds of our army, the grand scale on which the war has been of late carried on, and the variety of places, in different quarters of the globe, that we have been obliged at the same time to defend, have necessarily produced a vast increase of our military establishment, beyond any thing that we have hitherto been accustomed, and left us, on the sudden conclusion of hostility, in all the plenitude of the most extensive war establishment; at the same time that we feel

hardly at liberty, all at once, to dispense with them; and to reward their effectual exertions in our behalf, by destroying their occupation, and turning them adrift upon the world; where their numbers alone would prevent their immediate return into the bosom of their fellow citizens, by greatly enhancing the difficulty of finding them employment; so bad are all sudden transitions even those from war to peace when a country has been long inured to hostility. This it is that in the present case makes the too speedy reduction of the army impolitic, and the mode of doing it delicate: I have always felt inclined to listen to those with particular distrust who advise a hasty diminution of our force, whether they have originated in the confused murmurs of the populace against the greatness of existing establishment, or proceeded from the opposition benches, where we have seen a few obstinate pruners annually reiterate their trite observations upon the passing of every item in the estimates; but it would be unworthy the greatness of our country to deal harshly with them. "We English do not put our conquerors off with leaves; we give them fruits as cheerfully bestowed as they are fairly earned, God bless them! I would reduce my table to one dish, my hall to one servant, my stable to one saddle

horse, and my kennel to one pointer, rather than abridge the preservers of Old England of a feather."

Leaving Abbeville, the first object that attracts our notice is Montreuil, which presents a very fine appearance as we approach it, being placed upon a commanding eminence, and almost impregnable. It is only accessible by two draw-bridges, and it conveys to the mind of the passing traveller a full idea of its importance.

A few posts further is Boulogne Harbour, so long a favourite residence of the English. We approached Boulogne after dark, and saw its lights whilst yet at some distance; we were surprised too by encountering persons on horseback, who, on a nearer approach, we found to be vedettes dispatched to canvass for their respective houses; for once in our lives we preferred the English one, which is not in general either a pleasant or prudent rule; but we had certainly no cause to dread our temerity in entrusting ourselves to Mrs. Parker. She is a native of England, and lived here during the siege, which she describes with interest.

Boulogne possesses considerable advantages, and is in many respects deserving of notice; the situation being agreeable, and the prospect pleasing; it is divided into the upper and lower

town; the former lies high, is surrounded with walls and towers, enclosing squares and public buildings, with the best houses, and commands a fine view of the adjacent country; there are also here a cathedral and a theatre; it was, before the revolution, inhabited principally by nobless, who were as proud as any in France, and still contains about thirteen thousand souls; but the chief importance of the place arises from its harbour, which, though difficult of access, and not suited to large vessels, is yet of great value from its proximity to our shores: it became a point of the first consequence during the menaced invasion of the late war, and was the rendezvous of the flotilla, which so long excited our apprehension. Boulogne had been besieged by Henry VII. and captured by Henry VIII. and was yielded up by Edward VI. for four hundred thousand crowns: it continued in comparative peace till the last war, when the daily increasing force of the flotilla attracted the notice of Nelson, who wished to destroy so serious a means of annoyance within a few hours' sail of our shores; for this purpose he bombarded the place from five in the morning till nine at night, but without making any sensible impression; a party having endeavoured to force their way into the town, were prevented by a boom drawn across

the mouth of the harbour, which they could not break; the point is shown where Captain Parker fell as he gallantly led on his men against the enemy; the army of England were, at the time, drawn up in immense force upon the heights, and to attempt any thing in their presence, appears to have been a degree of audacity amounting almost to rashness.

Near the town still remain the entrenchments thrown up by the army, whilst they waited the hour of embarkation within sight of the object of their desires; and to afford them occupation during that period of protracted suspense, they were employed in constructing a pillar to their own glory; it is nearly completed though only a part is erected, is very prettily wrought, and composed of green marble, capable of receiving a high polish, which we may judge from the specimens that are exhibited of it; as the army never effected their intentions, at least against us, and having been unable to erect the monument to themselves, in anticipation of victories that were never won, they are not likely to have it done by posterity after their disappearance, especially considering the overthrow of their enterprise; it is a pity that the column is lost, and since it has failed to commemorate one period of the contest, surely it might have, with

advantage, been made to mark another, by having been either sold or brought away, and erected by us in honour of Nelson or Wellington.

Boulogne always has been, and still continues, a very favourite resort of the English, who are to be found here in great numbers; its proximity to home, whilst they at the same time enjoy the œconomy and the language of France, with the variety of a foreign town and of a seaport, always presenting a lively scene, and affording them at once the commercial productions of England, and some of the wines and advantages of the continent, on much cheaper terms than they might be had elsewhere; whilst the number of our countrymen (although no very desirable matter, perhaps, to the enlightened traveller, who rather finds that they have become, in many places, too numerous) is to several an inducement to settle here, as it enables them to preserve something of their own habits of living, which the English often love to do abroad, and contributes to the comfort of a class of persons who would not otherwise feel satisfied at being from home, were they to plunge at once into French society, unrelieved by such as they have been accustomed to; there is also a very considerable intercourse between those in trade, and it has long been a common practice to exchange

a member of a French family for one of an English, and let them remain alternately for a considerable time to acquire the language, and be enabled to transact the business of strangers upon their return; the small expense incurred in coming, is a principal reason for this, but that has also its disadvantages; many sharpers, debtors, and others, who are obliged to quit England, in order to be beyond the reach of the laws, take up their abode here or at Calais, the nearest points to home, to which they are desirous, perhaps, of remaining close enough to hear from, as well as of avoiding the expense of travelling; yet in this they are often wrong, as the sterile Picardy affords little, and the great numbers of strangers who collect upon the coast, raise every article of life very much, though they are still to be had for less than with us. Such as are wise would do well to go further south, to Paris, or beyond it, where they may enjoy some of the benefits of climate, and experience other advantages in a pecuniary point, that will more than compensate for the expense of the travelling.

A short distance from Boulogne, at the village of Wimill, are interred the remains of Pilatre de Rosier and Anger Romain, who fell from a Mongolfier at the height of five thousand feet;

it having unfortunately caught fire as they fearlessly exposed themselves in this, their recent discovery, the forlorn hope of science. A neat monument and suitable inscription placed near the road side, records their melancholy and disastrous end. We mourn the fate of the hero who falls in courageously confronting the dangers of battle; but we must doubly deplore the man of science, who is cut off in the ardent pursuit of knowledge, and the disinterested endeavours to remove still farther back the confines of ignorance.

A few posts further brings us to Calais, the great salient point of all continental excursion, so well known and so often visited: it is not situated exactly at the narrowest point of the Strait of Dover, but a little to the eastward, where the land begins to fall off, and the passage from Boulogne is frequently made as soon, though this is the more regular station and more favourite starting post. A place so circumstanced must have early attracted notice, and it became a fortified station of antiquity, and was considered of the highest importance in the intercourse between England and France; our third Edward made himself master of it after a siege of eleven months, maintained even through famine with uncommon obstinacy, and was about

to exercise the most unmerited cruelties on its brave citizens; whilst he conferred the highest honours of chivalry on Ribemont and the knights who came by stealth to its delivery; a singular instance, as Hume most justly observes, of the different estimation in which ranks were held in those days.

It remained in our possession till 1558, when the French retook it under the Duke of Guise. In 1596, the Spaniards became masters of it, but restored it shortly after to France. Sir Cloudesley Shovel bombarded it without effect, as it also escaped the attempts of our squadrons during the late war. It is a well fortified town, and has one of the largest citadels in the kingdom, commanding the town, harbour, and adjacent plains, with spacious barracks for three thousand men, and a power, in case of attack, of laying the whole country under water in a few hours. The houses are large and the streets wide; but without a flag way, in which respect our towns so much excel those of France.

Calais, as a place of residence, somewhat resembles Boulogne, and there are many English here who have never been able to make further progress upon their travels. It has nothing showy about it, but has, notwithstanding, some advantages, and many conveniences that might

incline one to a residence here. The Hotel Tillac, the celebrated Deseins, is in itself a vast inducement; it contains a theatre within its ample enclosure, and the most commodious suits of apartments, with any number of rooms one may have occasion for; the charges too are moderate, and the kitchen excellent: no unimportant matters in France. There is something too in a seaport very interesting, and the constant variety of strangers passing to and from England greatly enlivens the scene, and dispels the ennui of such as remain here. Calais has two piers, which run out considerably, and spacious quays: it was here the king landed on his restoration, and a stone, marked with a foot, records the spot on which he first touched his native soil, after a long and eventful absence; and it is from this place, also, that we embarked for England. A part of our adventures, which was near proving unfortunate to us, having narrowly escaped shipwreck in returning to Dover, through the obstinacy and bad conduct of the captain of one of the packets on that station. We had set out on a fine day about one o'clock, almost at the same time with another packet; the usual canvass and emulation was carried on previous to our sailing, and we were assured by our captain, that if we went with him, we should

arrive quite as soon as the others, though they said that he was delaying too long to make Dover that tide; he still waited, however, in order to secure some newly arrived passengers, and we saw our companion bear away without a hope of overtaking her. A breeze, however, happening to spring up, he thought he would be able, after having obtained his prize, to arrive as soon as those who had started at their proper time, and with this intent made all sail; it was now evening, and nearly dark, late in the month of October, and a very fresh breeze blowing, with every prospect of its increasing; we saw our rival make the pier and enter the harbour, and just as she did so, the ensign, which tells the state of the tide, was hauled down, notwithstanding which, our captain was determined to proceed; this was nervous work, and as we approached the pier, we saw persons upon it, warning us off, and calling to us not to attempt it: now the captain took fright in his turn, and sought to put the vessel about; but she was so close in shore that this was hardly practicable, and was in imminent danger of running against the rocks, with just sufficient water to have destroyed us, without enough to make the harbour; the people on shore told us afterwards, that they were getting out the life boat,

so apprehensive were they of the consequences, and the dismay on board was really beyond any thing I could have had an idea of, there was a general crash, and all gave a shout, and appeared alike sensible to the danger. Our courageous captain and his mate were the first in betraying alarm, and seemed quite incapable of giving any order, and the latter deliberately locked up a lighted candle, which he held in his hand, and would have left it there to burn us, had it not been seen by one of the crew; and the former seemed as undecided as before he had been positive. Some naval persons on board, said they had never heard of a narrower escape, and attributed our risk, altogether, to the obstinacy and impropriety of the captain, in first overstaying his time, and then most unwarrantably risking our lives by endeavouring to cross the bar after the ensign had been hauled down as the signal of water being too low to cross. We had all resolved on the propriety of acquainting the admiralty with his conduct; but, being in haste, neglected doing so; thus no notice has been taken of this matter, and I have since had the mortification of finding that this person has had no slight charge entrusted to his care, and that he has departed from our shores, having his vessel freighted with

the charge of some of the most valuable lives we possess. During the distress on board, we had a striking instance of the dissimilar effect produced by danger on French and English character. A Frenchman and his daughter, who were on board, disturbed us by their noise and general impetuosity; but when we were in danger, they became quite intolerable, and uttered the most frantic exclamations of distress, in a manner that would, under almost any other circumstances, have appeared ludicrous; whilst a beautiful Englishwoman, clasped her infant to her breast, and only sought to be placed beside her youthful husband, with a meek resignation that exhibited a picture of the finest degree of heroism. In all the graver scenes of trial, the Englishman becomes more than himself, and possesses a manifest advantage. We were, at length, however, relieved from the danger we had been exposed to, and after remaining off from the time the occurrence took place, five o'clock in the evening, till one the next morning, we were then landed, happy in arriving safely on shore, and most thankful to Providence for our preservation.

SEPTEMBER, 1818.

CHAP. XV.

Plain of Denain—Review of the British and Allied Armies, a most interesting Spectacle—First Time of seeing Wellington since Waterloo—Reflections—Valenciennes—Table d'Hôte—Ball at the Duke's—Russian Review in the Neighbourhood of Maubeuge—Ceremony of the Greek Church performed on the Field—Grand Effect—Reflections on seeing the Russian Army—Cossacks—Ball at the Russian Head Quarters—Count Woronzoff, and School of the Russian Army.

I REVISITED Paris in the years 1817 and 1818: it was in the month of September of the latter, having learned that the Allied armies were about to be reviewed on the plain of Denain, and being previously determined to quit Paris at no very distant period, we set out to make inquiries at the Bureau des Diligences; not being certain whether we should proceed to

Switzerland, according to our original intention, or, taking a more northerly direction, avoid the heats, which were then becoming oppressive. An accidental encounter with an English officer determined us in favour of the latter course, with which we had afterwards every reason to be satisfied; having relinquished what, no doubt, was a very delightful tour, but one always within our power, for the observation of events of which no future combination of circumstances is likely to produce a recurrence.

On entering the Bureau, we learned that all the diligences were occupied for the greater part of the ensuing week; a subject of peculiar regret to the officer, who said the review was to take place on the following Thursday, and that, were he to walk there from Paris, he must see one of the finest spectacles of modern times. As he could not procure a place in any public vehicle, and as the press along the road rendered posting almost impracticable, it seemed not improbable that he would be forced to endeavour to effect his intention, though the distance of Cambray appeared too great to afford any hope of reaching it in that way within the time.

This had a very great effect upon our hitherto undecided plans; we began to regret not having sooner learned what was to take place there,

and at once resolved that we ought to have turned our course in that direction, and endeavoured to see the reviews, congress, &c. and embrace the passing scene, so much more interesting than those tamer subjects which might afford attraction on other years: but the difficulty now was how to accomplish this, as every conveyance appeared to be pre-occupied, every post horse to be in requisition.

As we were strolling home in a melancholy mood at the thought of what we had lost, we spied a man driving a curious old heavy coach and pair, on which was written Brussels; who, seeing us observe him, stopped when he came up to us, and inquired, in a half intoxicated mood, if we wanted to go in that direction; upon which we began to question him, though with but very slender hopes that he could afford us any assistance. In this, however, we were agreeably disappointed, as we learned that he started on the following morning, that he had just two places in the interior at our service, and that he would reach Cambray some time on the third day, although he drove the same pair of horses the whole way. Finding that he had often performed the distance in a similar period, and that there was every prospect of his having us there at the appointed time, which

was all that we desired, we determined to accompany him, as we thereby avoided the uncertainty attendant on posting; and, having learned that our companions were French, at least not English, we proposed to derive both amusement and advantage from travelling so long in their society, in neither of which were we disappointed; the only remaining embarrassment was to be ready against five o'clock the following morning, for it was then late, and the task of leaving Paris is always a difficult if not a painful one; however, we accomplished it, and found ourselves seated in his commodious voiture (properly called a volonté) at the appointed time, while our conducteur, now grown more sober than on the preceding day, quickly collected his charge, and set about his journey in good earnest. We were soon in motion, and congratulated ourselves on having found so easy and agreeable a conveyance with so little trouble or delay.

The gray tints of morning softened every object as we moved along the extensive Fauxbourg of that most captivating of cities; and the sombre stillness of the hour (for man, although there so early, had not yet made his appearance) caused us to be alive to all that we were thus hastily quitting, and drew us back occasionally

to what had, under so many shapes, afforded us enjoyment; whilst we thought of the uncertainty of our revisiting it with pain, and experienced a feeling that is ever more or less felt, in quitting any place that has been the scene of happy hours: he must be gifted with more than common indifference who can leave Paris without regret; however, we were going in search of new objects, which were quite sufficient to engage us, and were glad to find that we were to see something more of Europe and of her people; so our prospects quickly brightened, and we found our melancholy die away with the morning mist.

As we advanced, we had more leisure to survey our equipage and its contents. The voiture was easy and commodious as any private carriage in England; the lining of stuffed morocco leather, with silk and Venetian blinds, and large windows of plate glass; whilst in front there was a projection from the roof that threw an agreeable shade, and from under which the country appeared to the greatest advantage.

Our party consisted of a French judge and his newly married spouse; a singular, agreeable, and primitive couple from the Limousin, a part of France that has been most fortunate in

having, from its natural inaccessibility, escaped much of the taints of the revolution; they appeared to be very amiable, and he was a rare instance of a François who had not been a soldier, which made him a much more pleasing companion; a Brussels lady and her attendant (who entertained us much with an excellent account of what had followed the battle of Waterloo), my friend, and self completed the party; with the addition of a Fleming and a Dutch woman, a Hamburger, and French boy, who rode without, and occasionally joined us when we stopped: they were all polite, agreeable, and intelligent, and we had much interesting conversation throughout the journey.

We did not stop at any large town, but usually at some sequestered inn; where a warm and plentiful dinner awaited us, of which we had no reason to complain; the charge, too, was moderate, this not being a mode of travelling much adopted by the English, and the German, who was himself an aubergiste, paying all our bills with a scrupulous accuracy that almost amounted to national prejudice against the French.

Having ascertained that we should reach Cambray in sufficient time, we were not solicitous

about our rate of going, but resigned ourselves with patience to what was certainly a slow mode of conveyance. Wherever the road was heavy or the prospect interesting, we left our voiture, and took a long ramble; we occasionally chased the partridge, which appeared in numbers around us, and sometimes joined for a moment in the sports of the villagers, who amused themselves along the way, still certain to overtake our easy carriage as it wound along its tedious but unceasing course.

At night we had sometimes to exert ourselves to procure beds for so large a party, though I do not recollect an instance of our not being accommodated in every way, nor do I believe that we had, on any account, a single cause of complaint; whilst we had many agreeable hours, and acquired, even in that short time, some acquaintance with the habits of the people, and an insight into their character that we might have rolled on for years in our own equipages, and amongst our English companions, without obtaining. Those who are content with seeing Paris and partaking of her luxuries will keep to the high road and the quick conveyance; but if they would become familiarized with the manners of the people of France they must tarry in

the provinces, and dive into the recesses of seclusion and the intercourses of private life, where alone they can procure such information.

Our route lay through Senlis and Conchy-le-Pots, to Peronne. There is nothing particularly interesting in this line, nor do I remember to have seen any object very well deserving of notice, if we except an ancient painting on a house wall near Conchy (if I recollect rightly), of a gigantic stag, of similar proportions to one said to have been killed near the spot by "le Roy, Charles VI." This rude painting is a curious remnant of antiquity.

On the third morning we approached Peronne, which early attracted notice from its singular situation, and became the residence of the Merovingian kings. This is not surprising, as it is almost the strongest place I have ever seen, being situated in an extensive morass, impervious except by the narrow causeway over which the road is carried through it, which a handful of men could defend against an army, who cannot approach sufficiently near to attack it. This had obtained for it the appellation of La Pucelle, from its never having been taken; till an English officer (General Maitland), with a few light troops, carried it by escalade on the advance to Paris

towards the end of the last war, and thus deprived it of its boasted pucillage.

About twenty-five miles farther on from Peronne, we arrived at Cambray, which was the extremity of our journey. The country we passed over was flat, open, and uninteresting; and, with the exception of Peronne, there is nothing to impede the progress of an army to the foot of Mont Martre, which shows the importance of the double chain of fortresses, that artificial line of defence which guards the northern frontier of France.

The city of Cambray appears to advantage whilst seen at a distance, and the commanding spires of the cathedral bespeak for it a certain degree of respect, and call to our recollection the revered Fenelon, who once presided over the see; but it has also acquired a military celebrity, and is less likely to be remembered as the abode of learning than as the seat of arms. Whilst we approached it, we met an English officer, carrying an order from Wellington, and scouring along the plain with a rapidity that seemed to emulate the movements of the mighty mind that had impelled him: he was the first of our countrymen that we had seen clad in the habiliments of war and moving in the secu-

rity of peace, over prostrate France!!! The sight of him afforded me a secret satisfaction; and I cannot deny, that I looked at my French companions, and endeavoured to read in their minds the effect produced by so unusual a spectacle, so contrary to all their national feelings, and so consonant to mine; but surely such a feeling on my part was pardonable at least, if not perfectly justifiable, after the horrors we had escaped, and the privations we had undergone, from the late ruler of imperial France.

The interior of Cambray is gloomy and uninteresting; the streets are irregular and ill built, and the general aspect dull; though, at the period of our visit, it had a peculiar interest, from being the head quarters of our army of observation in France, who were moving about in every direction, preparatory to the great review which was to take place on the morrow; groups of officers of all descriptions stood together in different places; the sober infantry man and ponderous dragoon, the light hussar and gay staff officer, uniting no small portion of dandyism with the perfection of actual service, displayed at once their country's pride and her peculiarities; whilst, possessing an inherent

consciousness of their own worth and their great achievements, they viewed with a cold and repulsive haughtiness all that surrounded them, and retained their national prejudices as strongly as though they had never quitted England. I was not a little surprised at the number of elderly men I saw in our army, and many of them amongst the subaltern ranks: they appear to abound more with us than in any other troops that I have seen.

Shortly after our arrival it began to rain most violently, which, for the time, precluded the possibility of making further observations, and drove us to our inn; whilst it prevented our entertaining any very favourable hope as to the morrow: we were told, too, that there were no horses to be obtained here, and that, after having come so far, we were still in danger of not being present at the review, which was to take place at a considerable distance. As this was not to be tamely submitted to; we traversed the town in all directions, and were at length so fortunate as to obtain them; when, after having ordered them to be in readiness early on the ensuing morning, we retired to rest, to refresh ourselves for its pleasures, and the fatigues it promised to bring along with it.

On Thurday morning we rose at an early hour, and were agreeably surprised to find that the rain had disappeared, affording us an earnest of a day most favourable for the review. The troops were drawn up in line on the extensive plain of Denain, near the village of Bouchain—ground peculiarly adapted for the purpose, and already rendered famous by the victory gained there in July, 1712, by Marshal Villars, over the Prince Eugene; which may be considered to have saved the tottering throne of Louis XIV. and dispelled the cloud which gathered over the evening of his days. A stone pillar, erected upon the plain, records the victory, and was seen by us as we traversed it amidst the hosts of England.

The left of the line, which we approached first, consisted of British cavalry, and amongst them were several officers, as well as regiments, that were known to us; having got out of our carriage and walked along it, we had an opportunity of closely observing them.

Next to these came our infantry; that formidable line through which the reiterated attempts of France had sought in vain to penetrate, and which had at length succeeded in circumscribing her within her ancient limits; which, after having braved all the fury of the coming onset, still

remained on the theatre of their achievements. The period of their removal was now fast approaching, and they were about to make one of the last displays of their unrivalled power and skill in that dreadful art by which they had emancipated the world. Their great commander, too, who had led them on to conquest, was amongst them, directing their evolutions in the face of Europe and the midst of admiring enemies. It was a great and glorious opportunity, such as rarely falls to the lot of the mere traveller to witness: it is impossible to have seen or even to think of it without experiencing an uncommon degree of excitement, and a gratification which must ever return with the mention of it as long as one has a particle of patriotism or English feeling left. I would not resign the pleasing recollection for all that I have seen and enjoyed besides.

Here, amongst the glorious warriors to whom we owed so much, and were so proud to call our countrymen, was to be found, perhaps, much that was interesting in acquaintance and dear to us in kindred; the proudest boasts of our family, the noblest blood amongst us; our very selves almost, or what we were as nearly and anxiously concerned about. If it were

esteemed a glory in the French service to have been of the army of Italy, surely a much greater honour must always be considered to attend the British soldier, who has fought for victory under the guidance of Wellington, that Polycrates of warriors, who has alone experienced an universal success, and enjoyed the favours of fortune undiminished. The furrows of care had sunk deep into the brow of Hannibal —the sounds of discontent were occasionally heard beneath the tents of Alexander—and even great Cæsar experienced the vicissitudes of fortune: but our hero only, by an uninterrupted succession of great achievements, led on his army to gather the laurels collected by the conquerors of the world; and, by a felicitous union of noble qualities, has combined the circumspection of Fabius with the moderation of Scipio and the intrepidity of Leonidas.

Had he great Edward's sable son
Beheld the bright career you've run,
From 'mongst the sacred dead,
Thy merit he would freely own,
And willing yield his laurel crown,
To grace thy nobler head.

There's only one illustrious name
Thy rival in the lists of fame,

That chief, whose valorous sword
So boldly won, despite of fate,
The remnant of his sinking state
From Cannæ's conquering lord.

Beyond the British infantry were the Allied contingents, which formed the residue of the army, consisting of Hanoverians, Danes, Belgians, Saxons, and Wirtemburgers, whose varied decorations and uniforms added very considerably to the lively effect of the scene, and made, by their diversity of costumes, a much more showy appearance than I expected. Seen from a distance, with their attractive plumage floating on the gale, as we caught a low murmuring sound that occasionally came from them, they appeared like those great flocks of birds that Nature in her wisdom directs to assemble on the coasts of the north, previous to winging their flight across the ocean in search of more genial climes;

Not less their number than the' embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asia's watery plains,
That o'er the windings of Caysters springs,
Stretch their long necks and clap their rustling wings.

But, in closer contact, one might perceive the peculiarities of their respective nations strongly marked upon them. Many of them had an un-

commonly martial appearance, and the Saxon hussars were pre-eminently so; but we soon saw what taught us that they were not Britons: —the use of the sword was not spared, and some of the officers struck their men, upon the slightest misapprehension of their orders, with a ferocity that was quite revolting; whilst they received the chastisement with a degree of submission that showed they were unfortunately but too much accustomed to it.

The staff of this part of the army was very fine, and there were many most commanding figures amongst them; some mounted on black chargers with flowing tails, and others on Arabians, whilst some were beautifully white, proudly champing under the rich caparisons of war, and displaying at once the wildness of their nature and the correctness of their training.

This part of the line differed so much from that occupied by the British, that it was like having crossed over between the dissimilar hosts of hostile armies on a day of battle, which added if possible to its striking effect*.

As we reached the ground early, we had lei-

* The whole force assembled on this occasion, inclusive of the allied contingent, amounted to forty-five thousand men.

sure to observe the troops minutely, having both walked and driven along the line when the state equipages of the duke arrived, and presently after the duke himself, accompanied by his staff; and the review began—we following along the line close behind them. This was a most animating period, and continued for some time, after which the troops moved off in different directions, and occupied their allotted places, previous to the sham battle which was to conclude the business of the day.

An uncommon degree of interest seemed to be excited whilst we waited the arrival of the duke, and at length he appeared attended by a very numerous staff; they moved along the plain with rapidity, but we were sufficiently near to be able to observe them, and never, perhaps, was a more attractive group presented to any person's notice. The last time I had seen the duke, was upon the peace of 1814, when he came back, after an eventful absence, flushed with his Spanish conquests; and having set out a simple knight, the last hope of his country, returned to take his place in the first rank of her nobility; the liberator of kingdoms, and one of the arbiters of the fate of Europe; by a series of glorious achievements overcoming all opposi-

tion, and reproaching the cruelty of fortune who had put an end to the contest without having afforded him the much wished for opportunity of confronting him, who was considered the greatest captain of the age. It was upon his visit to the House of Commons, one of whose members he had departed, that I heard him so eloquently told by the speaker:—"Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark or note of your rising glory." ——"The names of your triumphs have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children." Such, and even greater commendations were at that time justly bestowed upon him in the solemn mention of his achievements, by the greatest characters and in the most august assemblies amongst us. What then have we left to say of his succeeding glory, when the mighty object of his wishes was at length accomplished, and the tremendous result of a single day surpassed the formidable aggregate of all his preceding years, setting him upon a pinnacle of fame almost beyond the reach of future emulation? This eventful day had occurred since I had seen him last,

and gave him an increased interest which seemed to place him even above himself. And where could that feeling be so fully appreciated as in the actual presence of the army who had achieved it? It was indeed a noble sight, a day more gratifying to my feelings than any I ever recollect to have experienced, and which must always remain impressed upon my mind, fresh in the glowing colouring in which it was originally presented to it.

Never before had our country possessed such an army, nor had her previous annals, rich in warlike achievements, produced any occurrences to equal those of the present time. The conquerors of antiquity often led their disciplined legions against the untrained hosts of barbarians, who yielded themselves an easy prey before them, impeding even by their numbers the prospect of escape, and proving that the merit of the victor is not to be estimated by the extent of his success so much as by the nature of the force that happens to be opposed to him. We had frequently contended against France with singular good fortune; and, when ourselves apparently on the brink of destruction, had on more than one occasion dealt them such a death blow as had deprived them of their monarch, their

nobles, and their renown, and subjected even their capital to our mercy.

Such were the days of Cressy, of Poictiers, and of Agincourt, against the rising greatness of France, then only a few provinces of her present territory; and we pass on from them to the glorious achievements of Marlborough, which bear a more intimate connection with our own time. These have for a long period consoled us under disaster and solaced us in misfortune, and we have almost wished ourselves back into that period, so pregnant with our country's glory, as we have looked in vain to our armies, to see whether they afforded any expectation of producing a hero, who might attempt even at an humble distance to emulate them. A result so desirable became the great political desideratum of our age, and, after an anxious expectation, we have at length been happily not disappointed. The greatest of Marlborough's victories occurred opportunely to afford a breathing time and rescue to the emperor, and to retaliate upon himself the menaces of the grand monarch: a most formidable and victorious army was nearly annihilated, and lost two-thirds of its numbers; but still no dynasty was changed in consequence of it, and, great, and glorious, and

important as it no doubt was, it fades before the magnitude of what we have lately witnessed, whether we consider the numbers engaged, the strength and renown of the vanquished (equal, perhaps, to that of all former victors), or the tremendously important results it has produced throughout the world, rendering it an epoch in the history of mankind, and the most eventful battle we have ever heard of, distancing all those that are particularly pointed out to us in history,—the conquests of Cyrus, the victories of the Grecians, and the exploits of Alexander,—Marathon, and Platea,—Issus, and Arbela,—Cannæ, Zama, Pharsalia, Salamis, and Actium, all that are eventful in ancient, together with the most important in our own country.—Hastings, Bosworth, Naseby, and the Boyne are all, no doubt, of great importance, and may each be considered as having determined the succession of England; but the last great struggle was for the sovereignty of Europe and the liberties of mankind.

After the review the battle commenced with various movements in all directions: the thunder of artillery was heard along the plain, and numerous parties of skirmishers were engaged around us. A windmill, that lay near the road, was a principal object of attack, and repeated

volleys of musketry blazed upon the assailants from behind it. A heavy rain for a time obscured the troops from our view, but it presently cleared away, and we saw them make a charge of infantry across the plain with uncommon rapidity (at least, so it appeared to us); and a Highland regiment, conspicuous from its martial habit, claimed distinction even there, and attracted the peculiar notice of the spectators.

Having got out to walk again, we by some means lost our carriage, which proceeded to Valenciennes, leaving us to reach it as we might; and we found ourselves obliged, at a late hour, to walk near four miles, which we could willingly have excused, not so much on account of the fatigue as that it occupied so large a portion of our time. We reached it, however, after dark; and, having with difficulty discovered our voiture and secured beds (no easy matter at head-quarters) we entered a table d'hôte, which we had observed, in passing the court of the hotel, to be occupied by officers.

We were so late in arriving that dinner was nearly over: we had, notwithstanding, sufficient opportunity of seeing much that was interesting in a very large and miscellaneous assembly, composed of the officers of different nations, principally foreigners; and we had reason to

remark a considerable difference between their manners and those of our countrymen. Immediately on our arrival, unintroduced and undistinguished strangers, wearing no uniform or badge of honour, they rose and made room for us, regretted our not having come in sooner, and pointed out to us whatever dishes they thought were most deserving of our notice, talked of the review, and some of them, who were Hanoverians, spoke in the handsomest manner of the English, and rejoiced at being the subjects of the same sovereign. Such a reception was, no doubt, most gratifying, particularly after the excitement that our feelings had experienced during the day; and we were not a little mortified to observe a party of our light cavalry, who arrived after us, coldly decline their proffered civility, and make a society of their own at a side table, a course not calculated to promote that good fellowship which ought to subsist between allied services, especially when they are united under the same monarch.

Having dined most agreeably, we hastened to our apartment, to dress for the Duke's ball. The best room in the house had been pre-occupied by an officer's groom, who had made it the abode of his master's charger, for which

he thought nothing too good; large mirrors adorned his temporary stable, and we were placed over it, in one very much inferior, and in which we could hear every movement of the horse; but, having gotten anywhere to lay our heads, we esteemed ourselves most fortunate, and sallied forth in haste, too busy to be fastidious.

We were unable to reach the ball till very late, and many of the company had retired before our arrival, fatigued, no doubt, by the varied operations of the day: it was still, however, an object of the greatest attraction, and certainly one of the most interesting assemblies I have ever witnessed. Every officer present was covered with the honourable testimonials of services, which even those distinctions but feebly recorded or recompensed; and, as each character in the dramatis personæ came before us, we amused ourselves in trying, from his badges or his visage, to discover who he might be, and, having ascertained it, we glanced over the volume of brilliant achievements which was recalled by the mention of each name, connected with the brightest recollections of our country's greatness. Many females, who were also with the army, from our own country, as well as French resident

in the town, were of the party; and, amongst the distinguished strangers, were the Duke and Duchess of Kent and several others.

The numerous foreign staff made a very considerable assembly; but there were few of our officers, except those of the highest rank, or who were on the duke's staff; and most of those whom we had seen in the field had marched to their different quarters with their respective regiments. The varieties of dress, language, manners, and services were so great that the time appeared too short to see and observe all as it deserved. Here was a Danish prince, the fierce descendant of his Celtic ancestry, who had menaced prostrate Europe with the fertile progeny of the northern hive; whilst there, in his canary-coloured uniform, stands a Spanish officer, a noble figure, whose fine countenance seems fitted to contend in magnanimity with the Moors, as they appeared against Gonzalva of Cordova, or repel the modern barbarians who have violated his country. The Prince of Hesse, too, and the Saxon hussar claim some portion of our notice, if we can spare any of it from our own exalted countrymen. As such a treat could not often occur; we did not separate till late, determined to pursue our course with the morning to Maubeuge, to be present at the review of the Russian army.

We were in our carriage at an early hour the ensuing morning, and arrived about noon at the scene of the review, outside Maubeuge—a matter of considerable difficulty, as we got the last pair of horses, and some general officers, arriving at the same time with us, were detained within a few miles of it for the whole day, and so lost seeing this most interesting spectacle. As we moved towards the ground, we were passed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, drawn by cossack horses, and escorted by a cossack guard, sent from the Russian army to accommodate them, and, as they passed us, offering the strangest and most grotesque groups possible, contrasting our countrymen with those semi-barbarous fellows, who seem scarcely fitted to be placed within the pale of civilisation.

On our arrival we found the Russian army drawn up in three lines of solid infantry, with a body of eight hundred cossacks, the only cavalry they had left with them. We had felt a particular desire to see these troops, and had formed an exalted notion of them, from the achievements of the Russian army; yet the effect produced, in respect of show and appearance, was not answerable to our expectation. Their green uniforms are of a very sombre cast, unlike our lively

red, or the Prussian blue, the most martial and becoming uniform, perhaps, in the world, and give too gloomy an aspect to their line; whilst we are amazed at the sameness and want of expression that pervades their soldiers, and the astonishing similarity of countenance through the numerous and widely separated inhabitants of that mighty empire, as though they had all come from the same province. There appears, too, to be a great deficiency of officers; and the standard carried by a private has a bad effect, though the arrangement is possibly wiser, than entrusting it to a junior officer. There is, however, a great solidity in their movements, and there appears to be a degree of discipline and steadiness in their manœuvring, as though it had been performed by one man; they improve upon a nearer view, and seem, (as far as one totally inexperienced in such matters can venture to determine,) to possess all the solid requisites of a soldier.

The review began by the duke moving along the three lines; after which they formed into two squares, for the performance of their religious rites, and then the whole marched in order by the Duke and Count Woronzoff, which was a business of some hours; but first, after his having rode along, they formed two hollow

squares about two large tents that had been previously erected, where the solemn service of the Greek church was performed, the whole army remaining uncovered during the ceremony, and observing it with the most profound attention.

In the tent in which we were there were the Duke of Wellington, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Woronzoff, Lord Hill, and all the chief persons of both armies. A part of the tent was enclosed like a stage, on which the high priest occasionally came forward from behind exhibiting pictures, and changing his dress frequently; whilst solemn and impressive music accompanied the whole: at times he appeared nearly covered with gold, and the pomp of their vestments far exceeded the most showy service I have seen of the church of Rome. A fervent devotion pervaded the whole, and this ceremony concluded with the discharge of rockets and the firing of artillery.

Never, perhaps, was there a scene more striking or more highly calculated to impress with a solemn awe those who viewed it for the first time than this union of the offices of religion and of war by an assembled people, who, thus publicly and in the face of day, offered up their grateful acknowledgments to the God of Battles,

for having heard their cry when they called upon him; and led them by a miraculous change of circumstances to worship him to whom honour is due, in the country of their perfidious and inveterate enemy: it was like the Israelites of old rejoicing over the defeat of the Philistines, the destruction of Sennacherib, or the escape out of Egypt, and celebrating their religious rites amongst the nations of Canaan.

After this truly impressive scene, the army arranged itself into columns, and defiled past the duke, offering us a nearer and more distinct view of them than we had yet obtained. We were equally fortunate as on the preceding day, with the addition of being accompanied by Col. T. of the Russian service, who most politely satisfied our curiosity on several matters, and pointed out to us the different regiments as they arrived, informing us of the places where they had been most particularly distinguished: amongst them was one that was called the regiment of Smolensk, and that bore additional badges commemorative of the share they had had in Borodino, so remarkable amongst the most sanguinary and obstinate of modern contests, and, although claimed as a victory by the Russians decisive of the fate of Moscow, and the first act in that eventful war.

It is hardly possible to attempt any description of the feelings experienced upon this day, as we saw those illustrious warriors moving in succession before us, and beheld all that was mortal of names that had long since resounded as its saviours, from one end of Europe to the other, and which must ever call forth the thanks of a grateful posterity. Their firmness, their discipline, and the recollection of their noble deeds awed us as they passed; we rejoiced to see them our efficient allies, and moving under the invincible banner and guidance of our so justly pre-eminent leader; but we called to mind their vast power and extensive territories, their amazing numerical strength, their rapid strides in civilisation, and their daily increasing importance in the affairs of Europe, we remembered that they had more than once been our enemies, and we deprecated the necessity that might again induce them to become so: they were now, too, receiving the last finish in the art of war, and those indelible touches were impressed upon them by the master hand of our Wellington. I confess I felt almost jealous at their obtaining this distinction, and not a little apprehensive that they might cause us to repent of having so taught them.

I have heard it alleged, as the great fault in

the Russian character, that they are nearly devoid of invention, and that, gifted with uncommon powers of imitation, they originate nothing from themselves; but I have always considered this as attributable to the peculiar situation in which they are placed, and I do not know that they could possess a more formidable qualification. Were they, like other ignorant people, firmly and indissolubly wedded to their errors, ages might elapse before they could be prevailed upon to relinquish any portion of their hereditary absurdities, and prejudice might entrench herself behind each ancient custom, as an impregnable fortress in maintaining the realms of ignorance; but the Russian seems conscious of the lateness of his arrival amongst the ranks of civilised Europe, and anxiously desirous to repair by diligence the period he has lost—glancing with an uncommon rapidity at the respective progression of each, and carefully culling from all what is most likely to suit himself.

It is this that had made him imitative rather than inventive; and I confess I should have pitied his taste had he been otherwise. Is the collected wisdom of so many ages, the mighty aggregate of human acquirement, esteemed so little, or rated so low? and would it not have been presumptuous as well as preposterous to

have rejected it, and set off in search of their own inventions? What single people could hope to equal the exertions of all? What need had they to discover what they had presented to them on much easier terms? The character of the Russian has not yet been fully developed: they have felicitously laboured at the great arrear of human knowledge, and we are astonished at the quickness of their powers of acquirement, which has made them the first linguists to be met with. Whenever they shall have attained to a perfect acquaintance of what is already known, we may be certain that we shall no longer find them deficient in invention: to use a schoolboy's illustration, when they have overtaken their class, they will not be found the lowest in the form.

As each successive regiment passed, we turned to the duke to observe how far he noticed them. He appeared occupied with those immediately around him, and caressed the horse of Lady E. Somerset with a seeming indifference, that made us at times almost apprehensive lest he should have omitted to return the salute; but this did not happen, nor was any thing likely to escape his observation, who is so remarkable for that quality. His eye appears to be nearly closed; and there is a carelessness in his manner emi-

nently calculated to cover his glances, and to shield him from the scrutiny of others, who would in vain seek to discover in his countenance what passes in his mind. This, with the great secrecy in which his movements are enveloped, must have largely contributed to his success, which has frequently been prevented in others by a premature disclosure in matters of war, and reminds us of an anecdote of him that shows how far he carried this feeling:—It is said that an aid-de-camp having once asked him what was to be their next movement, he replied, "Young man, I should cut the hair off my head if I thought it knew what was passing within it;" a feeling worthy the best days of antiquity, and most suitable to those who are intrusted with the execution of great achievements.

I was much struck in noticing the interest with which Woronzoff regarded the duke as he observed the passing regiments, and the riveted attention with which he sought to pry into his soul: a mingled curiosity and awe were in his glances, which at times became a broad stare, and, upon the duke's looking round, was changed into a submissive smile, unwilling to be detected in the making his observations—it was like the change of Iago when he encounters the eye of Othello.

The passing of the troops occupied us till a late hour. The artillery seemed to be particularly fine: it was attached by uncommonly long traces to beautiful horses, which appeared in the highest order, as they moved along in all their native spirit, and spurned the prostrate earth beneath their feet: but the cossacks, seen by us on this occasion for the first time, were the objects most attractive. They looked at a distance like lancers, but much more picturesque, and every movement they made excited a fresh interest: their appearance is so accurately represented in the common prints that I need not attempt to describe them; the docility of their small but strong horses is remarkable, and they make a much better figure than I had been led to suppose, whilst the late events have taught us their uncommon utility: they had passed us in small groups all the morning, and we were particularly amused by their various characteristic movements.

There were not so many strangers present here as at the English review; the number of troops, exclusive of cossacks, 15,000.

We returned after the review to Maubeuge, where we dined; and, having procured beds with some difficulty, we went to Count Woronzoff's ball, a very magnificent sight, and as agree-

able an entertainment as I was ever present at. Here we had the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Wellington, Lord Harrowby, with many of the most distinguished persons of both armies, as well as French who were also invited.

The entertainment commenced with a splendid banquet; and after dinner, to which a small number only were invited, the company assembled for the ball, which was opened by the Count Woronzoff and the Duchess of Kent: the Duke of Kent stood second, and Wellington third. How curious it was to see this extraordinary man, after such great achievements, standing in an inferior place, in all the dalliance of softer hours, yet not, even amongst such, losing any portion of his wonted energy! It was from a similar scene that he issued forth to perform his last great labour, when the harmonious sound of the lute was suddenly drowned by the boisterous roar of the artillery.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Cotillons and waltzes, to delightful music, enlivened the evening; but the most novel part of the amusement was the polonaise and mazourk, a species of dance of which we are entirely ignorant. The latter appeared to be very difficult, and requiring much exertion and prac-

tice: it was danced most gracefully by the Prince Narishkin and his sister, who was the widow of the son of Suwarrow (Italinski), the distinguished foe to France. The Count Polignac, who is in the Russian service, also danced well, as did the French ladies, some of whom were very pretty and interesting; though, in appearance at least, our countrywomen were not behindhand.

During the evening the duke called over one of his aides-de-camp, to whom we were speaking, and delivered him a written order. We inquired whether it related to any matter of particular and urgent importance; and were told, in reply, that it was only an order to his coachman as to the hour he should be waiting on the morrow; but that he had found the advantage of such a mode so great that he commanded even the least important services in that manner, reducing every thing to system.

The Count Woronzoff, who held the chief command of the Russian army of observation, subject, in common with the other allied contingents, to the supreme control of Wellington, as generalissimo, is a very young man to have attained to such a distinction; but he has seen a great deal of service, and been long inured to command: he is a son of that Count Woronzoff, so distinguished in the reign of Catherine, who

has so long resided amongst us, and is connected by marriage with the family of Pembroke. The Count Michael had thus an opportunity of being educated in England; and he speaks the language with the greatest fluency, and without the slightest false accent, which did not a little surprise us, upon finding ourselves so addressed by the leader of a foreign army. His person is tall and active; his countenance rather fine, but not greatly distinguished; his colour very brown; his manners uncommonly courteous and prepossessing; and his address so good and attentions so unremitting that it seems hardly possible to approach him without being captivated, and allowing him to be one of the best bred men we have ever seen. He opened the ball with the Duchess of Kent, accompanied the Duke, conversed with Wellington, did the honours to Harrowby, laughed with the young English officers, and complimented the French women: he was everywhere, yet all seemed done without effort, and accompanied by that easy grace which distinguishes true politeness; none appeared to go away unobserved or dissatisfied, and even we had the good fortune to partake largely of his civility, and to enjoy much of his conversation, a matter in which those are greatly mistaken who attribute any deficiency in

this respect to the Russians. It was impossible to be at any entertainment more gratifying, from the uncommon ingredients of which it was composed; nor, at the same time, more easy and agreeable, from the elegant attentions of its distinguished host. He wore on his uniform three stars of the first order, being a grand cross of St. Andrew, Alexander, and St. Anne. We had a very magnificent supper, served in a spacious apartment, which was constructed for the occasion, and a profusion of fine wines.

We were not a little surprised to find our plates removed by officers in their uniforms, whose breasts were covered with crosses and ribbons, the rewards of numerous services. At first some of the English mistook them for servants, till I pointed out their distinctions; and I have since made inquiry of the duke's aides-de-camp, who were present, and who confirmed my opinion that they were not only officers but persons of high rank. Served with such distinction (like the monarch who was rowed by tributary kings), we were perfectly satisfied with our entertainment, and might have continued so had not the flame of a candle communicated to a curtain, and, threatening the conflagration of the whole inflammable building, reminded us of the tragical termination of Schwartzenburg's ball

at Paris. We were, however, immediately relieved by the promptitude of an officer, who clambered up beside the blazing drapery, and, tearing it down, prevented its spreading before it had been sufficiently perceived to alarm and scatter the assembly.

The Count Woronzoff having invited us to an inspection on the next day, and to breakfast, and most politely promised to provide us with horses, we retired at a late hour from a very delightful assembly, exceeding in interest all that I have since partaken of, and affording every possible agrement to impress it deeply upon the recollection.

We were so much fatigued that we did not rise in sufficient time to witness the inspection, which was the less attractive after what we had already seen; but we met the party returning, and accompanied them to see the Russians at school, after the Lancasterian system. This had been only introduced amongst them of late, and the learning was optional on the part of the soldier; yet many had requested to be instructed, and some had already made a very considerable proficiency, the changes of the classes were conducted with all the order and precision of a military movement: it was an interesting sight to witness, exhibiting in a new and striking

point the formidable exertions of this great nation, and their unceasing endeavours to overtake their neighbours in every branch of useful knowledge. After this we returned to breakfast, where we had a party of about twenty. When it was nearly over, their royal highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived, anxious to pay a parting visit to the count, though unexpected: the count then handed out the duchess, and, vaulting into his saddle, conducted her carriage out of the town.

Maubeuge, the head quarters of the Russian army, is a strange, ugly, and uninteresting place, to which considerable importance has always been attached since it was fortified by Louis XIV. It was attacked by the Austrians in 1793, who were compelled to raise the siege, though the town is commanded by heights in the neighbourhood, which would be likely to prevent its making a protracted defence.

After breakfast we had a curious adventure amongst the Russians, in search of a tune that we had heard the night before; and though we met with an officer who scarcely understood a word of French, yet we contrived to make him comprehend us, and actually succeeded in obtaining the music.

During our rambles we had an opportunity

of witnessing an instance of Russian discipline, and the horrid state of subjection that they are reduced to, unbecoming one man to submit to from another. A Russian soldier was called out to receive an order; his hands appeared as if they were nailed to his sides, to preclude as much as possible the power of using them; the cane of the officer was repeatedly brandished over his unprotected head, and his countenance was a picture of abject and terrible submission, which has since often painfully obtruded upon my imagination.

CHAP. XVI.

Departure from Maubeuge to Mons—Proceed to Brussels—Visit to the Field of Waterloo—La Coste—The Battle—Hugoumont—Reflections—Present State of the Field—Set out for Spa, through Liege—Amusements and Customs of the former Place.

Leaving Maubeuge in the evening, we took the road to Mons, where we arrived late, having travelled some time by moonlight. It was a fine cool autumnal night, and the moon shone

brightly, exhibiting the town to the greatest advantage.

Mons is the prettiest place I have seen abroad, and in neatness somewhat resembling Worcester; but it is much larger and more grand. It takes its name from its elevated situation, and the great market-place, containing three beautiful structures, is spacious and magnificent, the town-house is adorned with much sculpture; the streets are broad, the city large, and the houses very fine and handsome. Few places are more calculated to impress the stranger agreeably than Mons, and we could not help regretting the shortness of our stay there. Mons has largely participated in the vicissitudes of the Netherlands, and frequently undergone the horrors of a siege, as if so desirable a place had merited a particular attention, though, from its neat, wealthy, and populous appearance, one might be led to suppose no enemy had approached its gates. The son of Alva, D'Humières, Luxembourg, Louis XIV. the Prince Hesse, Marshal Saxe, and Dumourier have successively appeared before it: the latter obtained possession without a struggle, after the decisive battle of Jenappe, fought in its neighbourhood, which proved an irreparable disaster to the royalist party in France. The innkeeper

where we stopped, who was dreadfully wounded in the face, presents to us the only remnant that serves to recall that event.

Quitting Mons, we passed through an agreeable and highly populous country, and through Halle to Brussels, leaving the palace of Lacken on our right; we approached the city over a spacious road, lined on either side with rows of aged and lofty trees. The general aspect of the country we observed to be highly fertile and cultivated, and all wore the rich and dressed appearance of ease, wealth, and long attention, as though it had ever been the land of peace; indeed, it was scarcely possible to conceive that this ground had been so lately traversed by hostile hosts, and that we were now in the immediate neighbourhood of the last eventful scene of war.

Brussels has been so long noted, in so many ways, that the approach to it excited considerable interest, and I think we felt rather disappointed than pleased at a nearer view, as is but too often the case with both persons or things that we happen to hear too highly commended. It has, however, many agremens, and improved much upon acquaintance. The country about it, is rich and beautiful, and one part of the city is situated on a plain, whilst the other is upon a

steep hill; a circumstance of great inconvenience for all the purposes of modern life, though usually considered an advantage in former times, increasing its strength and adding much to its appearance. One of the principal streets (leading from the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we were, and which is amongst the best inns we met with in our tour) towards the park, is so very steep, that one is afraid to trust oneself in a carriage in going either up or down it. It is, however, a very extensive, rich, populous, and agreeable place, and possesses many advantages which would make it a desirable residence to the English, who are likely to find it particularly so; as to their exertions must be attributed the salvation of the city from the pillage to which the merciless French had doomed it; an intention which appears to be deeply resented by the inhabitants; and if we may judge from their treatment of our wounded, and their uncommon solicitude and generosity after the battle, the tie subsisting between them and us is too strong to be easily dissevered.

The city is situated on the river Senne, which here divides itself into streams, forming several islands, and at length falling into the Scheldt, opens a communication with Ant-

werp and the sea, though more than one hundred miles distant; and we are surprised to see the number of large masted vessels that lie before the place, owing to the various and wide canals that are in every direction to be found throughout the Low Countries. The upper town, and the neighbourhood of the park, which is the more modern quarter, is very grand and commodious, and contains some splendid hotels, which have of late years afforded a very agreeable place of residence to many of our nobles. It was at one of these that the staff of Wellington was assembled, when the first awful sounds of the artillery gave "dreadful note" of an approaching event, the fame and consequences of which were never to be forgotten; its report, louder than the cannons roar, was to be echoed back from the extremities of an admiring world.

The character and remembrance of that day are indelibly marked on every thing at Brussels, and all future visitors will find it connected by an indissoluble association. The very existence of the place is the best comment upon its result, when we recollect to what a fate the French had destined it, exceeding in atrocity the boasted barbarism of Villeroy. Thus was this fine city on the eve of being sacrificed to the

wantonness of an army to whom they had offered no hostility, and with whom they had been, till lately, on terms of intimacy, to gratify their barbarous thirst of vengeance, and by making common cause of crime between them and their unprincipled leader, to link them together in a similar fate, and teach them to adhere to his fortunes through the fear of retribution. Such was the vile selfish feeling of the man who would have ruined a world for his own gratification, and who tore up the olive branch of peace, and again embroiled mankind through the incurable restlessness of his insatiable ambition, but "Diis aliter visum," and the people seem sensible of what they have escaped from, and gratefully recognisant to our army (under Providence) for each succeeding day, and all the blessings it brings along with it.

The country about Brussels is extremely fertile and agreeable; but the city itself is not so fine as it is generally represented; its streets are narrow and ill paved, and without a footway; The houses too are gothic and irregular, with casement windows; there is no bustle of trade, and a great gloom and melancholy Flemish fog prevailed during our whole stay, whilst it seems subject to a continual mildew; there are times, however, when this is dispelled, and then

they have very agreeable prospects, particularly from the park.

Brussels being the seat of the Austrian governor of the Low Countries, and capital of the country, besides its many great advantages, has always been a place of considerable importance, and is still a very favourite residence both to the Flemings and strangers; the former possess numerous spacious palaces, which came into great request amongst our countrymen upon the peace, and continued to be held even during the period of the advance of the French army on Brussels; since that, it has acquired a much greater interest, and is still the constant resort of numbers; it is alternately, with the Hague, the seat of the court, and of course the residence of the ambassadors and whole corps diplomatique, which must, of itself, very materially contribute to make it agreeable to strangers. There are many fine palaces here containing valuable pictures, &c., and several objects deserving the notice of those who possess sufficient leisure to enjoy them, but our stay was rather too limited for that purpose. I cannot, however, pass over the fine church and lofty spire that so often attracts us, nor the beauty of the park, nearly equal to any place to

be found in other cities. At the Hôtel d'Angleterre, we found maps, plans, and all the other facilities for obtaining a complete knowledge of the field of Waterloo, which appears to be most perfectly and accurately represented; and having made ourselves tolerably conversant with them, and carried a plan along with us, we set out at an early hour for the field. Our way lay through the forest of Soignies, which closely approached on either side of the road, just admitting sufficient room for it to pass between, that very path pursued by our countrymen in all their pride "and gallant bearing;" but by which, comparatively, so many of them never returned, falling gloriously in the arms of victory, and justifying the observation of the poet, that

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

So much has been already written, said, and thought about this place, and the eventful scene which has here occurred, that it would be not merely superfluous, but almost presumptuous to attempt to give rise to any new feelings upon it. A termination so final and conclusive, and so perfectly felt and understood by all, only requires to be mentioned to excite a train of ideas

too powerful to be interrupted by after comment, and too forcible to be increased by them. The anxiety which we felt, in common with most others, to witness such a scene, was intense, and we hastened forward with an eager and almost breathless expectation. As there were many other parties engaged in the same pursuit, we did not see La Coste the celebrated guide, but we found one who was most intelligent and communicative, leaving us no cause to regret his absence, and who retailed to us, at second hand, all his information, wanting only the interest of having personally occurred to him; for this curious trade has become too lucrative to be easily abandoned, and, like the great proficients in the fine arts, he has a school of numerous disciples and imitators; who, however, they may prove deficient in those bolder touches that mark originality, are fully capable of producing an animated sketch and tolerably correct outline, and of transmitting, at least, all that he has seen or heard, or imagined, unimpaired to posterity. How curious and incalculable the lot of this man has been; after having passed the best part of his life in the obscurity of an humble station, to see his hitherto tranquil farm converted into an arena for two

mighty hostile armies, on which was to be decided the destiny of the world; and having been made an unwilling participator in its risks and in its glory, attached to the side of one of the greatest generals and most remarkable men that ever existed, to find himself not only escape harmless, but to have so completely changed his place, that from being an humble hind, he had been magnified into such importance, that the gravest and the wisest listened to him with attention, and daily hastened from every quarter of the globe to pay their respects, and to remunerate him for their instruction; whilst the ravages of his farm, that seemed big with impending ruin, were converted into a source of permanent and incalculable wealth. Many of the narrations of our guide, which were simply and beautifully told, were replete with the highest and most lively interest, affording a terrible picture of that tremendous day, and its accompanying horrors in the vast expenditure of human life, and the various and terrible forms under which he beheld the approach of the grisly monarch.

"Some hours after the battle," said he, "(for the fear of being put to death prevented our making our appearance sooner, lest the victors

should mistake us for fugitive Frenchmen); we walked over the field, and endeavoured to render any service in our power to those who were not past receiving it; the sight presented to us was most heart-rending, as we saw heaps composed of the dead and the dying, in which all distinction of rank and country was confounded, united in a common lot and by the indissoluble band of their misfortune." Almost all called upon him who had sufficient strength remaining, to afford them a little water to assuage the burning thirst of their fever; whilst many, more desperate, sought relief only in destruction, and uncompromisingly demanded it. "Avancez ma mort," was their constant exclamation, and it was urged with an earnestness of a last request, which made it difficult to refuse, however impossible to comply with. "The groans of the dying (said our guide) are still resounding in my ears, and must ever continue firmly present to my imagination. I have heard the cry of death repeated in seven different languages!"

Such were the forcible terms in which this man described what he had witnessed, with a correctness that seemed to equal the fidelity of Polybius, and a sublimity that could hardly have been exceeded by the exalted genius of Homer; it was one of the grandest and most interesting

narrations I had ever listened to; its effect, heard amid such scenes, was indescribable, and can never be forgotten, and I should have considered myself amply repaid for my journey, had I not seen or heard any thing else. Tremendous, indeed, must it have been, to have one day seen the standing harvest flourishing in all the rich luxuriance of promising abundance, and almost upon the next, to find it torn up and trodden under, heaped with the fragments of destruction, and strewed with the unburied and mangled carcasses of forty thousand men. Will the period ever arrive when mankind will esteem it a folly to have so long occupied themselves in their mutual destruction? Alas! I fear they have too long continued the practice to forego it, and attained too high a degree of civilization without having attempted it.

The appearance of the ground at Waterloo is exactly what it has been described; two elevated ridges running parallel to each other, afford an ample space for two hostile armies; the plain in which they are situated, is of very considerable extent; but the ground which was the immediate scene of the action, appeared confined and less than I had pictured it, particularly the distance at which the Prussians were first descried; they seem to have been close

upon the French before they were perceived, and then to have been mistaken for friends; but their occupation in front was fully sufficient to engage their attention, without affording them leisure to observe what was passing elsewhere; and it is very natural that one should have supposed, that the field, on which such an eventful contest was decided, should have been remarkable for a magnitude proportionate to its other results.

As we walked over the entire scene, and along the positions of each army, every important spot was pointed out to us. Here was La Haye Sainte to the centre of our line, where the French came on so boldly, and the crest of the eminence up which they charged; before it was the hollow which proved the grave of the gallant Ponsonby; further on, the hedge itself, which seems but a frail barrier, and towards the centre, the spot where Picton breathed his last as he led on his men to victory; the Wellington tree, too, is still a conspicuous object; and, having braved the storm that then gathered about it, may long remain to combat the natural ones by which it is assailed, such as frowned upon it on the eve of the eventful contest.

Near this place, and along the road which crossed the rear of the British line, was a fa-

vourite post of the Duke's at many periods of the action; but his great exertions were not limited to any particular space, nor his orders issued from a single spot; he was present in person every where, and his gallant spirit beat responsive through his whole army; he was always found wherever the battle raged hottest; and the appearance of his staff invariably drew upon him the fire of the sharp shooters and artillery, many of his most distinguished officers fell around him; Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, was mortally wounded whilst in the act of remonstrating with him on the exposure of his person, as Canning and Curzon fell by the balls aimed at him from the French artillery. The peculiar nature of the combat, however, rendered some degree of personal exposure necessary, and never was duty performed so well; this invaluable leader, on whose life the fate of Europe depended, and who was the only person capable of pursuing his plans to their developement, was often obliged to head a brigade or a single regiment, to rally back to the charge those that had been shaken, to confirm by his presence those who stood fast; and he repeatedly owed his safety to the protection of a hollow square to which he might happen to be near, and within which he had casually thrown

himself, as they hastily formed during the formidable onset of a superior enemy. At one eventful moment fortune seemed to decide against the English; a tremendous charge, made by the entire of the French cavalry of the imperial guard, drove in, not only the British sharpshooters, but even compelled from their guns the veteran artillerymen to seek a refuge amongst the hollow squares; thirty of our field pieces were thus relinquished to the momentary custody of our enemies, but they possessed neither the time nor the means to secure them. The Duke charged them in person at the head of six batallions, and compelled them to abandon the artillery; thus, in his own person, encountering every species of risk, and performing every variety of exploit that would have merited or obtained distinction for an inferior officer, and by his personal courage and exertions as much surpassing himself, as the importance of the present exceeded his other victories. It is said that he appeared multiplied, he seemed to be present in so many parts of the action,

"Methinks there be six Richmonds in the field."

In good earnest there was one who long con-

tinued a volunteer by the side of Wellington, to whose guidance he had entrusted his two noble sons, and a more truly gallant spirit did not exist amongst their hosts of heroes; he was one of the very few who escaped unhurt upon that day, and his country greatly rejoiced in his preservation, ignorant, alas! of the cruel destiny that awaited him, which makes us almost wish that he had fallen amidst the carnage that surrounded him, and breathed out his generous soul upon the field of honour.

In the rear of the British centre was Mont St. Jean, from which the French name the action, as they do that of Blenheim, Hochsted, not so much, I should think, from any regard to geographical accuracy, as to prevent the recurrence of a word that is painful to them; for the vanquished at Waterloo fought harder than the victors have generally done elsewhere, and the same quantity of exertion would have been more than adequate to have ensured success with other opponents. Immediately opposite, and in the centre of the French position, is La Belle Alliance, a small hamlet, the residence of Napoleon before the action, and the point at which Wellington and Blucher met after the junction of the latter; it was here that Blucher assured the Duke that he would give a good account of the vanquished,

a promise which he afterwards religiously observed; and the Prussians, commemorative of the circumstance, call the action from this place the prettiest and most appropriate name, though perhaps a little too long for general adoption.

Not very far from this was the principal stand of Napoleon, and the post from which he is said to have ordered the last charge of the imperial guard, which he did not accompany himself, and behind was the observatory which he had also occupied; but by much the most remarkable object, indeed the only one that is so, is the chateau of Hougomont in front of the British right, an old fashioned Flemish villa, with a chapel and courtyard, a garden surrounded by a wall and a hedge, and about two acres of park ground, filled with tall beech trees. Such was the grand point and position on this eventful day, which the French so often attempted in vain, and which it seems quite miraculous that our troops should have been able to hold against the collected hosts by which they were so repeatedly assailed. The division of General Foy, dashing forward to the attack, soon possessed themselves of the little park, after having dislodged the sharpshooters of Nassau, who ran past the English in great confusion, and might have produced a total rout; but no effort

of the enemy could penetrate the courtyard or garden, though showers of grape and musketry hailed against every loophole, and perfectly honey-combed the wall: at one place the French ran courageously forward and pushed through the hedge, which they conceived to be the barrier of the garden; but this exterior boundary only masked a wall loopholed and scaffolded by the defenders, so that those who had succeeded in passing through the hedge, finding "there was no going hence or tarrying here," were quite deprived of power, and shot down in the narrow space between the hedge and wall: the courtyard gate was at one time knocked open, although it lay on the side toward our troops, and the very few who entered were instantly put to death; though the shells had destroyed the outhouses and set them, with the haystack, on fire, compelling the garrison to quit the chateau and seek refuge in the garden; and, most unhappily, to abandon their wounded, many of whom, horrible to relate, perished in the flames. Thus war, with all its horrors continually accumulating, raged around this devoted spot, which was within a very short period covered with upwards of two thousand dead, a number sufficient to comprise the entire loss of an ordinary engagement, but on this great occa-

sion only an item of the mighty aggregate of destruction.

How curious is the chance of war, and to what trifling causes are we often to impute the greatest successes; the reiterated efforts of the bravest troops of France, backed by an overwhelming force, were unable, on that day, to atchieve, what it seems more than probable might easily have been effected by a judicious application of their artillery, without incurring the risk to which they so unnecessarily, as well as vainly exposed themselves; yet this obvious mode of attack was not resorted to, concealed as the post in some measure was, by the intervention of the grove; the hedge too so effectually masked the wall, as not to give any notion of its existence, and when those who had bravely passed it, found themselves still opposed by a more formidable barrier, it led to a carnage, and must have produced a dismay greatly calculated to deter the assailants from any further efforts; they still, however, pursued their object with uncommon perseverance, and a determination that ought almost to have ensured success; and the chateau became an isolated redoubt, separated in a great measure from the British line, and relying solely upon its own efforts for its

defence. On one occasion, in particular, the onset exhibited the formidable tactics of the Emperor in their highest perfection, and an irresistibly imposing front that seemed to threaten its opponents with annihilation; lancers and cuirassiers advanced, supported by artillery and close columns of infantry, which marched with their muskets shouldered, as though unwilling to engage till they had come to close quarters; and it was here that the cuirassier, trusting to his steadiness in action and superior means of defence, advanced in all the proud array and pomp of war, to meet the destiny that awaited him; and also the lancer, impatient of giving quarter: in short, all that was tremendous and destructive, even in such a contest, might be said to have been assembled here: they were, however, repulsed, and a pause afforded sufficient time to throw succours into Hougomont. Colonel Hepburn and some of the guards advanced to the aid of their brave comrades, and drove the French from the wood and park, restoring the communication with the army. The Lords Saltoun and Glengary commanded in this important post. I have since seen Glengary: he said that repeated messages arrived, apprising them of the importance of the post, and the

necessity of persisting in its defence to the last; but added that they were unnecessary, as they had determined never to quit it with life, unless victorious. Such troops are worthy such a post on a day like this, and deserving of the glory of upholding the fair fame of the country that produced them.

> Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
> Shall crowd from Crecy's laurelled field,
> And gaze with fix'd delight.
> Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
> Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
> And wish the avenging fight.

The fire, which so unfortunately consumed the offices and the miserable wounded who had been deposited there, extended also to the chapel, but, having reached the foot of a figure of our Lord upon the cross, it proceeded no further in that direction; a circumstance particularly pointed out to the notice of the visitor, and regarded by those who do so, and the country around, with scrupulous veneration. More trivial causes, no doubt, have in other times been construed into miracles, and equally recorded by the bigotry of priestcraft and the credulity of ignorance.

When we visited Hougomont, the wind whis-

tled gently through its shattered walls, and the transient gleams of sunshine passed occasionally over it; all else was still and silent as it once was otherwise; the ripening grape hung in luxuriant clusters from the vine which spread its wreathy foliage along the crest of the shattered wall, and bloomed in what is now a sheltered southern aspect, then the exposed point that alone presented itself in front of a hostile position of battle; they seemed tinged with the blood of heroes, and flourishing gaily where animal life would have been on that day a thousand times forfeited, reminded us of the difference between those two kingdoms of nature, in which each inhales an atmosphere that is destruction to the other.

Having returned along the French position, and seen the tombs of Gordon and Picton, which stand upon the plain, we repaired to the church of Waterloo, and read the inscription of the guards to their numerous companions in arms who fell that day. A plain marble slab alone appears in the shape of a monument, and this is enjoyed by all in common; their names and respective ranks are mentioned, and a very few lines expressive of whom they are mourned by; but they need no more; eulogy would, in

such a case, be vain, and panegyric obtrusive; their immortality is entwined indissolubly with the annals of the world, and their merits indelibly impressed upon the hearts of their countrymen. The accounts of the carnage are too comprehensive and horrible to be repeated, almost too much for thought; and large spaces of the field are pointed out, of an unequal surface with the rest, which were the depositories of the slain; the ground has sunk considerably upon the progress of putrescence, and a deeper coloured and much grosser stock distinguishes the stubble, as the ruins of Old Sarum are still traceable in the shade of the corn, even after a lapse of ages; the work of husbandry, and the labours of the oxen were, during our stay, busily plying over every part of the plain, and the point of the ploughshare often encounters the casque of the hero, "Arma scuta virum," but all that was above ground has been long since removed and carried off in triumph by the swarms of visitors who are constantly arriving here. I had supposed that the field was more extensive, and had felt as if the very circumstance of such a combat must have been indelibly impressed upon the scene; but it is not so, nor is there any very great reason that

it should; however, my feeling in visiting it was one of humiliation and disappointment, and I returned again to the haunts of the living, with an eager wish to forget some of the unpleasantness, and obliterate as much as possible the impression produced: the red clay over which we had walked clung closely to us, and penetrating through our dress, covered us with a fine dust, which it cost us no small pains to rid ourselves of; as though the mouldering remains of what was once our companions, adhered by kindred sympathy to their fellow dust.

> Last morn beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
> Battles magnificently proud array;
> The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Which their own clay shall cover heap'd and pent,
> Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!—

I have said that I felt unpleasantly in visiting this place, and, glorious and satisfactory as the great result has been, I did so; but I allude not to its results, I merely contemplate the present scene, the grave of so many heroes, of several that were amongst my contemporaries, and those personally known to me; and deplore that dire

necessity compelled us to such an event, that after having passed almost a year of tranquillity, during which we had been blended together in all the familiarity of intimate social intercourse, we should in a few days become again convulsed by the demon of discord, and hurry a second time into all the horrors of a war; a circumstance that will scarcely appear credible to posterity, as related of two great and civilized nations: we are not to blame, however, for these things, though we must ever regret the necessity that has produced them.

There is a circumstance relative to the field that is also painful; it is that it should have remained unenclosed; the extent is certainly considerable, and the soil valuable; but it is situated on the territory of our ally, who himself took part in the action, and we were the undisputed victors, and could have willed it so; surely a spot consecrated to all succeeding ages should be well defined, were it only to prevent error; but when it becomes the depository of the illustrious dead, (and who are more eminently entitled to be called so, than those who perished here?) it ought to be considered like Westminster or St. Denis; and we should endeavour to give it a perpetuity equal to that of

the Mausoleum or the Pyramids. What must be the feelings of those whose friends are lying here, and where is to be found the Englishman who is without them? to learn that twice in each year the unconscious husbandman rakes up their ashes, and exposes their white bones to the bleaching shower, as though they had been those of a common malefactor. Is this a worthy return for their disinterested services?

"How sleep the brave."

This eventful, obstinate, and hardly contested battle could not take place between two such gallant armies, without a vast expenditure of human life, even on the side of the victors, and we had of course to regret an extent of bloodshed to which we were hitherto quite unused, particularly amongst the officers; the suddenness with which it came upon us too, condensing the efforts of a whole campaign, and confining it within such narrow limits, greatly aggravated the apparent loss, and taught us to consider it an unprecedented butchery, though, if we look at it dispassionately, and come to compare it with Leipsic or Borodino, or the great and final result to which it led, we can hardly pronounce it to have been too pro-

fuse a consumption: a protracted campaign might have wasted away nearly as many, without having tended to any such glorious result, and an equal loss might have followed a few months of inaction; the lives so unprofitably exhausted at Walcheren were more than sufficient, if properly expended and at once, to have produced a Waterloo. This victory too was also most highly serviceable in another point of view; it set at rest a disputed question as to the comparative merit of French and English troops, and determined finally a matter that had else remained undecided; for, notwithstanding all our successes in Spain, the French still believed that they would beat us under Napoleon, even though we were led on by Wellington; an opinion, in itself, sufficient to have engendered hostility, from the vanity of that warlike people, who could not brook the thought of superiority.

This contest was highly creditable to the superior discipline and bravery of the troops and officers engaged on both sides, and there were instances of courage and conduct, on the part of the vanquished, that could not be surpassed; they were all that troops could be expected to be. The striking contrast is

to be found in the conduct of the respective commanders, and it cannot, nor ought not, be passed over unnoticed; a horrid selfishness, a prudence that on such an occasion amounted almost to cowardice; and a gloomy and sanguinary predetermination on vengeance, marked every action of him who had alone to impute to his own ambition and breach of faith the bloodshed of that day; and when, contrary to his expectation, the hour of trial arrived, he delegated the danger to another, and sought his own safety in flight. I do not say that he should not have survived that day; the fate of war is not always in our power; nor would I be thought to countenance the notion of wantonly seeking destruction; but he should certainly not have deserted his army whilst it continued one; he should have led on the last charge, nor eluded death had he sought him; his escape on that day should have been a miracle, a matter as astonishing as that of his noble antagonist, that alone could justify his having survived such an overthrow. How very dissimilar was the gallant conduct of the other, exposing his person to every species of danger, and encountering every variety of risk, though on him depended the salvation of Europe. To judge

from their respective behaviour, one might be led to suppose that they had changed places, that Wellington was the usurper, whose all was at stake, and that Napoleon's was the life so valuable to mankind. We may trace the dissimilarity too in their respective use of victory; a proclamation found in his carriage, breathed unqualified destruction to Brussels, which happened to be placed near the scene of action; whilst the noble victor, with a magnanimity worthy of success, on being reminded, after the battle, that the city of Paris had already escaped pillage, and hoped to do so a second time, at once declared, "that if it ever should be in his power, it might rely upon him;" thus in every point of generosity and honourable feeling, proving himself as much the superior of his antagonist, as he had already done upon the field of battle, and exceeding in renown the brightest names that ever graced the page of history.

Sure it would need that bard of old,
Who sung the deeds of Hector bold,
And marked the Grecian ire;
The lordly chiefs of Atreus' race,
The matchless charms of Helen's grace,
The force of wild desire.

Had he but known thy nobler fame,
Superior merits stronger claim,
And waked his warmest fire;
Not all the deeds of Atreus' race,
Nor e'en the charms of Helen's face,
Had strung that poet's lyre.

But what need'st thou, to mark thy fame,
That first of bards' immortal name,
Renown'd through every clime?
Thy deeds alone thy worth proclaim,
And prove thee eldest born of fame,
Through all succeeding time.

One circumstance appears to have highly contributed to complete the day of Waterloo; it was the arrival of a fresh, and no less hostile army towards its conclusion, who, not having shared in the action, had no other mode of showing their zeal, than by the avidity of their pursuit; to which they were highly instigated both by previous cruelty and recent disaster; the English might in joy have made many prisoners that were sacrificed without remorse by the unappeased Prussians, who would have looked upon any thing like mercy, as a species of treason to their allies, and a dereliction from the duty they owed to their slaughtered companions. Thus many circumstances combined to increase the bloodshed of this last and first of combats;

but had the result been otherwise, the consequences would have been much more disastrous.

After passing a day or two at Brussels, we set out at night in the diligence for Liege, through Louvain, &c. It was a large commodious affair, containing six persons. I sat in front, and at first supposed, from the position of the vehicle, that we were ascending a steep hill; but, to my sorrow, I found, after some time, that this continued, and was caused by a great weight of lading behind, which occasioned me to slide down off the seat, and completely prevented my sleeping. At Louvain we descended for a moment, and found ourselves amongst a Flemish smoking party, the gloomy taciturnity and general appearance of which were so unprepossessing that I never wish to see any thing like it again, except in the paintings of Teniers, &c.

We arrived at Liege at noon, and, taking a barouche, immediately set out for Spa. Travelling through an agreeable though wild country, we came in the evening to a very prettily situated house, amongst the hills, in a pass where the horses are refreshed. Here we had a most excellent mutton chop, resembling what we meet with in England: the people, the prospect, the passing travellers, all wore an interesting and

romantic appearance; and it seemed no unfit haunt for banditti.

Passing on through a country increasing in wildness, we arrived late at Spa; and, hearing that there was a ball at the public rooms, dressed for it, instead of going to bed, as I felt more inclined to, after the fatigue of the preceding night. I had not, however, any reason to repent having done so, as we had a most agreeable party, with several persons who were worth meeting. The place was full of English, most of them of the first rank; and there were also many foreigners, amongst them the Princess of Orange, with several officers of the Allied armies. Lord and Lady Londonderry were also at the ball.

The redoubt in which it was given is one of the handsomest apartments I have ever seen: the centre is appropriated to the dancers, company, and rouge tables; and in the sides are recesses, between the pillars, which gracefully support the ornamented roof. Here are fireplaces and card tables, and they afford a diversity to the apartment; in front, opposite the entrance door, is another, leading into the principal box of the theatre, which is under the same roof, and at times is thrown open; as I have seen it on one occasion, which appeared to me a striking

instance of the ease of continental manners, always remarkably exhibited at this place, where sovereigns, resigning for a time the cares of royalty, indulged in the relaxation of an incognito, almost as unpretending as private life.

The Princess of Orange, having dined at three, the usual hour of the place, and gone to the theatre at five, retired (if such it might be called) from her box at seven, into a recess of the public room, where she and her party sat down to tea: it consisted almost entirely of ladies, I believe without any males, at least any military attendants, and, during the time of their remaining, there was no restraint whatever imposed upon the company; it happened at an hour when not many were present, but any person who chose might have walked in, and approached as nearly as they pleased, even without being dressed; and I observed that some did so. We remained apart; but the other groups promenaded up and down, and sometimes were close to them. At her departure the princess, seeing we were the only persons who were dressed, or, rather, perhaps on account of our being strangers, bowed to us very graciously. Her Imperial Highness is not handsome; nor does she, in appearance at all, resemble either the Emperor or Duchess of Oldenburgh.

There were balls here twice a week during our stay, which were very well attended, and on other nights plays and promenades. There was also a great deal of whist playing and gambling, from morning till night, of one kind or other, though not by any means as high as formerly; but, whether as a source of profit or pleasure, play seems to be still the order of the day, affording an easy opportunity of continual access to the vast varieties of strange persons who resort to this place, and an ample field for observation, without coming into too close a contact: the play commences after breakfast, and is constantly attended by parties of both sexes. I remember one very nice looking woman, who took up her post daily at the rouge et noir table: I was told by those near her that she was in the last stage of a decline, and "too ill to do any thing but play rouge"—a mode of killing time and reflection which, under such circumstances, at least, we have not yet arrived at, and it is to be hoped never may.

This room and another and similar species of entertainment upon the hill, called the Vauxhall, alternately engage and occupy the company, who seem to think of nothing else, in the way of amusement, at least; but, for those who admire the beauties of nature, there is ample field

besides, in the wild romantic environs of Spa. The situation, too, is very pretty and picturesque, being in a rocky and mountainous country, and upon the banks of a clear and rapid torrent, which winds along the many interesting scenes down the valley; the only road by which we can reach it lies beside its banks, which are shaded by fine trees, and present many very striking and wild scenes, that almost arrest us to observe them, interspersed, as we approach the place, by fine chateaux, contributing at once to the beauty of the prospect and the convenience of the traveller.

The town or village (for Spa is something between both) stands well in a low valley, surrounded by hills, partly covered with woods, and on the north by steep craggy eminences, which immediately overhang the place, and visible from every part, afford a very agreeable view of it to those who will take the trouble of a steep ascent, where terrace walks and pleasure grounds are prepared for their reception.

The place consists of two or three streets, in which are several good hotels and some excellent houses, with others that stand apart, affording a considerable degree of accommodation, though not as much as one is led to suppose from the very favourable accounts we have all received

of it. This may, perhaps, be in some degree owing to a fire which raged here some years since, and destroyed a great part of the place, from which period Spa had been almost deserted till the late peace: nor had the novelty of the scene nor the approach of Congress drawn to it any thing like the numbers by which it had been formerly frequented, though it was both fully and respectably attended during our stay, and will, I am sure, become a favourite residence of the English, who have now extended their rambles over every part of Europe, and converted into a summer excursion much of what was once considered a very important feature of the grand tour. There is something so agreeable in the romantic scenery about Spa, the fine bold and rugged declivities by which it is encompassed, the earliness of the hours, the variety of company, the great ease of their dress and manners, the total absence of any display, and the numerous amusements it presents, that one does not wonder at the celebrity it has attained to; but we rather feel surprised that it is not even more frequented, and a greater rival of those similar places of resort amongst us, to which, in variety, agremens, and natural advantages, it is so superior.

The Pouhon, one of the nine chief wells,

stands in the middle of one of the streets, under a neat covered dome, with a very grateful inscription, erected by the Czar Peter, in consequence of his having been cured by it, and encouraging all those who are similarly affected to make trial of it.

This well is crowded at a very early hour; I believe sometimes by five in the morning; and a number of horses remain ready saddled beside it, inviting a ride up the hills. We may then, if we please, breakfast in public at the Vauxhall, and continue at play till it is time to drink the spa again, which is about twelve, in order to be ready for the table d'hôte, which is usually at three, rather an inconvenient hour, curtailing the day, and making too long an evening, but strictly adhered to by all. I have seen Lord Castlereagh walking about in full dress at five in the evening, after having dined with the Princess of Orange, long before such a meal would have been thought of in London. The theatre begins at five; and, for those who are not so disposed, there are cards and dancing, all of which is over at an early hour.

Most persons who are not engaged by a family circle at home participate in the variety of the table d'hôte, where they are sure to meet much

that is amusing, and often, too, what is very interesting; though, in this respect, and more particularly with regard to the manner of living, I was disappointed. I had heard so much of the great variety and interest of Spa, of the number of crowned heads and various illustrious persons who were its frequent visitants, mingling together freely and without restraint, that I had supposed the field of such scenes must at least afford ample accommodation. I had always been in the habit, too, of hearing it most highly lauded by several old persons of my acquaintance, who are excellent judges of these matters, and who, from their own elegant tables affording all that was desirable, raved of the delightful hours passed amongst the elegant society and agreeable living of Spa: so much are we inclined to value what has been, and so frequently does "memory gild the past." This had certainly filled me with high hopes; but, when I sat down to their scrambling fare, tastelessly assorted and carelessly served, I complained bitterly of my friends, who had so much misled me.

Spa is a pretty, interesting, lively place, well worth visiting; but those who go there highly impressed with a notion of its importance and superiority over other watering places will, I

fear, be greatly disappointed; and, should they be inclined to like good living, they will do wisely to remain at Paris, which should be made the permanent head-quarters of such persons. The public gambling tables here and at Aix afford a prime source of revenue to the Prince Bishop of Liege, an overgrown ecclesiastic of the empire, who, strange to say, has more of this species of amusement going on in his patrimony than any other potentate in Europe, and seems to be the patron saint of play, without yielding a becoming deference to *bienseance.*

CHAP. XVII.

Departure from Aix for Cologne and the Rhine —Its Scenery and Character—Seven Mountains — Andernach — Coblentz — Ehrenbreitstein—The Mozelle—St. Goar—Its Castle—Termination of Excursion in that Direction.

We left Aix after breakfast, and proceeded towards Cologne, to meet the Emperor of Austria, who was to descend the Rhine on his route to Congress. Our way lay through a forest,

which was broken at intervals, sometimes approaching close to the road, and at others retiring to a considerable distance over the sandy soil through which we passed: as the wheels of our heavy voiture frequently sunk several inches in it, our rate of moving was any thing but expeditious, and afforded us ample leisure to observe the wild but not uninteresting country through which we drove. We terminated the stage at Juliers, the capital of the duchy so called, a very strongly fortified town, wearing, even to those ignorant of such matters, a menacing aspect of defence.

Our road lay through several outworks, where drawbridges, trenches, and redoubts presented themselves in succession, as we approached through the marshy suburb in which it is placed: the alternate black and white paling which marks their fortresses, and the Prussian Eagle, black on a yellow ground, worn even upon the cap of the postillion, distinguishes the progress of that cold and martial despotism which has advanced from the sands of Brandenburgh, and started with uncommon rapidity into the heart of civilised Europe, calling the finest provinces of the Rhine and Brabant by the name of Prussia.

We had not leisure to remain long here, nor

did there seem to be any thing particularly deserving of notice. The citadel, which was the labour of thirty years, and outworks appear most formidable; and the general aspect of the place is gloomy and unpleasing: no trade, no bustle relieves or varies the occupation of war, the only pursuit with which either its inhabitants, or even their country, have any acquaintance; elsewhere the structures of commerce and the interest of shipping mingle with and enliven its asperity; and defence often puts on the disguise of architecture, and wears the costume of antiquity, interesting us by a thousand associations, as the last surviving relics of nations and people who have long passed away: not so in modern fortification, where all is humble and unaspiring—where the blight of havoc does not wait the slow though certain hand of time, but rushes on to a premature and precipitate destruction; and where nothing consecrates the injuries of ages, or marks it out from the mischief of yesterday.

The gloom excited by visiting a fortress is not easily dispelled or forgotten; nor was I quite reconciled to what I saw, even by recalling to mind what were the deeds of these Prussians, or what the place might yet effect to impede the advances of France, but rather felt degraded that weak mortals had ever been reduced to

such straits as to indulge in such devices against their fellows. Juliers is the chief place in the duchy: like other towns, it was conquered, or rather delivered up to France, on the defeat of the Austrian army in its neighbourhood, in the year 1794.

During our stay here we had an opportunity of perceiving the national feeling, and their decided partiality in favour of Austria. Two priests were at dinner in the room we were shown into: they conversed agreeably with us, and said they had come expressly to Juliers to be gratified by a sight of their ancient sovereign. One of our party, on hearing this, gave the health of the Emperor of Austria, with which they were highly pleased; and, upon my remarking that it was a poor exchange to give an Emperor of Austria for a Duke of Brandenburg, they appeared delighted with us. Indeed the feeling towards Austria is so strong here that they would hardly salute the King of Prussia as he passed through a few days afterwards.

Having dined, we left Juliers; and, after a drive of several hours, through a very interesting country, approached the Rhine: having for some time continued to ascend, we at length reached a considerable elevation, from which the ground appeared to fall off in an opposite direction,

affording us a most extensive prospect. The river was not yet visible; but a steady mist in the horizon marked its majestic course, as it wound along in the expansive place before us, and the blue, abrupt, and striking summits of the Seven Mountains bounded the distant prospect to the right.

Far in front of us lay Cologne: the last gleams of the setting sun fell upon its numerous spires and towers, distinguishing and enlivening every object, and prepossessing the approaching stranger with a most pleasing and magnificent exterior, well worthy of an imperial city—a delusion that all suffer on approaching it, though, on a nearer acquaintance, they find it possesses little either attractive to the sight or deserving of their attention. It was dark ere our arrival; and, having reached an inn, and ordered out a carriage for Coblentz, which cost us both time and trouble, we determined, however, to proceed without further delay. We passed through several streets, whose spacious dimensions appeared to advantage in the gloom of night, and, as we afterwards found, concealed from our view much that was not worthy of notice; whilst the frequent towers and battlements made a noble appearance.

We were now upon the Rhine, of which we

had heard so much: an occasional glimpse at the river awakened our anxiety about what had been so favourably represented to us, but the darkness prevented our being able to distinguish objects, and obliged us to postpone our observations till the morning, leaving us to beguile our present time in a situation far from agreeable. We had been compelled to quit our commodious voiture of the day for a small cabriolet, which could scarcely accommodate four, and hardly contain five persons; whilst its leather covering admitted every blast of a cool night air, and exposed us to the vicissitudes of heat and cold in a very disagreeable alternation, scarcely allowing of our taking any rest, and convincing us that those who travel on the continent, at least such as visit Germany, ought to provide themselves previously with a carriage, which is indispensable in a country where even beds are not always to be found; but our trip was to be of short duration, and, as we wished to vary our mode of travelling occasionally (which is often requisite on the river), we did not adopt this precaution.

The morning light, however, soon relieved us from our confinement, and we hastened forth with its earliest beams, to breathe the balmy freshness it diffused around us. It might be

called our first view of the Rhine; and nothing could be more propitious, or calculated to impress us more forcibly, from the hour, the weather, the season, or the scene immediately before us, as we strayed along the road, and quenched the thirst occasioned by want of rest from the numerous clusters of grapes that spread in native luxuriance around us.

Our course lay along and immediately over the left bank of the river: its waters were gilded by the bright rays of the rising sun, which dispelled the cool blast that had previously blown up the narrow valley of the river. The Seven Mountains, last seen in the distant horizon on the preceding evening, now towered in majestic height and precipitous grandeur above our heads, and occasionally presented themselves to our view, where the presumptuous Drachenfels, their leader, who seems to have almost protruded itself into the stream, does not interpose its craggy fragments to obscure the loftiest amongst them.

We passed through vineyards, gardens, and corn fields, varied occasionally with picturesque groves of chestnut and walnut, and forming, with the vine and the distant forest trees, the most pleasing varieties of foliage; whilst every species of colour and shade and outline contri-

buted to enrich and beautify the scene. The majestic Rhine wound along its rapid course, through every possible combination of landscape, and exhibited at each turn a profusion of beauty unrivalled in any thing that I have since seen, even of itself, not through the low sedgy banks that usually border upon navigable rivers, fatiguing from their monotony, but round the bases of the most romantic mountains, abruptly rising in native magnificence over its waters, and at times seeming almost to dispute their course, in all the wild luxuriance of nature, as she exhibits herself in the Highland glen or on the borders of the mountain torrent. Never, perhaps, was there a more favourable first impression, or a situation more highly calculated to produce it: nor do I think the delightful hour could have more propitiously dawned in any other part of the world; "it was the first breathings of morning in nature's sweetest climate, carrying with them the freshness of untainted air, the mild moisture of the dew, and the resistless charms of a thousand odours and perfumes."

The opposite banks of the river were equally varied and interesting, and astonished us by their beauty and extensive population; almost at every half mile there appeared a village, and each succeeding sweep of its course presented a

new scene. At times the receding shores afforded a prospect of the more distant mountains; at others the projecting promontory appeared the chosen residence of man through all his vicissitudes and gradations, almost from his earliest assumption of power to the present time; from the humble inmate of its picturesque and sheltered village below to the bolder founder of its castellated mansion on the summit, more obnoxious to every storm, political as well as natural. Others, again, seemed exclusively occupied by those rural deities who had early made choice of these hills as their refuge from the northern blast, Pan, and Bacchus, and Terminus, and where they still exercised their empire unabated; even the latter*, who appears to be

* Terminus had a temple at Rome, on the Tarpeian rock; the people sacrificed to him once a year, and hung their land marks with wreaths of flowers, as under the immediate protection of Heaven. He seems to have transferred his seat to this enchanted neighbourhood, where the slightest boundary is sufficient to guard the owner's property, and prevent the most trivial encroachment on his ripening clusters amongst this honest people, as we experienced from having been ourselves wanting in that forbearance which distinguished those around us. Two of our party, attracted by the novelty of the purple grapes, which hung so temptingly near the road, began to pull and cut them, which, after the night we had passed, was too great a temptation to be easily resisted. They were immediately seen by some of the country people, who came

here particularly worshipped, and exhibited an interesting contrast, uniting the charms of population, culture, and intercourse with the wilder beauties of nature and the sober stillness of the mountain lake.

I was delighted with the beauty, variety, and interest excited by the Rhine: it much more than realised all that I had heard of it; nor did I believe it possible to meet anywhere such wildness, mingled with high cultivation; but I had expected to find it somewhat wider, though I cannot perhaps offer any just excuse for entertaining such a supposition; it is in

towards them with forks in their hands; and, as the German peasant is rude, and we did not understand their language, might have given us some trouble, even though our companions had recourse to the usual English passport, by exhibiting a franc, which was much more than an equivalent for what they had taken: they appeared, however, to resent the violation of their territory, and considered us rather as criminals, that they spared, than equals, with whom they had treated; and, had they persisted in their pursuit, they might have carried the invaders before a magistrate for what is there a most serious offence, and so lost us that which we were so anxious to see, and which had induced us to make this excursion. I confess I felt hurt at this occurrence, as it necessarily lessened our national character with a people whom we had wantonly though unintentionally injured, by a deficiency in a due respect to national prejudice, and a proper conformity to the regulations which custom and particular circumstances may have rendered important.

some places of a very considerable breadth, however, and certainly often appears narrower than it really is, from the high rocks between which it is so often confined: it has also another striking peculiarity, that it does not greatly increase in its course, and at length, like the decline of science and civilisation amongst the darkness of the middle ages, loses its dimensions and its name, before its embouchure into the ocean, after having bestowed it upon countries, and princes, and associations, and contributed to the aggrandisement of whole empires and districts, of which it forms the boundary. It is curious to contemplate its vicissitudes. Once the guardian of fertile Gaul, it shielded that valuable province from the incursions of the northern hive, and hence the greater part of its towns are found upon the left bank of the river; and again, within our memory, it has a second time become the boundary of an empire not inferior to that of Rome.

We were now at that part of the river where its scenery alters its character considerably, and where its beauties may be said to commence; behind all was flat and level to Cologne, and even to Holland; whilst before us it was wild and magnificent as far as we pursued it towards

Switzerland, and continues its interesting scenery till it reaches Constance.

The most remarkable feature in the landscape, and what appears to have chiefly caused this change, is the precipitous and lofty range of the seven mountains, which are here in the immediate vicinity of the river; and their abrupt and broken summits, varying with every turn of its course, exhibit an infinite variety and richness for the long extent during which they are occasionally visible. The three principal of those, Drachenfels, Wolkenburg, and Lowenburg, by their proximity as well as size, merit our more immediate notice; the former presenting its bolder outline, broken into a thousand forms, shoots forward into the river, which, together with the road, winds along its base, and bears no slight resemblance in figure and situation to Penman Maur, in North Wales. Their three summits, though scarcely accessible, were formerly crowned with castles, and the ruins of two of them are still visible. They are said to owe their origin to three brothers, and from their history and picturesque situation, must have early attracted the notice of Romance. These brothers had a beautiful sister named Adelaide, beloved by young Roland, who dwelt

opposite; but the brothers, not being desirous of the connexion and unmindful of a sister's feelings, pretended that her lover had fallen in the wars of Palestine, whither they had sent him as the condition to acquire her hand. The unhappy girl, who was confined on Drachenfels, believing the tale, resolved thenceforward to devote herself to a monastic life, and founded an abbey on an island in the Rhine, between her former residence and that of her lover. At length he returned, and learning his cruel destiny, built on a rock, overlooking the nunnery, the castle of Rolandsech, and pined away in solitude the residue of his days;—a sad warning to faithful lovers, who have at all times experienced the severe restraints imposed by ambition.

This tale, like many others of those romantic scenes, might be hardly deserving of notice, were it not supposed to be the basis on which Ariosto has raised the immortal structure of his Orlando. Nothing can exceed in prospect, or effect, the picturesque situation and romantic grandeur of these ruins;

> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.

At a distance they somewhat resembled, but

greatly surpassed those of Dinas Bran, in North Wales, and added all that was wanting to complete the scene; if the foreground was some times enlivened by the mellow tints of Claude, these gave it the bolder outline and darker colouring of Salvator Rosa. It appeared like the native land of painting, poetry, and romance; and I regretted that want of time would prevent a visit to each object deserving of notice which passed in rapid succession before me, and about which much interesting information might have been obtained. The republican inhabitant of the new world, absorbed in the pursuits of commerce, may deride these feelings as unworthy the enlightened era of modern times, and conscious that all that surrounds his home is but the work of yesterday, may affect to undervalue what appears so interesting to us; but I confess that my feelings are of a cast most opposite to his; I am an enthusiastic admirer of the elder times, and take a lively interest in all that relates to them; I regret their errors, I blame many of their barbarous habits, but I venerate their disinterestedness, their boldness, their inherent sense of honour, their heroic devotion in defence of virtue, all that relates to their costume, their warfare, and their architecture; I respect their information as the best

that then existed; I consider them the granaries in which the seeds of knowledge, gathered from the abundant harvests of antiquity, were deposited during the dark gloom that so long enveloped the earth, till it burst forth in a genial spring about the period of the reformation; I listen to every narrative as the foundation of some history; I trace in every story the parent of our poetry; a thousand painful and pleasing associations combine in the attraction that draws me towards each succeeding ruin; I endeavour to recall the grandeur of the original edifice, to trace through the devastation of ages the views and the figure of its former possessors; I swallow eagerly the miraculous legend in which it is contained, and I wish to leave none of them unnoticed till I have, as by a species of incantation, summoned up the unfortunate, or the brave, and paid the passing tribute of my homage to the tutelary genius of the place.

The valley contracts as we advance along it upon a causeway formed, or more usually hewn out of the solid rock by M. Aurelius and L. Verus, and by the inscription, bearing date 161, A. D. After doubling several rocky points, some of which, during our approach, seemed almost impassable, we at length caught a glimpse

of Andernach far in the distance: its beautiful and picturesque tower, rising above the waters, is a remarkable feature in the scene; it is said to be the work of Drusus, and would do honour to any architect; it still retains the appearance of uncommon strength, and seems not to have felt the lapse of time.

The approach to Andernach is very fine; its walls and turrets, seen in the distance, grouped together with its decayed castle upon the mountain above, as also the numerous ruins of which it is chiefly composed, prove its former consequence to have been far beyond what it is at present, and is calculated to impose upon the approaching stranger; but on the Rhine, the smallest village often possesses such advantages of situation, that it not unfrequently produces a similar effect; and what forms a cheering object to our view, turns out, when visited, to be the abode of wretchedness.

Andernach is supposed to be the oldest town in Germany; here the hills cease for a time, and the road passes through a plain at some distance from the bed of the river, till at a post from Andernach, it opens again into a broad bay that it forms in conjunction with the Moselle, which here discharges itself into the Rhine,

and is, even in the presence of the latter, a noble object. This is one of the finest parts of the river.

Immediately at the confluence of the two streams, rises the city of Coblentz: the angles of its bastions project into the waters; these are surmounted by its houses, which are in turn out-topped by its numerous and lofty spires, whilst the stupendous rock of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of Germany, towers above all, from the opposite side of the water, to a height that bids defiance to the labours of man. The works that once crowned this singular and lofty eminence, having been destroyed during the last war, nothing but its natural beauties are left to admire; but these represent it with unabated interest from every side. The Prussian soldier had recommenced his labours upon it, and it is likely soon again to become the key of the empire, and barrier against the future designs of France. At its base are the electoral palace and village of Ehrenbreitstein, which add to the gaiety of the prospect; but the colour of the buildings in Coblentz, as seen in this direction, is gloomy, and the appearance not equal to what I had supposed from the views I had previously met of it.

We entered the town by a long narrow stone

bridge of fourteen arches, over the Moselle, which is protected at either end by a gate and rampart; a high confined and unpleasing street then receives us into a gloomy German city, and we lose at once the fine objects that have been so recently before our eyes. After some time, however, we again emerge from this confinement, as we approached the Trois Sweitzers, the house to which we had been particularly recommended, lying pleasantly upon the river, and appearing to merit all the commendations bestowed upon it. But here we experienced one of those disappointments to which travellers have at all times been subject, and which must always recur to our minds with the mention of Coblentz.

Having had little refreshment from the preceding day, we were, upon our arrival, most desirous of obtaining some, and for that purpose pursued our way into the kitchen, the first apartment that presented itself, where we saw several cooks busied in preparing a sumptuous dinner, whilst we were assailed by a most savoury smell; we immediately issued our orders for what appeared so tempting, when we learned to our sorrow, that we could neither partake of that, nor be received into the house, as the whole was occupied by the staff of the Prussian

army; the dismay and ill humour of Smollet, when he found that the capon, the principal feature in his destined meal, was carried off by the commandant's orders, could have hardly exceeded ours, particularly when accompanied by the unpleasing intelligence that the boat which was to carry us up the river, was just then about to start, and would not admit of our making a moment's delay or remonstrance, so that we were obliged to relinquish an agreeable meal, and repose, for a fatiguing walk under a burning sun, without the prospect of refreshment, for our voiturier could be neither induced nor intimidated into carrying us a yard farther than the end of his stage, and when we had endeavoured to urge forward his horses, was going to strike us; nor would the boatmen delay for a moment to take us in till they came to a place where they found it their convenience to draw up, affording us one of the numerous instances we had of the very disobliging disposition of the Germans, who are brutal and unaccommodating to all strangers, but seemed here to be particularly so to the English; even the porters who carried our baggage were exorbitant in their demands, and were going to throw stones at us for not complying with them. We put off, however, without accident, and the tran-

quillity and easy motion in the vessel, as it was towed against the stream, formed a very pleasing contrast to the bustle we had quitted; whilst the being actually upon the river gave us a better opportunity than we had had from the road of surveying the magnificent scenery by which it is here more particularly surrounded.

A wide reach of the waters for some considerable distance afforded a fine set off to the numerous objects that presented themselves; behind us, on the left bank, extended the finest part of the city, surmounted by its spires, and adorned by the ducal palace, which must have been a very noble structure before the French converted it into a caserne. The flying bridge connects the city with the opposite suburb, where the old electoral palace rises majestically above the river, surmounted by the towering height of Ehrenbreitstein, the most commanding and interesting feature of the scene, from whatever quarter it is beheld. It is impossible to regard with indifference that which has filled so conspicuous a place in the annals of war, in which it has figured from the time of the Romans to the French revolution, and not to feel regret that what was so well calculated to resist, and had often foiled the aggressor against the

peace of Europe,, should at length fall so unworthily. After having endured the extremes of privation, through the mere negligence of not having been provisioned*,

> Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall,
> Black with the miner's art,
> Still speaks of what she was.

complete destruction awaited its unnecessary humiliation; but it is interesting even in ruin, and commands our respect, like those bolder spirits amongst us who courageously withstood both the oppressions of tyranny and the inroads of faction, alike regardless of the breath of popular tumult, or of the menaced destruction that awaits them; and, though often doomed to a similar destiny, their fate is not without its moral in the history of our species.

As we lose those objects in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, we perceive that they are at every turn of our course succeeded by others of a different, but no less interesting character, and find ourselves moving amongst the most delightful scenes imaginable; the abrupt rocks near Andernach, having given place to a softer character of hills, which present themselves to our view under an endless variety of

* 27 January, 1799.

shape, colour, and elevation; sometimes these are entirely covered with vineyards, surmounted by forest trees, their sombre shade falls upon the river, from its brink they immediately rise, at others, the projecting promontory, that for a time bounds our view, displays as we advance the towers and steeples of a town or village, behind which are seen the lively foliage of the vineyard, which here holds a divided empire with the forest, whilst the naked rock peeps out above all, and yields its loftiest crag as the basis from which some teutonic mansion frowns over the tranquillity beneath; the beautifully romantic situations, frequent occurrence, and variety, as well as preservation of these ruins, cannot fail to attract the notice of the least observant, whilst the admirer of the picturesque, and the artist, will study them as his most pleasing models, and more than the realization of his brightest conceptions; it would indeed be hardly possible to express, and certainly by no form of language that I am master of, the interest of this delightful land; it must be seen and experienced to be appreciated as it deserves, and those who have had that gratification, will feel that what seems the garb of fiction, is often only doing justice to nature as she appears in her softer moods. Sometimes

the stream pursued its course with difficulty through the steep enclosing sides, which seemed to press upon it; at others, an opening vista afforded a pleasing prospect up the valley, whilst numerous villages and monasteries were seen in the distance; a general silence pervaded the whole, and, with the exception of an occasionally passing bark, or a distant village bell, there was nothing of what so usually marks the haunts of man.

After remaining several hours upon the water, during which we touched at Boppart, a place of some antiquity, we at length reached St. Goar, after dark; the approach to it even then was pleasing, the lights seen along the waters, and the gloomy height at the base of which it is situated, made us regret the hour, feeling conscious of what we lost. Having procured beds, we called a council of war, to know whether we should proceed farther up the river, or employ the following day in seeing something of the neighbourhood; I felt most anxious to advance, and if possible reach the city of Mayence and the finest part of the Rhingau, with the confluence of the Rhine and Mayne; but as we knew that Mayence was the head quarters of the Austrian army, we feared that we might undergo a repetition of what we had already experienced at Coblentz, which at

the hour we should arrive, would be most disagreeable, and we might have also increased the risk of missing the emperor, who was to leave it at daybreak; we therefore determined to pass the next day at St. Goar, and in its beautiful neighbourhood; and to set off in our boat down the river as soon as the emperor made his appearance on the following morning. Even after having retired to our chambers, the bright moonlight shed such a lustre over the scene, that we forgot our fatigue, and it was not without considerable effort that we were induced to retire to rest, not the most agreeable season in a German inn. That in which we were had a most pleasing exterior, it stood immediately over the river, and the external elevation was very neat and regular; but the beds were comfortless, the apartments slovenly, the kitchen indifferent, and the inhabitants surly and disobliging; the master had formerly served as an officer in the French army, and, of course, considered himself equal, if not superior to most travellers, particularly to those of our country, for which he appeared to entertain a proportionate dislike, and he made no scruple of showing it whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself; but, perhaps, I may have been too severe upon him, for a great number of distinguished

Germans were to be with him on their way to congress, and this was the commencement of his busy time, and might not have afforded him leisure to be as attentive as usual to the passing stranger. There is such a spirit of accommodation in the French, such a lively anticipation of our desires, and such a ready converse with foreigners, that we find ourselves supplied almost involuntarily, and are seldom obliged to undergo privation, even though we may happen to be ignorant of their language. Not so amongst the inn-keepers in Germany, for which a residence in France is very likely to unfit us; there you are looked upon as an intruder, served as though you were not able to pay for your entertainment, yet at the same time charged as highly as they suppose you will submit to for fare which at best is seldom more than indifferent.

At St. Goar we passed a very delightful day, the novelty of the scene, the beauty and variety of objects, and their picturesque appearance, from whatever quarter they were beheld, whether we looked up from the level of the river to the lofty rocks that shot above our heads, or peeped through the aperture of ruin from some ancient tower that rose abruptly over the edge of the precipitous declivity beneath, presenting

to our eye villages, and castles, and vineyards, in pleasing variety before us; whilst the distant bark pursued its silent course along the unruffled bosom of the waters, and the solitary fisherman spread his net for the carp, which is here found of an extraordinary size; numerous grotesque groups of children, clad in the most curious costume, pursued their avocations amongst the vineyards; the old saluted us as we passed and offered us the ripening clusters that grew against their romantic residences; the young accompanied us and pointed out our course, and smiled to find us ignorant of their language; all wore the appearance of happiness, and behaved towards us with that cheerful urbanity which we had been led to expect from the realm of Bacchus.

The town is situated in a delightful valley, and stretching along the river has a grand appearance, though within it is close, dirty, and irregular; a large caserne in ruin is placed upon the shore at the base of the stupendous rock which rises above the town; upon its summit the ancient castle of Rhenfels once stood, and has still left the most extensive and the boldest ruins I have ever seen. The situation possessed such natural advantages that it failed not to attract the notice of the elder time, and its ambi-

tious owner (Count Thierry the Rich), having built this strong hold, imposed a tax upon the river; which was found such a grievance that sixty towns conspired to oppose it, though without success, and thus early gave rise to the first confederation of the Rhine, a notion which we have seen revived, though for a very different purpose, within our own times.

In 1692, this fortress resisted and repulsed Marshal Tallard, and yet it was fated to fall like others before the genius of the Revolution, and was reduced to its present state, a mighty mass of ruin; it was originally a place of uncommon strength, and if properly defended, would have been almost impregnable. At the opposite side, in the Nassau country, is St. Goar Hausen, a very pretty village, surmounted also by the extensive ruin of the castle of Ratz, whilst in the distance is another castle, called Mous; tradition says that these names arose from their situation, they having been constructed as a watch upon each other, like cat and mouse, at this important pass of the Rhine.

CHAP. XVIII.

Return down the River from St. Goar—Arrival of the Emperor's Galley—His Reception—Accompany him back to Coblentz—Landing of the Emperor—Continue our Course to Lintz on the right Bank, and next Morning to Cologne—Regret at leaving the River and Departure for Congress.

On the next morning we were awoke at an early hour by various noises, and learned that the country people were moving in all directions, to prepare for the reception of their emperor, who was expected to pass by St. Goar that morning. A regiment of the troops of Nassau was drawn out on the other side, opposite our windows, and the people of the town had put on their best looks and gayest apparel, in order to receive him. We had desired our boat to be in readiness, and purposed setting off as soon as the imperial vessel made its appearance, and accompanying it down the river as

long as we should find it agreeable to do so. We were turned out of the room we had occupied the preceding day, at an early hour, to make way for Prince Metternich, who was to travel by land, not liking the motion of the vessel; though when he arrived, he did not alight at the posthouse, a circumstance of no small mortification to our landlord, who had emptied all his best apartments to prepare for his accommodation; the cortege of Count Nesselrode, with many other distinguished persons, continued to pass drawn by six and eight horses, which the unfortunate peasants were obliged to supply, in whatever numbers they might be wanted, without receiving the slightest remuneration; as there is no pains taken to return them after they have been used, they are generally attended and rode by their owners, so that sometimes four or six horses will each have their rider moving along in front of a heavy barouche. At Juliers I saw near three hundred horses in one field, waiting to carry the baggage of the emperor.

The hour of arrival having now elapsed, we were all expectation as the thunder of artillery along the heights, and discharge of small arms, ringing of bells, blowing of bugles, and noise of collected multitudes, proclaimed the immediate

approach of the emperor. Two boats filled with bands, whose martial airs were occasionally heard amidst the louder noises, now made their appearance doubling the extreme point that bounded our prospect above the town, and were followed by a splendid yacht carrying the imperial party. This vessel belonged to the Prince of Nassau, who possesses a considerable extent of territory along the right bank of the river, and is with appropriate taste called the Nelson, thus bearing the name of that immortal hero to waters naturally so circumstanced as seemed to have precluded the possibility of his extending his celebrity to them. The galley was of very considerable dimensions; a large raised cabin containing numerous windows afforded a fine opportunity of observing what was passing within, whilst on deck there was an ample space covered with a lofty awning; a gilded lion crowned, the arms of Nassau supported the bow, and a large gilt figure of Neptune with his trident reclined upon the poop, whilst the sides displayed a profusion of carved work, in a very elegant and handsome style. Under the awning, which was partly drawn back, appeared the emperor and about eighteen persons of his suite, amongst whom were two archdukes,

and some princes, generals, and aides-de-camp; they all wore different uniforms, some of which were very beautiful and adorned with stars; they exhibited a most martial and imposing appearance, particularly two officers of dragoons, who were in white uniforms and silver helmets. The emperor is a plain looking man with nothing distinguishable in his air, manner, or dress, which on this occasion, and afterwards on some others at Aix, was a gray military surtout, and a cocked hat edged with a white feather, like that of a French marshal: he walked much up and down, regarding with interest the passing objects, and keeping his hands in his coat pocket, a favourite but most undignified position; whilst he conversed very affably with all those around him, and appeared highly pleased with his reception in countries that no longer owed him allegiance either as their immediate sovereign, or as head of the Germanic empire. The respect and unabated affection of the people was, however, most profound, and they seemed to draw a melancholy contrast between their Prussian masters and the milder and more distant sway of their former sovereign; for here the Prussians are as unpopular as the Austrians are in Italy.

As they passed each town and village, the constituted authorities, in their state dresses, came on board the imperial barge, and presented their keys, the monks formed processions to the waterside, and the whole assembled multitude, from the moment of their coming in sight, remained uncovered. We did not follow them in this particular, which, as we meant to pass the day near the emperor, would have been rather irksome; but having neared the vessel, we were pointed out to him by some of his suite, possibly as being the only strangers present, or perhaps as Englishmen: he immediately came towards us, and bowed several times very graciously, which we returned in the best manner in our power, standing up and waving our hats several times, after having made our respectful obeisance. A number of boats filled with musqueteers and swivels attended the barge to our no small annoyance; but we were too much gratified by this interesting and most novel scene, to be precluded from a participation in it by a sense of personal inconvenience.

At half past twelve o'clock, the party retired to the cabin, where dinner was served very magnificently, as we had an opportunity of observing through the windows. We were, of

course, not a little surprised to find this meal occur so early, and to learn that it was the emperor's usual hour, nor could we help reflecting upon the contrast between ourselves and all foreigners in this respect. With us the poorest tradesman, even the common labourer has not thought of dining till after the hour which was chosen by one of the greatest monarchs upon earth for himself and his assembled court: in our commercial country, where every one is occupied, where politics or trade are the concern of so many, the speedy attention to business and the hour of the post may contribute to make us later, by not allowing us the same leisure for amusement; but we have certainly gone beyond what even that requires, to the great prejudice of our health, and we stand in need of some reform in this repect.

During dinner a most interesting party presented themselves, and moved their boat towards the imperial galley; it consisted of beautiful young girls, very tastily dressed, and wearing wreaths of natural flowers entwined amongst their flowing ringlets, who carried from their gardens a newly gathered dessert for the emperor, and, ascending the royal bark, laid their little offering at his feet. There was something

so interesting, striking, and appropriate in this present—such a felicitous combination of circumstances—such a rare and fortuitous collision between the extremes of human condition, in which all that was elevated on the one hand had assumed a softer garb, and consented to receive the humble but free offering of the innocent and the lowly, that it seemed to afford all that was wanting to the completion of this delightful scene.

This voluntary tribute did not fail to produce its effect upon the emperor: he appeared highly gratified in receiving it; and, no doubt, valued it as it deserved, beyond all the constrained parade of soldiery, the cold processions of the priesthood, the clangour of the trumpet, or the roar of the artillery: it was a moment in which the monarch was lost in the man; and seemed well suited to urge the claims of a suffering people, and to plead for the enlargement and amelioration of mankind. I still remember the contrast, as those pleasing figures of youthful innocence mingled their softer shapes amongst the rugged forms of the assembled veterans who attended upon their emperor, after having gloriously fought for their country, and so nobly avenged her wrongs: it was like the triumph of

peace over the barbarism of war, and reminded us of the description of the poet in his beautiful personification of Mercy.

> O thou who sitt'st, a smiling bride,
> By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
> Gentlest of skyborn forms, and best adored!
> Who oft, with songs divine to hear,
> Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
> And hidest in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword.

We remained near the Royal galley for several hours on our return down the river; a few passing showers occasionally obstructed our prospect; but these soon cleared away, and left us at full leisure to observe the delightful scenes which had lately so much pleased us, as the vessel came in sight of those romantic castles that crowned with their picturesque ruins the lofty heights above. The thunder of artillery resounded along the shores; whilst the dense smoke, issuing from the ramparts, and melting by degrees into the thin ether, revolved its wreathy folds in a manner most highly picturesque and striking to the beholder.

I had hardly thought it possible to exceed the beauty of this scenery, as we ascended the river; but the additional gaiety and interest it received from the peopled animation of the present hour was indescribable, and one of those rare coinci-

dences of political as well as natural circumstances which, phœnix-like, occur but once in an age; and we rejoiced in having so fortunately availed ourselves of an opportunity of beholding what we might pass several lives without witnessing the repetition of. Indeed, the gratification of this day was only equalled by its novelty, and the pleasing recollection of it is indelibly associated with our happiest hours.

As we approached Coblentz, we preceded the imperial galley, which floated majestically down the stream, presenting a most imposing object to our receding bark, resembling some of the boasted splendour of antiquity.

> So, when from ancient Cydnus' frigid source
> Egyptia's mistress held her splendid course,
> And to the wind her wanton sail unfurl'd,
> To meet that chief who lost for her a world,
> The softest whispers of the western gale
> Impelled her golden barge's silken sail,
> And sweetest scents their balmy odours pour,
> Whilst dulcet sounds direct the silver oar.

The whole staff of the Prussian army was drawn up in two lines on the platform on which the emperor was to land at Coblentz, and several persons were presented to him on his arrival, and received very graciously, whilst the usual manifestations of joy were repeated. Here he

was to pass the night, and re-embark for Cologne in the morning; but, as the same difficulty remained to us in procuring accommodation, we determined to proceed immediately, and, taking our leave of sovereignty, to provide, if possible, for ourselves. We traversed the city with this intention, and were at length, after some difficulty, so fortunate as to procure a brace of fowls and some Renish, which we carried to our bark in triumph, preferring the tranquillity of the river to the bustle of a confined German inn.

We had in our course an opportunity of seeing something of the town, though not so much as we could have wished, yet still sufficient to convince us that we had rather underrated it. It appeared much finer than at our first visit, and, in some parts, very pretty. It was formerly the residence of the Electors of Treves; and, at the commencement of the French Revolution, formed the great rallying point of the émigrés, who here long indulged in an unavailing hope of returning to their lost country. It was from thence that the present king of France, fortunate only in having escaped the fate of his brother, set out upon his long and nearly hopeless pilgrimage; and, after having been successively driven from almost every country in Europe, from Italy to Russia, for nearly twenty

years, and having endured misfortune with a magnanimity that seemed to forebode a better fate, was at length indebted for protection, and even existence, to England, ever the refuge of the unfortunate and the native land of the distressed.

The view of the city from the river towards the confluence with the Moselle was delightful, and the evening sun enlivened every object around the broad and glassy expanse of the waters. We were now opposite the spot where

> By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
> There is a small and simple pyramid,
> Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
> Tears, big tears gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
> Lamenting and yet envying such a doom.

The inscription mentions that this precocious soldier of the revolution became so at sixteen, was a general at twenty-two, and was slain at Altenkucher at twenty-six! thus meriting, by a rare forwardness, the praise of his countrymen and the notice of our celebrated modern poet, who loves such matters. The inscription says —"Qui que tu sois ami ou ennemi de ce jeune héros, respecte ses cendres;" and Kray, the Austrian general, is said to have applied to him the famous words that had been formerly uttered of Bayard:—"Je voudrois qu'il m'eut couté le

quart de mon sang, et vous tinse en santé prisonnier. Quoique jé sâche que l'empereur mon maître n'éut en ses guerres ni plus rude ni facheux ennemi." The bones of Hoche, his brother in arms, and general of the army destined for the invasion of Ireland, are laid beside him.

The view we had in descending the river is not near so fine as that from the road; but those who wish to enjoy this delightful country in perfection should ascend its banks by the road, and return with the stream, which will thus afford them the means of judging for themselves, and of seeing what cannot be too much repeated, and presents nothing of sameness.

We reached Andernach in the evening: its vénerable and beautiful ruins, seen through the softer light, appeared more interesting than before, as we anxiously approached them, and endeavoured to procure beds, but this was impossible. The King of Prussia was expected to pass the night there, and every house was occupied by his numerous cortege: the appearances of modern times were strangely blended with antiquity, and the soldiers of Frederic were lying at the foot of the Tower of Drusus. We therefore set forward immediately; and, not being much enamoured with German beds, should have passed the night in our bark, which was

furnished with an awning, had not our boatman expressed a fear of being drawn into an eddy during the dusk, when the river is often still more obscured by a mist; so that, having passed Newied, a pretty town, lying nearly opposite Andernach, we at length arrived at Lintz, on the right bank, in the Nassau territory, where we remained the night. Here we were assailed by an inconvenience very common in Germany; the smell of our apartment was so intolerable that it nearly prevented our sleeping.

We returned to our boat at four in the morning; and, after some repose, arrived at Cologne about ten to breakfast, having passed Bonn upon our left. We were here to take our leave of the river, and the very thought could not occur without regret: we had even in this short time become so familiarised with its scenery, so attracted by the vast variety of its charms, so much prepossessed by their general character, that they had laid fast hold upon our imaginations; and the quitting them was like a separation from our friend.—Delightful river! you have more than realised all that has been said of you, and exceeded my fondest expectations: your banks appear to rival, and are calculated to have suggested to the poet's fancy the idea of the happy valley. Before I

beheld you I had not believed that such scenes were now anywhere to be met with; but you have taught me to give implicit credence to the most glowing representations of the pen and of the pencil, by convincing me that, if they equal, they cannot surpass you.

" Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long, delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on his way!

Adieu to thee again, a vain adieu;
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine.
The mind is coloured by thy every hue,
And, if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine,
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and gothic walls between,
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

The city of Cologne, seen from the water, presents even a finer appearance than from the Juliers road. Its battlemented walls and nume-

rous towers, boldly projecting into the wide river, and surmounted by several lofty spires and various public buildings, crowned by the gigantic dimensions of its cathedral, interspersed with the masts of numerous vessels of considerable magnitude, which ascend the river so far, afford a novel scene. The walls are nine miles in circumference, and the city extends along the river for upwards of a league, and contains sixty thousand persons; bespeaking, by its magnitude, as well as its great antiquity, something of our respect, and giving us some notion of the consequence of a German city. A nearer acquaintance did not, however, prepossess us in its favour, nor remove the prejudice we had already conceived against it: with all its advantages for trade, it is a dull place; and, though amongst the largest, is considered one of the most gloomy towns in Germany.

There appear to be neither fine streets nor public buildings to attract our notice, if we except the cathedral, a large and unfinished edifice, the magnificent design of which marks the lofty conceptions of the middle ages. It was begun in 1248, and intended to have been completed with two towers, each five hundred feet in height; one has attained to nearly half this elevation, and presents an uncommon solidity

of structure: there is also within it some very beautiful stained glass. This huge edifice attracted the notice of Napoleon; and he had ordered its repair, as well as that of Milan. It is a pity that he did not do so earlier, as ages may again intervene before any one will be found with power sufficient to act up to its original outline.

We were here destined to encounter the most disagreeable host I have ever met with; and, though we bore his vexations with more than becoming patience, the recollection of him was afterwards sufficient to provoke us. He threw every possible obstacle in our way, departed from the agreement he had made upon our former visit, and compelled us to pay for beds that we had not occupied on the preceding night, because we had hinted at the possibility of our having occasion for them; refused to attend to our wants, or procure what we demanded; yet remained in the room with us, telling us, when we sought redress, that he was the person to whom we were to appeal in his magisterial capacity; shrugging his shoulders at the charge of imposition, and coolly wondering at our simplicity in making it; treating us at once with the familiarity of equals and the contempt sometimes shown to inferiors possessing little know-

ledge of French and less of civility; he tortured us with an apparently malignant pleasure, and rather resembled our gaoler than landlord, in which his appearance and costume, I am inclined to think, materially assisted him; he wore a black Spanish hat, turned up in front, with some kind of shining ornament shaped like a cross; and looked, in malignity of visage, in habit, and in gait, a very personification of Richard Crookback.

The most trifling combination of circumstances will often produce strange effects; and this man, in his gloomy inn, so completely silenced our party, though soldiers, and stout ones too, that they submitted without further objection to his charges, and we were glad to leave the head-quarters of superstition, bigotry, filth, and ignorance, carrying with us, as a soulagement for our wrongs, a large quantity of the veritable eau, the only thing for which it deserves to be remembered, or revisited. It is curious that this most reviving and useful perfume should derive its origin from the least cleanly town possible; and it reminds us of the wise dispensations of nature, which has usually accompanied the most deadly poisons by their antidote.

I was much surprised at finding, during my stay upon the Rhine, how few of the people,

comparatively, were acquainted with the French language, in a country that had been so frequently subject to their incursions, and which had nearly formed a part of their vast empire*; the inconvenience is soon fully experienced by the traveller.

CHAP. XIX.

Departure for Aix—Emperor of Russia—Aix—Charlemagne—Coronation—Reflections upon Baths—Congresses—The late Congress—Sovereigns and Generals—The Opinions generally entertained of late Events—Character of Pitt.

We arrived in the evening at Juliers, and passed the night there. Next morning we found a large table, spread in the principal apartment, covered with various kinds of cold meat, for the breakfast of the King of Prussia: some of the dishes would certainly not have been considered as delicacies in England.

* These observations may appear contrary to what I have said elsewhere; I must therefore premise that they relate to different classes, the innkeeper, postillions, &c. are as surly and unaccommodating as the peasantry are simple and well disposed.

We reached Aix at three o'clock, having been passed upon the road by the King of Prussia and the two emperors, just before we entered the city: the roaring of artillery announced their arrival.

Aix has been so long and so repeatedly celebrated for its antiquity, its waters, and its diplomatic notoriety, that I had felt a strong desire to visit it, and had formed a very favourable opinion of it; the birthplace and residence of Charlemagne, who preferred it before his two mighty empires; that redoubtable hero of the elder time, of whom little is known, though much is recorded, whose era was that distant period in which truth approaches the confines of fable, and from whence history begins to weave her slender web from amongst the mazes of tradition, which, like some of the deceptions of vision, magnifies every object beyond its natural dimensions, in proportion to the denser medium by which it is enveloped, and bestows an artificial consequence on what, had we been placed nearer to it, we might have not, perhaps, thought so highly of: thus the rough and hasty sketch is often too forcibly filled up, the warrior is magnified into a giant, and one Hercules is composed of the aggregate achievements of a hundred heroes.

The situation of Aix is very favourable, and the neighbouring country fertile and beautiful. The city, surrounded by ancient walls and numerous picturesque towers, assumes from without a very prepossessing appearance, which is not realised on a nearer acquaintance, as the streets are irregular and unpleasing, and deficient in that magnificence which one naturally expects in so celebrated a place. There are some parts, however, that are striking exceptions to this generally unfavourable character, particularly the grand Place, in which the town house is situated: this is a most curious structure, built on the site of the ancient palace of the kings of the Franks, in which Charlemagne was born, and which had itself usurped the place of a strong Roman castle: this palace was destroyed in 882, together with the town, by the Normans,

> "When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarabia."

It was rebuilt in 993, and its last repairs were made in the fourteenth century, when it became a town house; one of its towers appears to be of Roman origin, and the entire building, with its numerous ornaments and most curious and interesting architecture, are particularly deserv-

ing of notice: it is adorned with several statues of the emperors, and some curious paintings, amongst which is one of the Congress of 1748, where Chesterfield, our ambassador, occupies a prominent place. The upper story consists of a hall, one hundred and sixty feet by sixty, in which the emperors gave their coronation banquets, a noble apartment, most venerable from its numerous associations with antiquity, but wanting in the solid grandeur that distinguishes Westminster Hall.

This city was long considered the capital of the empire, and the place of residence for the emperors; and, during five hundred years, they continued to be crowned here, long before the ambitious aspirings of an humble count had elevated the descendants of the house of Hapsburgh to the imperial head of modern Germany.

A rude and unornamented chair of white marble is shown in the cathedral, in which Charlemagne and his successors sat at their coronation: it is said that, during the ceremony, it was covered with plates of gold; and there is a simplicity and absence of ornament about it that bespeaks its genuine descent from that early period. It appeared to me much in the same style as the ancient stone seat of the Scottish kings, in Westminster Abbey, now

placed under King Edward's chair, and used for a similar purpose at our coronations.

I regarded this curious vestige with uncommon interest, and not without considerable emotion, as I usually do any fragment of these times: it recalled to me, more forcibly than all the records of history, the period to which it belonged, and the purposes for which it had been destined; their frequent and awful recurrence, and the consequence attached to each, as the most important amongst human events, to which the lords of the earth were bound to lend a compliance little inferior to that they owed to the divine dispensations.

With us the chair had remained unused for the space of nearly sixty years, a long interval, considering the uncertainty of human affairs; and, in the important and rapid march of events, unequalled by any age in the history of mankind. What vast changes had taken place over the earth during that period! How many, even in our own country, from what we had been at the commencement of the present reign*! How much the human mind, at one time, appeared to have swerved from those strong holds of opinion which seem, as it were, to anchor us down into certain received and

* Written in the life time of George III.

long established notions, resulting from the aggregate experience and wisdom of ages, for the common good! How strange the new lights thrown on politics, and even on religion! How uncertain when the ebullition would have finally subsided, or whether we should ever have had occasion to use the chair again! The disgraceful loss of a new world, that had nearly grown within the period—the awful and unprecedented subversion of a powerful and rival monarchy, leaving no trace of what it had been, but spreading far and wide the baleful influence of its contagion, with the energy that animates the agents of destruction—the hydra heads of anarchy appearing amongst ourselves—the general severe pressure of accumulating difficulty arising from increased exertion, in contending for our very existence, against the mightiest combination of physical and moral resource that the earth ever witnessed—in struggling against an iron destiny, that seemed frightfully impending over us, and in comparison of which the greatness of antiquity melts into insignificance, surpassed by the dreadful reality around us.

But the good genius of our country has proved triumphant: our virtuous king and his whole people humbled themselves before the Lord, and implored the divine assistance; the prayers of the modern Hezekiah were heard, they ascended

a grateful incense to the Father of Mercy, "he asked of thee life and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever;" the vaunts of the tyrant were silenced by the courageous conduct of our armies, they melted away from before them, and we came forth from the contest with renovated strength, having added a bright page to our history that almost eclipses the greatness of our former illustrious annals, and seems to set all future achievements at defiance. Were it permitted to indulge at such a time in a feeling of regret, it would be that a dark cloud obscuring his terrestrial vision should have hung over the evening of his days, whilst the bright beams of a glorious sun shed its effulgence over his kingdom: his example and his virtue will not, however, be lost upon posterity, and his reign will afford an awful and useful lesson to them; his future successors will recall his piety and his singular preservation, and that they may obtain a similar protection, will endeavour to emulate him.

The rude and barbarous magnificence of the elder times was fully displayed in the ceremonial of a coronation; and no where more fully than here; sometimes it took place during the lifetime of the reigning king, who suspecting the fidelity of his subjects to his house, associated

his next heir with him in the sovereignty, as Charlemagne did by his son Louis, Charles, and Pepin, the two elder being dead. The pageant was performed with great pomp, and he gave him this sage counsel in public on the occasion: "Honorez les évêques comme vos pères, aimez vos peuples comme vos enfans. A l'égard des méchans et des mutins contraignez-les par la force à rentrer dans le devoir. Choississez des juges et des gouverneurs que la crainte de Dieu rende incapables de se laisser corrompre, et vous-même, rendez vous irrépréhensible devant Dieu et devant les hommes." He then placed the crown upon the altar, and desired Louis to set it upon his own head, to show that he held it of God alone, and not of the pope.

When he who occupied the western empire in our time, and who affected to consider him as his ancestor, and to make him his model, performed the ceremony of a coronation, he imitated the emperor in a part only of his conduct; he ungraciously snatched the crown out of the pope's hand, after having compelled him to go from Rome to Paris expressly to perform the ceremony, thereby denying his supremacy, and so far continuing the resemblance; but "he gave not God the glory," for without receiving it from the altar, he set it on his head, and thus

justly represented; like a renegade as he was, the violence by which he had obtained it.

The noble cathedral, one of the oldest in Christendom, was founded towards the close of the eighth century by the emperor, with circumstances of uncommon magnificence, and three hundred and sixty-five bishops are said to have attended at the ceremony of its consecration. It was originally plundered by the Normans shortly after its erection, and it has survived the common vicissitudes of ages, to be violated by the barbarous sacrilege of their descendants, the modern Goths of our time. Its appearance is still venerable and magnificent, less solid and colossal than that of Cologne, which was to have towered to a height of eighty feet above St. Paul's; it is constructed with more taste, lightness, and in a pleasing style of architecture, and bears indelibly marked upon it the character of remote antiquity. The exterior has several pinnacles, and a lofty spire surmounts the whole. Here was once deposited a vast treasure and numerous relics; the former has been long since removed, and for the latter I did not visit them; I have never taken any interest in those specious fooleries of past ages, the base inventions of priestcraft for the most selfish of purposes, to entrap the confiding cre-

dulity of ignorance, and turn to their sordid advantage the best feelings of their fellow men, who implicitly entrusted themselves to their care as the safest guides to that pure religion of which they were so unworthy; their blind desire of lucre at last drove them into absurdity too palpable even for themselves, till the golden dawn of the reformation at length dispelled the dark cloud of ignorance by the bright and irresistible splendour that marked the true and primitive Christianity delivering mankind from the harshest tyranny they have ever been subjected to, and by restoring them to the use of their understandings, dispelling the influence of prejudice, and removing to a vast distance the confines of ignorance.

This trade of exhibiting relics was carried on to such an extent that, in the year 1492, one hundred and forty-two thousand persons attended in one day, leaving after them an offering of eighty thousand florins of gold. My disregard for these things made me decline visiting them, by which I lost seeing what was really curious; the actual instruments used at the coronation of the emperor, his belt and sword, &c. with the Latin testament found in his sepulchre, and boasting an antiquity of more than nine hundred years, attaining to a greater

age in one single copy than other most celebrated productions are fated to arrive at through all their gradations of publication.

The Emperor Frederick removed the body of Charlemagne, and is said to have buried part of it in the choir, in a silver coffin, covered with a tomb of white marble, and a bust* of Proserpine upon it, which is supposed to have been originally placed over

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay."

The baths of Aix are six in number, within the town, they emit a hot, sulphurous, and unpleasant vapour, and appeared to me very uninviting; those I visited were thronged with crowds of poor people, who washed their clothes in the warm stream, and added much to the closeness of the low and narrow building that has been raised over them; they are the least agreeable ones I have ever seen.

These baths have been known ever since the time of the Romans it is said, though others have attributed their discovery to Charlemagne; the former seems the more probable conjecture, from the various Roman antiquities found in the

* This bust is said to have been taken from the tomb of Julius Cæsar.

neighbourhood, and the taste of that celebrated people, who seem to have been as much attached to baths and watering places as we ourselves of the present day throughout England. Two celebrated treaties, those of 1668 and 1748, had already signalised Aix in the annals of diplomacy, and the present august congress seemed much calculated to add to its numerous distinctions, and to be most fitly assembled in such a place. We had previously heard so much about it, of the vast numbers that were from all directions hastening towards it, and the amazing difficulty of procuring accommodation, with the exorbitant prices that had been demanded, that we almost feared to go there; but although already familiarised to many of the principal portraits in the great picture of congress, I could not help expecting a considerable and not easily definable portion of gratification; I had thought that the sovereigns, finding such numbers of persons from various parts of the world, and who were not their subjects, thus brought into contact with them, would have been anxious, at least, to cultivate an acquaintance, as they tried formerly to do at Spa, and to have availed themselves of a rare and favourable opportunity of descending somewhat from the lofty eminences on which fortune had placed

them, and learning something of their fellow men; I had supposed that influenced by a laudable curiosity, they might have sometimes been induced to come amongst us; but there was nothing of this, at least, during my stay there; visits, early dinners, and conferences twice a day occupied the greater portion of their time, and left little leisure for amusement; and possibly less inclination for further intercourse; the important relations of Europe were at stake, and it no doubt required a very great degree of attention to produce any thing that would afford universal satisfaction, or to enter upon any plan that could be made to square with the views and interests of conflicting claimants and rival states; this is doubtless very true; yet still it is but a poor satisfaction to the passing traveller, who would fain have seen more of some of the remarkable characters assembled there, and it was in my case particularly so, as there were entertainments given towards the conclusion of congress that were most brilliantly attended, and for which we had received invitations from both the Russian and British authorities; but were so unluckily stinted in time, that we were obliged to set off for England a few days previous to their taking place, a circumstance I have often had occasion to regret,

as it deprived me of so good and favourable an opportunity of witnessing what I should most probably never see again, and what must have always been remembered with satisfaction.

Of congress, therefore, I have little to observe, but that the avarice of the towns people defeated itself, for numbers were turned away from a supposition of want of room, which was most unfounded, many houses continuing unoccupied the whole time; there was also a great paucity of the fair sex, without whom no place can be agreeable, and the most august assemblage of sovereigns would soon prove comparatively uninteresting. We had a reasonable variety of male society, and usually dined together in considerable parties, at three o'clock, the table d'hôte hour, whilst the sovereigns dined at half past one or two. Except at those hours, there was little to vary the monotony of this place, and it would have been possible to have continued there for the greater part of a day without having seen any thing to remind us of what was going on.

The day after our arrival, the King of Prussia gave his first dinner, and we of course attended as soon as we were informed of it, but not in time to see all the guests. They began to assemble at half past one o'clock, and dined before two;

the Duke of Wellington was last by some minutes. The party was given in a very shabby sort of house, the temporary residence of the king; they were received in an apartment to the right of the entrance, where their carriages conveyed them to alight; and when dinner was announced, they crossed the gateway to the hall in which it was served, this afforded us an opportunity of seeing them to more advantage, as they walked past us, than when they had driven in: but it seemed a curious arrangement to send so many great people up and down, back and forwards, in a manner that no English cit would think of treating his guests. There were of the party Castlereagh and Wellington, Metternich, Hardenbourg, Pozzo di Borgo, Cabo d'Istria, Nesselrode, and I believe Blucher, Swartzenbourg, Bubnaa, Thielman, and Maison, cum multis aliis, a large portion of those who had been most distinguished in rescuing their respective countries and saving Europe; the collected chivalry of the world, bearing on their breasts the hard earned mead of honour in all her varieties, sufficient in the mere enumeration of their titles to call forth all the powers of a Selden; the heads that planned, and the hands that executed much of what had been achieved, and who influenced (as far as the efforts of weak

mortals can influence) the destinies of mankind. How great the achievement; how acute the intellect; how extensive the influence; how vast the power of those who were, upon the present occasion, met together. Princes, statesmen, and heroes, many amongst whom might have been sufficient to distinguish the period and the country to which he belonged, and until the termination of the last contest, no former coincidence of circumstances had ever produced an equal assemblage, either in the bond of peace or the ranks of war, to those who had that day sat down together: the meeting of Henry and Francis was as nothing in comparison of it; the best days of Louis the Fourteenth would have infallibly sunk before it. Our Arthur had been amazed to see the comparative insignificance of his assembled warriors of the round table; but his moody brow had relaxed into a smile, when he perceived the deference with which all present yielded the well earned meed of pre-eminence to his countryman and greater namesake; whilst Charlemagne with his twelve paladins might have set down in a corner of his native city without having been able to procure a single attendant to wait upon him from amongst the collected crowd who idly gazed at what was passing.

A similar dinner was given in turn by each of the sovereigns at their respective hotels; but there was little of that parade or display of equipage and cortege that might have been very naturally expected in such a place, and they usually went about in a very plain manner. The carriages of the Emperor of Austria were, I think, the finest; whilst the domestics of Russia wearing a sword over their liveries, appeared half servant, half soldier, in a manner most characteristic of the military genius of their country, which pervades all ranks from the Emperor to the humblest attendant on private life. The Prussian soldier kept the guard over them all; and, his fine military appearance and melancholy haughtiness of countenance were set off to the best advantage by his new blue uniform and loose white trowsers terminating in gaiter, one of the most becoming dresses I have ever seen for any service.

Troops of officers of various countries were occasionally to be met with, and some of them covered with orders and in splendid uniforms made a very imposing figure; we were much surprised to find that several amongst them appeared to know us, and some saluted us with the familiarity of old acquaintance, nor could we at first believe that these persons, who now

looked so well, could be the same shabby fellows who had been lately lounging about Spa in such numbers, and presenting themselves to us at every turn, so completely were they metamorphosed. I have often perceived a great difference from us in this respect amongst persons on the continent; our officers unaccustomed to wear their uniforms except when with their regiments, and often absent on leave, seem never to have forgotten that they have learned to bear the garb of citizen before that of soldier, not so in foreign service, where seldom unemployed; their whole military career has been uninterrupted, and the habit of private life discarded and despised, never adopted but through necessity; and then, owing to their not being accustomed to it, and their habitual negligence in matters of dress, they certainly turn out strange figures, and excite the contempt of the English, who are never led to suppose, from their appearance, that they belong to the higher ranks of society; and thus through heedlessness to the habits of other nations, they often expose themselves to much of that enmity and rancour by which they are so frequently beset on the continent, and to which they are so particularly obnoxious; happily for us, our high condition, free constitution, and becoming use of commerce,

has taught us to look with tolerance, and even approbation on every profitable pursuit of life, provided it be an honourable one, and not to run headlong after military glory as the sole profession becoming a great nation; this has nearly grown into a mania abroad, from the unusual situation in which they have been lately placed by protracted warfare, and has, unfortunately, engrossed the whole energies of the people, tempting them to seek an artificial state of things, and giving them a distaste for the pursuits of peace; whilst amongst us, though the army stands higher than it ever did at any former period, and claims all the credit due to its honourable and great achievements, still, as yet, it has not stepped before the other professions, and our country, greatly as it is indebted to its preservers, might justly consider itself as ruined the moment it attempted to do so: this feeling, however, is exclusively our own, it is neither experienced nor understood elsewhere; and the plain English gentleman, however high and respectable, and wealthy, who sets out to travel without a military title, undergoes, upon his transmission, such a manifest depreciation as must quickly be perceptible even to the dullest.

The principal, I may say the sole public

amusement during the evenings was at the redoubt, a similar establishment to those of Spa. Here is a spacious apartment calculated for the accommodation of vast numbers, and containing the usual symbols of gaming, which so unceasingly present themselves in all scenes of continental amusement; the rouge et noir is particularly attractive, as it appears to tempt the unwary in the money of all the surrounding countries, and not content with a display of five-francs and Napoleons, exhibits also, in all its varieties, the currency of Germany. The Austrian or Prussian has only to throw down whatever chance happens to have left in his pocket, and should he gain, it is covered by a coin of similar value, or if lost, becomes a forfeit on the instant, without incurring a moment's delay in transmutation, or thereby allowing the shortest interval for thought, which might save him from the risk and the folly together.

This place, of course, became the common centre of attraction, and exhibited a rich and highly interesting scene; the passport of dress was not requisite to insure admittance, and none of respectable appearance were excluded, as I soon learned, when the first person I encountered was one of the garçons who had attended

us at dinner that day, and the next was the Prince L——, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, whom I had previously seen selected by Count Worenzoff, at his ball, to dance with the Duchess of Kent, as the person of the highest rank amongst his suite; at once evincing that this miscellaneous assemblage was rather comprehensive than select, but not on that account the less entertaining or instructive. Many strange figures and curious costumes were here to be met with, amongst which some Polish students of the German universities were the most remarkable, these wore a beautiful and simple dress trimmed with fur, and with the neck open and the collar turned back with a tassel, as represented in the portraits of the age of James the First: the scene was occasionally relieved by a few pretty French and German faces; the bolder features and finer figures of the latter were strongly contrasted with the more feminine graces of the former, and the repeated recurrence of "yaw, yaw," appeared most discordant to our English ears, rather prejudicing us against them, and depriving us of much of that pleasure we must naturally feel in experiencing the acquiescence of a fine woman, under any circumstances, or in any language; we soon observe this to be a term occurring more

frequently than we may be at first aware of in our common intercourse, and very perceptible in a foreign dialect. The greater part of the company were employed in promenading and observing each other, whilst some were exclusively devoted to the gaming table, and pursuing on its mimic scene the very same arts of endeavouring to enrich themselves at the expense of their neighbours, which were then had recourse to by their betters in another assembly in the city.

The environs of Aix appear to be very interesting, and the general aspect of the country exceeds that in the neighbourhood of most continental towns. A height, called Louisberg, in its immediate vicinity, commands a most extensive and pleasing prospect, and is in itself highly deserving of notice from its English style of garden, surmounted by a handsome assembly hall. The French engineers chose this spot as one of their trigonometrical points in their admeasurement of the country in 1804, and erected a beautiful pyramid of hewn stone with several inscriptions describing the various heights; this pyramid was overturned when the country was first occupied by the allies, but has since been re-erected; for the last contest has not been waged against the arts, with the exception

of that proper retribution by which property reverted to its original possessors, they have willingly adopted and consented to maintain whatever was meritorious in their predecessors, provided only that they did not by so doing infringe upon the rights of another, and in some instances they appear to have been gifted with an uncommon degree of forbearance: the "superbe colonne" is sufficient to evince the truth of this remark; but there is yet a stronger instance; a pillar was erected on the banks of the Rhine, bearing an inscription that it had owed its origin to the French army of Napoleon, who had raised it on their rout to Moscow, in 1812: when Alexander and his army afterwards arrived at the same place, he merely desired them to add that it had been revisited by the Russians in 1814, on their march to Paris; thus, by his moderation and good taste, converting the vain vaunt of his haughty enemy into a lasting and striking monument of his own greatness; exhibiting the satiety of a noble revenge, and the magnanimous desire to preserve, accompanying the power to destroy.

Of congress and its secrets I knew nothing, and may, therefore, be excused from comment; they would have of course soon evaporated had they descended to the uninitiated like myself;

one fact was, however, notorious, that a principal feature in their discussion was relative to the removal of the army of observation that shortly afterwards took place, without producing any of those changes in France which were at first (and not without some appearance of reason) apprehended; whatever their other determinations may have been, they do not seem to have afforded that general satisfaction which was anxiously expected as a result of their developement: there are some who think that the great and the powerful have engrossed too large a share of their attention; that the interests of the minor states, if not violated, have been overlooked or forgotten; that the ties of natural allegiance, ancient prejudice, and the sympathies arising from a similarity of habits, religion, and government have, in several instances, been shamefully disregarded; that the tares of discontent have been profusely sown from one end of Europe to the other, and will soon produce their baneful effects, and threaten to deprive us of the bright expectancy arising from the harvest of peace, which has so long allured us with the hope of a golden abundance; but England, illustrious England, our country, with respect to her, they declare that a noble opportunity appears to have been lost, after having, under Pro-

vidence, performed so much for others, and been the fulcrum on which was placed the lever that wielded the engines of a world. What lasting advantages, they demand, has she obtained commensurate with her expenditure and her exertions? have all come forward to remunerate her for promptness, or at least to acknowledge how largely they are indebted to her? No such thing, the very seat of war has already put on the garb of peace; the rampart has been repaired that yielded a breach to the violence of besieging armies, nay, even the actual spot on which the last decisive act of that great eventful tragedy was performed has flourished in the increasing richness of succeeding harvests, speedily obliterating the traces of what can never be forgotten whilst she remains alone and apart from numerous foes, or more perfidious friends, who regard her with a suspicious jealousy, and show no sense of her disinterestedness, though she still labours under the deep wounds that have been inflicted upon her, which have made a visible change in her entire system and reached nearly to her heart: the weapons of the assembled world, they exclaim, have proved unable to wrest from her a single advantage, which the pen of the dullest diplomatist amongst them would have easily effected; and they add, that her fate

(unlike that of ancient Rome from the Gauls) is never to have been treated favourably, unless when the sword has been thrown into the scale. But enough of these gloomy reflections, which are, I trust, as unfounded as they are unpleasing, and, I must confess, are neither congenial nor natural to me; those who were tempted to make them have, probably, been induced to do so from a high sense of the importance of the era, and a commiseration for their country, and regret at the subsequent difficulties which might possibly have in some degree been avoided; for my part I rejoice as much as man can in the great result, I feel grateful to the heads that planned, as well as to the hands that achieved it. I acknowledge how fully, how deeply, we are indebted to that prophetic discrimination which first foresaw, and that magnanimous intrepidity which persisted through every vicissitude of danger, and in despite of the reiterated vociferations of the many, to pursue that bold uncompromising conduct that was alone worthy the greatness of our country, and could only (as recent events most fully proved) have preserved our morals untainted, our honour unsullied, and our hearths uncontaminated. — Hail, spirit of the most illustrious of statesmen, the greatest, the noblest, if not the most fortunate

amongst them; suffer one of the humblest of your numerous admirers to offer you the passing tribute of his sincere and heartfelt admiration, not in the fulsome language which sordid interest may dictate to those who address the living in the hope of future favour, but in the satisfaction and gratitude arising from the benefits you have already bestowed upon him; it is to you I feel indebted (under Providence) for almost all that I enjoy; for life perhaps, at least for freedom, without which life were odious; for country, for name, for independence, for honour, for all the innumerable benefits comprised in these comprehensive words; it is to you I owe it (and I am proud to make the acknowledgment), that instead of wandering an exile in the extremities of earth, the inhabitant of the deserts, and messmate of the savage, exposed to all the extremes of climate and inclemencies of season, and recording to the idle wind the tale of my country's misfortunes, then become an empty name, living only in the recollection of history, and enrolled amongst what has been; I am a free subject of the first nation in existence, and have witnessed her aggrandizement at a period when she not only escaped destruction, but surpassed all the efforts of her former outdoings; much too is also due to those who so quickly comprehended

and so ably followed up your intentions. A long and painful interval of suspense yet continued to us; you had pointed out and conducted us to the path of safety, but it still remained to be traversed, when you were so unfortunately removed from directing us; the chosen people of the Lord were led in safety through the dangers of the wilderness, but they had lost the paternal guidance of Moses before they entered upon the felicity of the Promised Land. If any have indulged in a murmur, it is not at those who have manfully combated against oppression, there can be but one opinion on that head; it is at having unworthily lost any thing of what had been so hardly won; yet still for my part I am far from forgetting in our present good fortune what we have so providentially escaped. The raving of the storm is still awful though the danger is passed, and I rejoice to think that it is over, and that we have come off even so well. If there be points of dissimilarity between us and ancient Rome, there is one at least of striking concurrence; they like us (if we may credit the authority of one of their most eminent historians) experienced the risk of their conflicts with Gaul, as strikingly appears in the following passage, which shows that the contest was maintained in their own defence, "Cum Gallis, pro vitâ, non pro gloriâ certatur."

CHAP XX.

Departure for Home through Liege, Brussels, and Mechlin, to Antwerp—Cabriolet of Flanders—Campaign of the Allies in 1794—*Their Retreat through Holland—Parallel between English and French Troops under Misfortune—Antwerp—Fine Approach to—The Scheldt early a Source of Wealth—History and Siege of Antwerp—Loss of its former Trade—Depot of the French Fleet—Object of our Attack—Carnot—Danger to England from the menacing Position of the Enemy—Hostility of Denmark—Wisdom and Promptitude of the Government in seizing upon the Danish Navy—Good Effects resulting from it—Cathedral—Rubens—Van Dyke, &c.—Departure across the Scheldt—The Dykes—Interesting and curious Appearance of the Country—Ghent—Bruges—Canal Boat—Ostend—Dunkirk—Calais—Conclusion.*

Although the grand entertainment given by the city was to take place in a few days, we resolved to leave Aix, and did so early in the morning. We arrived at Battist before noon,

and, passing through Verviers, reached Liege to dinner.

Verviers is a considerable place, daily increasing in its woollen manufactures, which are already bidding fair to rival us; and have driven us out of much of the north of Germany—a matter of most serious importance, and well deserving of our particular notice.

The greater part of the drive from Aix is very pretty, and near the city of Liege becomes extremely interesting: it is situated in a valley, surrounded with hills, beneath which the town extends for a considerable way; whilst the Sambre, here a noble river, formed by its junction with the Maese and three others, rolls rapidly along their bases, and contributes materially to the trade of the city. My stay at each time was so very short that I could not inspect its founderies, nor any of its churches; but I saw sufficient of the interior of the place to be most anxious to quit it, and could not be brought to agree with the great traveller, Sir John Mandeville, who made it his residence, after having visited every city in Europe, declaring that he gave it a decided preference to any of them.

The prince bishop was once a great potentate of these parts, second only to the three ecclesi-

astical electors, till the army of the Sambre and Meuse, under Dumourier, entered Liege, in 1793, at one gate whilst the Austrians retreated precipitately through the other; and thus, in a moment, they bartered their free constitution and the immunities of ages, for a happy amalgamation in the indivisibility of French republicanism, promulgated by the sound of the trumpet, and protruded at the point of the bayonet.

In the same year Jourdan defeated General Latour and his Austrians before the place: he was principally indebted for his victory to the judicious use of an air balloon, which remained suspended over his army during the action, and informed him of every change in the manœuvres of the enemy. This practice was at that time frequent amongst the Republicans, and particularly at the siege of Ehrenbreitstein, where it enabled them to cope with the natural advantages of place. The revival of the telegraph (for something of the kind was known in the earliest times*), belongs to the same period, and

* The telegraph, as far as relates to signs, appears to be a very ancient invention, and known to many of the people of antiquity: the destruction of Troy is said to have reached Greece in this way; and a Greek play begins with the descent of a watchman from a tower, who announces that what he had been so long upon the look out for had taken

was made equally subservient to the cause of France, summitting by a curious destiny the youngest born offspring of science to promote the efforts of barbarism against order, establishment, and civilisation.

The tracing the progress of invention is always pleasing; but, alas! we have too frequently cause to regret its application. How little solicitous we appear about the promoting the general advantage of our species! How comparatively indifferent in our efforts to prolong and ameliorate the short period of human existence! On the contrary, what time, and pains, and ingenuity have we not ever bestowed to curtail it, as though we murmured at the goodness of Providence, and sought to accelerate the unerring destiny that awaits us. The most ferocious only of the finny tribe preys, and but from dire necessity, upon his fellow; the savage tenant of the woods has learned to spare his kindred; whilst man alone, reasoning man has proved "a wolf to man:" but so it has been from the beginning; we are now become incorrigible;

place that night. The Chinese, after the manner of many of the barbarous nations of antiquity, communicate their signals by fires lighted on hills, and the ancient Gauls were in the habit of doing so by repeated cries, which seems but an earlier stage of the same thing.

it must be a consequence of the primeval curse, or surely it had long since ceased before the progress of increasing civilisation.

There is an excellent hotel at Liege, where I was better served than at any other inn that I have stopped at in travelling upon the continent, except Brussels. This place is famous for its foundery and manufacture of small arms: a field piece is cast daily at four o'clock, which we lost seeing by arriving a few seconds too late.

After dinner we proceeded to St. Tron, where we passed the night. Towards dusk we perceived a large animal, moving alone with a very peculiar pace, at some distance. Colonel D. who was of our party, had passed much time in the east, and assured us, from its gait and appearance, that it was a wild boar: not having had a nearer view, or being conversant in those matters, "I cannot say how the truth may be."

We breakfasted next day at Tirlemont, a very fine town, anciently one of the chief places in Brabant, and containing many remains of better days. In 1793 the French experienced here one of their few defeats, having lost near this town seven thousand men.

We arrived next at Louvain, upon the Dyle, one of the municipal cities of the Netherlands:

its town house is a magnificent structure, of great antiquity, adorned on the outside with numerous statues and very curious sculpture; but the extreme haste with which we were obliged to proceed prevented our making great delay here, or at any of the places which we had lately passed, all of which are replete with objects of the highest interest; and, continuing our route, we returned past the palace of Lacken to Brussels.

Leaving Brussels after breakfast, we proceeded to Antwerp, through Mechlin, in the diligence, which is quite a curiosity, from its clumsy make, heavy appearance, and the large portion of room afforded to each traveller. We occupied the cabriolet, and enjoyed from it the surrounding prospect, which was highly interesting, at least to those who were unused to that style of country; though I am inclined to think that, upon a nearer acquaintance, it might become tiresome from its sameness, and that we should soon have regretted to find the pleasing irregularity of nature subdued beneath the rules and uniformity of art. There were, however, so many interesting objects constantly presenting themselves on this high road of communication between two great cities, and so strongly was the character of Flemish scenery impressed upon

them that it was impossible not to be amused, and surprised to find the contrast to France, and the striking and curious discrepancy between countries that are contiguous: one does not wonder that it should be so where nature has drawn her boundary; people sometimes differ from the inaccessibility of a mountain, or even the intervention of a river, but here there is nothing of that sort: we drive through a feeble and artificial barrier of man's erection, and, in doing so, we undergo a singular and perfect transmutation of language, nation, costume, habits, feelings, nature—all the essential characteristics in which distant nations are found to differ from each other.

Our driver and conducteur (for he united both occupations, and, scorning the saddle, used his long reins from the cabriolet) was a perfect model of his species, and occupied a portion of the seat more than sufficient to accommodate any two of the largest John Bull Jehus amongst us; a class of persons who have not yet conformed to the maigre diet of our bruisers, or the prepossessing models of our dandies; nor confined themselves within that straight laced decorum of waist so suitable to the retrenchment of the present day. He wore, as usual, the night cap; but no ponderous jack boot impeded, by

its galling weight, his manly proportions, which seemed, however, to have miraculously increased in another direction; for he sat, or, rather, acquiesced under the ponderous incubus of his belly, on which rested his short arms, like little fins, as disproportionate as they were useless: they, however, served to hold the reins, and, in this tame country, all seems trained; the horses had neither the power nor the inclination for discovery; and the broad, straight, and well defined road pointed out the course so unerringly that neither horse nor ass could doubt it: his note, too, was in unison with every thing else; no effort of ours was able to elicit from him more than the melancholy "dee" which he repeated most plaintively to his horses, or the occasional mention of the name of the place we passed, without comment. When we asked him any question, he regularly removed his pipe from his mouth, and deluded us with the hope of an answer; then gravely reinstated it, and puffed its fume into our faces, after having repeated his note to his horses.

Yet this man understood French, and certainly did not mean to be uncivil; for he repeatedly offered us his tankard of white beer, which he swilled incessantly at every half mile, thus accounting for his enormous bulk. The contrast

between him and the lively French conducteur was too striking not to be noticed. The ready and obliging acquiescence with which they appear to comprehend and execute our will, the wit with which they enliven, and the numerous useful though small matters in which they instruct us is really most gratifying, and makes France the Paradise of strangers; whilst the want of these qualities is sensibly felt elsewhere, and predisposes us for much of that ill humour we are so frequently in the habit of bestowing on the German; for, after all, these are no trifling matters. The traveller in England may console himself for the boorishness of the coachman in the conversation of the rest of the party; but, abroad, it is of importance to know several things which he alone can inform us on; he is the companion of many a solitary hour, and when time, too, acquires an increasing value, his consequence is enhanced by the circumstances under which we have met him, and we are always, and not without reason mortified at finding him dull and uncommunicative.

Our road lay along a most spacious and beautiful canal, exceeding in breadth and grandeur any I have ever seen: on its banks were majestic rows of aged and lofty elms, whilst several very large sloops passed up and down.

On the left of the road we passed Lacken, one of the handsomest structures I have met with, and apparently well suited to the abode of royalty: it much resembles the elegant country residence of an English nobleman. It was from this palace the bulletins were dated, which were found in such numbers in the baggage of Napoleon, and were to have announced to a trembling world the greatness of his daring on the day after his victory of Waterloo; but, happily for mankind, the dawn of that morning never arrived, and, though we may admire the taste that dictated such a choice, we cannot help congratulating his fellow men that circumstances have induced him to prefer his present residence.

Between Antwerp and Brussels we passed through Malines, a very considerable city, only inferior to those near which it is placed. It is the see of an archbishop, and possesses a fine cathedral, whose tower is seen a long way off in every direction. It is here the celebrated lace is made, generally called Brussels; and vast numbers of females appeared at their doors, along the road side, as we traversed this most populous country, engaged in its interesting manufacture.

This city was more than once a celebrated position in the Duke of York's campaign, in 1794; and a very severe conflict took place

along the road by which he entered it, for a distance of nearly two miles: the English were twice obliged, within a few days' interval of each other, to retire along this straight road, and to seek for shelter in Mechlin, which, notwithstanding their most courageous efforts, could alone afford them a temporary security from the overwhelming numbers of the French, who slaughtered many of them during their passage; till at length, harassed by repeated defeat, and unassisted by those they had sought to deliver, they were compelled, after the greatest exertions of courage, to abandon the country altogether, and consult their own safety by a hasty retreat, the particulars of which must be forcibly present to every Englishman, who could not think of it without anguish, were it not for the happier turn of more recent events.

The retreat of this unfortunate army was attended by every variety of disaster, as she presents herself to the imagination, accompanied by the rigours of winter, united with the horrors of war. During upwards of two months, they were driven, in the face of a furious conquering army, over the barren and frozen wilds of Holland, in the most inclement winter ever known even in those inhospitable regions; whilst the ferocious boors they had come to rescue turned,

with a base cowardice, upon their distress, manifested in every manner the most decided hostility, which a dread of their well known valour had alone repressed; and denied, even for money, to afford them the common necessaries of life. Their courage and discipline remained, however, unabated; and they miraculously persevered, with that prudent and magnanimous fortitude that could alone have preserved them: turning occasionally upon their enemies, they compelled even those to respect them, and at length achieved a deliverance as extraordinary as that of the ancient ten thousand Grecians.

How interesting those brave men appear, struggling against their difficulties! How much calculated to excite the pity of their cotemporaries and posterity! How different from the conduct of their rivals, under similar circumstances, on the retreat from Moscow! The privations of the latter on that occasion were, probably, never exceeded; but, from the moment of their commencement, we find them giving themselves up to their fate, indulging in an unworthy despondency, and incapable of one magnanimous effort to avert impending destiny: not so the persevering Englishman, in this respect their very antipode: it is here he begins to exhibit the brightest and most valuable ingredients

in his national character, and the invincible and almost habitual determination with which he confronts misfortune recalls to mind some of the most important events of the late war—the retreat upon Corunna, nearly equalling that we have mentioned—the sufferings and patience of Walcheren—the falling back from the north of Spain to the lines of Torres Vedras—the various encounters in Egypt, India, Africa, and South America—and the passage of our army from India to Egypt over the desert, an event hardly thought of, or deemed incredible, and surpassing the boasted but hitherto considered almost miraculous exploits of Alexander.

The approach to Antwerp is very fine; and few strong places in modern warfare convey more forcibly, even to the eye of inexperience, the fullest notion of its impregnability, as the system of Vaubun so completely changed the usages of war, converting the rocky eminence, the stone faced rampart, and precipitous declivity, into the low and level earthen mound, scarcely rising beyond its surface, and hardly visible out of the range of its guns, this is not always so manifest.

Here, having passed through several outworks, each of which seems amply sufficient to afford a protracted defence, we at length ar-

rive at a narrow passage, between which the road winds, enclosed on each side by high ramparts, and, after traversing it for some time, instead of an entrance, are saluted by an immense battery, commanding every part of the way by which we have advanced; and it is not till we have arrived close under the guns that we are able to turn in the direction in which the gate is placed, or even obtain a view of it—an approach that seems almost impossible to an enemy. The interior appearance of strength is also considerable, though, after having passed the barrier, one is not a little surprised to find the city so spacious and extended: to attempt any thing like a description of it would fill a volume, and, besides, not suit one who stayed so short a time there; but it is not possible to pass by altogether unnoticed a place of such importance, and where every thing, even in its decline, appears upon so grand a scale.

The city is seven miles in circumference within its walls, and has, besides, a citadel of immense force, built by the Duke of Alva: the traces of its former magnificence are indelibly marked upon it, and one is particularly struck by the length, breadth, and regularity of its principal streets; that of La Mère is said to be so wide that twenty carriages may pass abreast in it with

ease: it is also built of stone, and well paved; and there are numerous squares besides. It is also much celebrated for its cathedral and exchange, which was the first establishment of the sort in Europe, and set the example to Sir T. Gresham for that of London; but its principal and distinguishing feature is the Scheldt, whether we consider it in a commercial or political point of view. It was this that first attracted the notice of the earliest adventurers of Europe, and has continued the importance which we have seen attached to it in our own time: it is here of an uncommon breadth and magnificence, and twenty feet deep at low water, with an increase of twenty more, admitting the approach of the largest ships, even to the houses. When I passed it, it was considerably agitated; and the wind, tossing about the various vessels by which its broad surface was enlivened, presenting all the varieties of Dutch naval architecture, realised what we have so often seen in painting, and exhibited a most interesting and lively scene. Such advantages could not fail to procure for it an early distinction; and it is said that, at times, two thousand five hundred vessels were found here together, and five hundred would come and go in a single day, affording it

the produce of the world, before either England or Holland had risen into competition with it.

This was the most fortunate epoch in its history; and the Antwerpers boast of their celebrated merchant, Daen, who lent Charles V. a million of gold, and, after having entertained him magnificently, burned his bond for the amount in a cinnamon fire before his departure. The munificence of this donation is truly surprising, and makes us wonder at the commercial enterprise which could thus early have achieved so much; but the disinterestedness, so contrary to mercantile habits, is still more so; and we must regret it was not shown to some monarch more capable of appreciating it, and who would have esteemed, beyond the richest perfumes, the grateful incense of a generous heart.

So celebrated a city was not likely to escape in the calamitous wars of the low countries, and accordingly we find it visited with more than its share of misfortune in the year 1576: the Spanish soldiery mutinied, surprised the place, set it on fire, and massacred ten thousand persons during three days that they held possession of it. This was the commencement of its disasters; and, in the year 1585, the city having espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange, was com-

manded by his friend St. Aldegonde against the Prince of Parma, governor of the low countries, during a most celebrated siege, which lasted for upwards of a year, and called forth on both sides every possible exertion in the art of war. It was at length, however, after undergoing great privations, compelled to surrender, and to exchange its freedom and its privileges for the galling yoke of Spain. This was a death blow to the trade of Antwerp: its free, commercial, and reformed inhabitants were too sensible of the advantages it possessed to submit tamely to relinquish them, and they fled with instinctive horror from the unjust and arbitrary exactions of the most merciless and bigoted of despots, to Amsterdam and other cities that still maintained their liberty. The succeeding treaty of Munster, which guaranteed the freedom of the low countries, served only to complete the destruction of the city, which seems to have been yielded up as a peace-offering on the occasion; for, by one of its articles, it was enacted that no vessel should come up to Antwerp without having first unloaded at a port of Holland.

The Emperor Joseph at one time proposed to open the Scheldt, and the intention of so doing on the part of the French was the ostensible reason of England's taking up arms at the com-

mencement of the late war. During the whole of that eventful contest it presented to us an object of formidable hostility: the rallying point of the gunboats, it became a central position of the army of England, and afterwards equally menaced us by the strength of its navy. The repeated efforts of the most formidable armament that ever left our shores were unavailing; the fort of Lillo, originally built by the Dutch for the ruin of Antwerp, proved in this instance its protection, and extended over it so ample a shield that the utmost exertions of our fleet were used in vain, and the city continued to possess eighteen sail of the line to a later period even than the first deposition of Napoleon, when we are again attracted towards it by the conduct of its governor, Carnot; that veteran stickler for republicanism, who, by an extraordinary metamorphose, had now become the last adherent of a departed despotism; and when at length he found himself completely overborne by the rapid march of events, ended his command by a vain vaunt to his soldiers and an oath to defend the city to the last, against imaginary enemies, for his lawful sovereign, whom he and they had so long and so obstinately persisted in disregarding.

This formidable fleet was at length divided

and sold, the last important item in that tremendous aggregate that was to have united for our destruction, and so long the primary object of our most anxious attention. The game of the gunboats, at first so serious, was soon found not likely to be feasible; and our active foe began to turn to the more regular armaments of war, collecting against us the united strength of the world: the fleets of Corunna, Toulon, and Cadiz had been nearly annihilated at Trafalgar; the triumphant star of Nelson had shone out beyond its former brightness, and our Samson had at his death destroyed more Philistines than even whilst living; but still the hostile squadrons increased against us with a frightful rapidity, and, though they no longer ventured on the open sea, "exchanging hardiment" with our gallant tars, yet the hour might come, and seemed fast approaching when, by a combined effort, even valour such as theirs might be rendered unavailing. It was then that it became peculiarly our duty to avert, if possible, the rising storm, to anticipate our wary foe, to be beforehand in his designs, and to compel all to avow openly to which side they belonged.

Denmark, always governed by a weak and hostile policy towards us, that neither the close ties of kindred nor the more powerful bond of

interest were sufficient to overcome, was the first to turn upon us in our difficulty; and, in answer to our offers of amity, gave us an evasive reply, which was, under circumstances, analogous to a declaration of war. She had a few years before been actively engaged against us in the northern coalition, she was at this time mistress of a formidable navy, and she retained not the power, had she even possessed the inclination to have prevented their falling into the hands of our enemy, who was then in her immediate neighbourhood, and moving towards her the forces of southern Europe*. Was such a moment to be lost?—No: the rapidity which conceived was only to be equalled by the courageous magnanimity which firmly resolved upon it, and, having been once convinced that it was a measure necessary to the safety, if not to the existence of our country, lost not a moment (at such a time) in considering what degree of odium it might bring upon its authors, even amongst the good, but most generously devoted themselves, and risked their popularity for the public advantage.

I have ever considered the seizure of the Danish navy as one of the boldest and most

* Romana's army had just reached Jutland.

praiseworthy acts of the war, and, though at the time great was the outcry, I believe most of those who made it have long since, in their hearts, acquiesced in my opinion: it gave a new impulse to the contest, relieved us from a world of apprehension, and struck consternation into our enemy. The conclusion of the same year saw a large fleet depart from the Tagus, carrying along with it its Sovereign, who preferred abdication from his European possessions to French despotism; whilst a few months delivered up to us at the same place a Russian squadron, that had put in there to avoid us. These, by dispelling the number of our foes, allowed us time to breathe till the period when united Europe roused from her lethargy, and broke her fetters on the head of her tyrant.

Every thing here is on a grand scale, and the vast arsenal, dock yards, and accommodation for shipping and ship building, together with the importance so justly attached to it by Napoleon, made it a place of the greatest interest, as much so, perhaps, as any other city of modern times, though nothing that even he did for it (for he possessed no power to restore its trade) could at all equal its former consequence. It is now a peculiarly dull place, the head quarters of Flemish gravity, and bears indelibly impressed

upon it the marks of its double desertion, though abounding in pleasing objects.

There is usually an uncommon melancholy attached to what has once been the haunt of departed commerce: there is something so praiseworthy, so congenial to our feelings in the pursuit of industry, which, rising as it were out of nothing, at length becomes equal to the greatest undertakings, and our country in particular owes so much to it, that we almost wish to persuade ourselves that it is a permanent good, not subject to those alarming vicissitudes which have invariably attended upon it elsewhere; and in no place could we more fully indulge our sorrow than in visiting the remains of the modern Tyre, had we not ourselves viewed her in her decline, and within the last few years a serious object of alarm, from her power, her advantages, and her contiguity to us, and did we not perceive that she had but yielded her empire to render it eventually ours; for trade, like ambition, brooks not a rival neighbour. This is certainly consolatory in her particular instance; but there are still common ties of affinity, by which her destiny seems linked to ours; the career of commerce has at all times been uncertain, and the decay that has seized upon her will probably one day overtake us. Our popu-

lous London may then become a waste deserted as Carthage and undistinguishable as Babylon; and the granite that is now receiving from the artist's hand the glories of Wellington may be culled out by some future virtuoso, and placed in his museum beside the pillar of Pompey, the statue of Memnon, or the colossal remnants of Balbec or Persepolis, all bearing in the execution the indelible traces of excellence, but alike equally unintelligible, and baffling by the character of their inscriptions the acuteness of antiquarians yet unborn.

The most interesting structure in Antwerp is the cathedral, one of the finest I have ever seen, and abounding in curious objects: its exterior is particularly light and elegant, and its lofty tower exceeds any I know of, and I believe is unequalled in its kind over the world; of a most elegant and graceful form, it is one continued mass of open work, like those exquisite pieces of workmanship that we sometimes meet with in ivory, or (what Napoleon compared it to) Mechlin lace, for it seems of a texture equally fine; and we are surprised to see how stone could have been moulded into such forms, or how, after having once assumed, it could have so long retained them, particularly here, in a place exposed to all the vicissitudes of war.

This church contains a most beautifully carved pulpit, and brazen gates that are curiously wrought; but its greatest ornament is the much celebrated "Taking down from the Cross," one of the finest pictures in the world, and, during the time of the emperor, a tenant of the Louvre. In that unparalleled collection, as well as here, it was a principal object of attraction, though no doubt, in common with others, must have suffered materially from the numbers by which it was accompanied and the difficulty of confining one's view even to such a picture: here it is nearly alone, and, as we approach it through the principal aisle, and catch a glimpse at its bold and almost speaking figures through the Gothic vista, finely contrasting their glowing colouring with its fainter cast, we cannot fail to be sensibly impressed with its merits, and pronounce it to be one of the most happily situated pictures, as well as one of the best in the world.

I have often, whilst traversing the Louvre, had occasion to regret the removal of those wonderful productions once to be found within it, and that I could no longer view and compare with each other what it would now require time, and pains, and a coincidence of many circumstances even to see, producing, as far as one's self is concerned, a feeling of regret at their re-

moval. I had never until now met with any of them at the places for which they were originally destined; but, after having done so, there can be no reason left to regret their return, except the difficulty of visiting them where they at present are. There is such a peculiar propriety in the natal spot of departed genius retaining some of its productions enshrined upon it, and it is a feeling so consonant to our better propensities that we cannot help rejoicing to see it gratified at the expense of those opposite and less amiable passions which led to the formation of the gallery, pride, avarice, vanity, and insatiable ambition; and as, laying aside justice, it was impossible to satisfy both parties, we should rejoice that the decision has been made in favour of the more deserving portion of mankind.

I have always been a very great admirer of Rubens, considering him as only just below, if at all inferior to the first of the Italian masters; and confess myself, in defiance of the critics, to be much attached to the Luxembourg gallery, with all their imperfections; but they and his other works that I have seen fade into insignificance before the bolder touches of this celebrated picture, as much as his generally surpass those of other masters; for this prince of painters was not a mere artist; of illustrious family

and amiable manners, and deeply conversant with all the knowledge of his time, he became the friend and favourite of kings, and was sometimes their confidential agent in matters of political importance, received, caressed, and remunerated by all.

Van Dyke, who is nearly as well known to us, was also a native of Antwerp; he too was knighted by Charles I. and has left many splendid marks of his genius amongst us.

The tomb of Quintin Matsys lies just without the church, with this inscription:

Connubialis amor de Mulcibre* fecit Apellem:

from his having turned painter through love of the daughter of Floris, on whose famous picture he painted the hornet on the leg of a fallen angel so admirably that Floris, supposing it alive, was about to wipe it off, and became so pleased with it that he immediately gave him his daughter.

This structure is five hundred feet long, two hundred and forty broad, and dates its erection from the thirteenth century. It contains also a most ingenious chiming clock and many bells.

I regretted much being obliged to leave this very celebrated place, without having satisfied

* He was originally a blacksmith.

myself on many matters that would have afforded me interest, or seen the public buildings which are so numerous, independent of many private collections well worthy of notice; but my stay here was confined to a very few short hours, and out of those I had to make some deduction for the table d'hôte, leaving it in the afternoon by the ferry across the Scheldt, as the setting sun shot out a transient ray over its ruffled waters, striking upon its numerous vessels, and irradiating with a peculiar lustre the gothic fret-work of the cathedral tower, whose chimes just then burst upon the tranquillity of evening, and hailed us in a parting adieu, which floated towards us at intervals upon the gale; but my observations even during that short period were not solely confined to the works of art, or the remnants of antiquity: there was one of nature's masterpieces before me, fresh in the opening bloom of youth; as I am ignorant both of her lineage and her name, I fear it is more than probable that we are not destined to meet again, and consider her as one of those

> "Forms that pass us by,
> In the world's course too lovely to remain,
> Creatures of light we never see again."

But, should she ever peruse these lines, and

happen to call to mind the circumstance of our casual encounter at the table d'hôte, I request her to believe that it will not easily escape my recollection; but that the hours passed at Antwerp cling to me by an indissoluble association, stronger than that of Napoleon or Carnot, and more pleasing than its Gothic tower and magic bells, or the celebrated picture over which they are placed.

Crossing the Scheldt from Antwerp, we pursued the rout to Ghent, and during our drive caught a glimpse of those celebrated monuments of human ingenuity, the dykes by which this extraordinary country is preserved from inundation; we were, unfortunately, at too great a distance to form any correct notion of them, which is best done by moving along upon the top, and viewing on one side the highest degree of cultivation, whilst the other presents to the eye an expanse of waters rising several feet above the land, and which would speedily inundate it but for the intervention of the dyke; the appearance even to us, however, was very extraordinary, as we saw vessels moving along in full sail much above the level of the surrounding country, over which the waters seemed to rise to a very considerable height. The river separates Brabant from the Austrian Flanders, in which

we then were, and its very populous country retains more than any other I have visited, the character of Flemish scenery. The garden appears to be the principal object of cultivation, and the whole road lies through one continued village of uncommon neatness, like what we have occasionally seen portrayed in painting; but supposed too tame and regular to be accurate representations of reality. Strange groups of figures too are constantly presenting themselves in curious conformity with the scene; but all accompanied with a peculiar propriety, and I do not any where remember to have found a more interesting drive. I also became acquainted with the incredible extent of the population, which explained to me the cause of the importance always attached to these countries in the wars of Europe, and the vast numbers of hostile forces that they had so often successfully resisted.

It was dark before we reached Ghent and very cold, but an occasional gleam of moonlight enabled us at times to enjoy the very interesting and novel scene before us. The city of Ghent is one of the largest in Europe, and from fifteen to twenty miles in circumference; but this enclosure is not altogether occupied by buildings,

for; like Babylon, it contains many gardens within its walls. It was the birth-place of Charles V., and the refuge of Louis XVIII. on the return of Napoleon from Elba, till the triumph of Waterloo restored him to his throne, when it gave peace to a suffering world.

As I arrived at Ghent after dark, and left it early next day, which was a very wet one, I had not much leisure for observation, and was obliged to content myself with a hasty view of the cathedral, which lay near our hotel; it is a noble pile, and contains a very curious pulpit with some good paintings; but the hour of departure had arrived, and the regularity of the public bark denied me a further delay. This is the celebrated canal of Austrian Flanders, and the boat is justly the theme of the travellers admiration, for I should think no other part of the world afforded on as easy terms such an extent of accommodation; it is particularly commodious and calculated to carry a large number of persons, and an ample awning secures the quarter-deck for those who prefer it to remaining below, which is most tempting in fine weather from the numerous interesting objects that are constantly succeeding each other, on the verdant banks of its ample canal; the neat chateau, the com-

fortable private residence, interspersed with locks, and masts, and floating barks, and all the various forms assumed by industrious labour, present them in a very interesting point of view, though far removed from the simplicity which appears elsewhere, or a state of nature, who never strikes upon us with any of her peculiarities, but seems subdued beneath man's sovereign will into a tame acquiescence with any form that he is pleased to bestow upon her.

The dinner provided on board the boat is very superior to any thing of the kind I have ever met with, and served in such good style, that it is quite a pleasure to partake of it; there is the greatest appearance of cleanliness, and all on board seem studious in affording accommodation and that easy politeness and attention to the wants of others, which so highly contributes to render the great pilgrimage of life, as well as the journey of a day, tranquil and agreeable. The charge for all this travelling, thirty miles, including dinner, amounts only to three franks, and they tell us of an English gentleman who was once so delighted with the passage, the entertainment, and the company he met, that he passed seven years on board the boats, sleeping alternately at Ghent and Bruges, and that being an agreeable man, it was usual for the young ladies of both places

occasionally to spend the day on board for the pleasure of his society; there are really many ways of killing time which are considered as pleasure without being more so.

The view of Ghent is very fine from the canal, and its churches are conspicuous a long way off; they are usually the great distinguishing landmark of this flat country, and being in general high serve well for that purpose.

We reached Bruges towards evening, after having passed a very pleasant day; it is a most ancient and extensive place walled round, and comprising a circumference of five miles; it contains a vast number of canals and rivers within it, and its houses have the appearance of antiquity, but all seems hastening to decay, as there is nothing in the situation likely to compensate for the loss of its trade. In the thirteenth century this was the principal mart for the commerce of Europe, and trade, then in a most imperfect state, deposited there the commodities of the north, till there was leisure to barter them for those of Italy and the Indies; for the voyage was then so long that it could not be performed in a single year. This trade was so extensive that five galeases loaden with Indian goods arrived from Venice alone, in one single year to the fair of Bruges; and the Duke

of Brabant gave our Black Prince, in 1339, a marriage portion which would amount to three hundred thousand pounds of our money, an enormous sum, extraordinary even in the present day, and which could only be derived from an extensive and most lucrative commerce. The discontents of its inhabitants soon dispersed its trade, and Antwerp rose on the ruins of Bruges, as Amsterdam has since done on those of Antwerp, and all have yielded before the superior ascendant of Britain, "Sic omnia orta cadunt, auctæque senescunt." Yet this place even in its decline is not entirely devoid of trade, vessels of three hundred tons are still enabled to approach it by the canal of Ostend, which confer upon it more occupation than many of the Flemish towns can boast.

Next morning we embarked upon a very inferior canal, and leaving Ostend on our right, after having gone very near it, we passed through Newport and Furnes to Dunkirk, where we arrived late after a very tedious day upon the canals, the latter part of which was in a boat of such confined dimensions and wretched accommodation that I would recommend all travellers to avoid it, as anxiously as they ought to avail themselves of an opportunity of seeing that of Ghent.

Ostend appears, at the distance we passed, to be a small place, and excites our wonder how it could have presented such a formidable front of hostility to the Spaniards, when its siege lasted for the amazing period of three years, and cost for this barren spot one hundred thousand lives. Isabella, gouvernante of the Netherlands, vowed that she would not change her linen till its capture, and what seems more incredible, the fool is said to have kept it, so that her ladies to conform to her caprice were obliged to dye theirs. The Emperor has also added to its fame by making it the head-quarters of an East India Company in 1722, to the great consternation of the English and Dutch: it has long since ceased to be dreaded on such an account; but it still continues the haunt of smugglers and pirates, and during the last great struggle, presented a formidable rallying point to the flotilla.

Passing into French Flanders we were obliged to undergo a very severe search, as also the want of a dinner; this inhospitable region affording nothing but an omelette amongst four of us. Dunkirk is a much better looking place than any we had met with since leaving Bruges, though still inferior to what I had expected from its repeated recurrence in our history, and

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the great consequence generally attached to it from the earliest times to the eventful retreat of the Duke of York from before it; we remember its importance when won by France from Spain it became an acceptable offering to Cromwell, and the odium attached to our Charles II. when he sold it for five millions of livres to the French king, who made it one of the strongest places in Europe; we call to mind how eagerly its demolition has been insisted upon in every subsequent treaty; we recollect how it has severally resisted the efforts of an English fleet and an English army; we see its basin capable of containing forty sail of the line floating; and we feel little prepossessed in viewing such a formidable point of aggression situated so contiguous to our vulnerable coast, and by a kind of natural destiny, the perpetual possession of an ancient and inveterate rival. With such impressions it will easily be believed that I visited it without pleasure, and left it without regret, and arrived next day at Calais, having passed through a most deserted and inauspicious region, justly denominated the "Sibérie de Brabant."

I have now only to conclude by observing, that if anything I have related can in the slightest degree contribute to the reader's amusement, it will afford me the greatest plea-

sure. I feel too conscious of the necessity of apology to enter into any detail, and I shall therefore decline doing so altogether, nor shall I attempt to account for my sudden transitions and strange notions; they are the unrestricted ebullitions of the moment, and as such he is welcome to them. I must have written thus or not have written at all. "Such are the things which this journey has given me an opportunity of seeing, and such are the reflections which that sight has raised.—I may have been surprised with modes of life and appearance of nature that are familiar to men of wider survey and more varied conversation. Novelty and ignorance must always be reciprocal, and I cannot but be conscious that my thoughts on national manners are the thoughts of one who has seen but little."

FINIS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015